

THE  
BRITISH TOURISTS;  
OR  
TRAVELLER'S  
POCKET COMPANION,

THROUGH  
ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND,  
AND IRELAND.

Comprehending the most  
*CELEBRATED TOURS*  
IN THE  
*British Islands.*

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My genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where *Britain* courts the western spring;  
Where lawns extend, that scorn *Arcadian* pride,  
And brighter streams than fam'd *Hydaspis* glide.  
*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

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By WILLIAM MAVOR, LL.D.

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VOL. IV.

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TRAVELS  
THROUGH  
VARIOUS PARTS  
OF  
ENGLAND,

IN 1782,

By CHARLES P. MORITZ,  
OF BERLIN.

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**T**HOUGH numerous foreigners have made a tour of pleasure through our island, it is not often that they have favoured us with their remarks; and, perhaps, foreigners in general, as being ignorant of the language, and passing with too great rapidity to form any accurate opinion, are little qualified to judge, or to discriminate. Yet it must be confessed, when we find a writer who cannot be prejudiced by any local attachments, honest enough to avow the truth, and likely, from his style of travelling, and previous acquirements to know it, and to see manners undisguised—such a one is not unworthy of the attention of the natives; as they may profit by his strictures, and view their characters reflected through an impartial medium.

VOL. IV.

B.

Of



Of this description is Mr. Moritz, an ingenious Prussian divine, who visited our metropolis in 1782, and made a tour, chiefly on foot, through various parts of England. The good humour which breathes through his letters, on the subject of what he saw, the candour of his remarks, and his unaffected humility, cannot fail to prejudice every reader in his favour; and as it would destroy the chief charm of his composition, to materially alter his manner, we have allowed him to speak his own feelings, and to describe, with little variation, save in dropping the epistolary form, the different scenes he witnessed, and the places he visited. He does not indeed boast of his reception among the great, but he delineates views of national manners in humble life, that would never have fallen under the eye of a prouder traveller, or less curious observer. For civility, which is due to the lowest, he appears grateful, nor does he inveigh with bitterness against the most unprovoked insolence from vulgar minds.

Mr. Moritz informs us, that he arrived in the Thames on the 31st of May, and on the morning of the 2d of June, says he, those of us who were fellow passengers together in the great cabin, being six in number, requested to be set on shore, in a boat, a little before the vessel got to Dartford, which is still sixteen miles from London. This expedient is generally adopted, instead of going up the Thames, towards London; where, on account of the astonishing number of ships, which are always more crowded together the nearer you approach the city, it frequently requires many days before a ship can finish her passage.

As



As we left the vessel, we were honoured with a general huzza, or, in the English phrase, with *three cheers*, echoed from the German sailors of our ship. This nautical style of bidding their friends farewell, our Germans have learned from the English. The cliff where we landed was white and chalky, and as the distance was not great, we resolved to go on foot to Dartford. Immediately on landing, we had a pretty steep hill to climb, and, that gained, we arrived at the first English village, where an uncommon neatness in the structure of the houses struck me with a pleasing surprise, especially when I compared them with the long, rambling, inconvenient, and singularly mean cottages of our peasants. We now continued our way through the different villages, each furnished with his staff; and thus exhibited no remote resemblance of a caravan. The country, as we continued to advance, became more and more beautiful. Naturally, perhaps, the earth is every where pretty much alike, but how different is it rendered by art! How different is that on which I now tread from ours, and every other spot I have ever seen.—The soil is rich even to exuberance, the verdure of the trees and hedges, in short, the whole of this paradisaical region, is without a parallel! The roads too are incomparable.

We breakfasted at Dartford. Here, for the first time, I saw an English soldier, in his red uniform, his hair cut short, and combed back on his forehead, so as to afford a full view of his fine, broad, manly face. Here too I first saw (what I deemed a true English sight) two boys boxing in the street.



Our little party now separated, and got into two post-chaifes. They may be compared to our extra posts, because they are to be had at all times. But these carriages are very neat, and lightly built, so that you hardly perceive their motion, as they roll along these firm, smooth roads; they have windows in front, and on both sides. The horses are generally good, and the postillions particularly smart and active, and always ride on a full trot. A thousand charming spots and beautiful landscapes, on which my eye would long have dwelt with rapture, were now rapidly passed with the speed of an arrow.

Our road appeared to be undulatory; and our journey, like the journey of life, seemed to be a pretty regular alternation of up hill and down, and here and there it was diversified with copses and woods; the majestic Thames, every now and then, like a little forest of masts, rising to our view, and anon losing itself among the delightful towns and villages.

At length, stunned, as it were, by a constant rapid succession of interesting objects to engage our attention, we arrived at Greenwich, nearly in a state of stupefaction.

We first descried London enveloped in a thick smoke, or fog. St. Paul's arose, like some huge mountain, above the enormous mass of smaller buildings. The monument, a very lofty column, erected in memory of the great fire of London, exhibited to us, perhaps, chiefly on account of its immense height, apparently so disproportioned to its other dimension, an unusual and singular appearance. Westminster Abbey, the Tower, a steeple, one church and then another, opened successively to our view; and we could now plainly

ly



ly distinguish the high, round chimneys, on the tops of the houses, which yet seemed to us to form an innumerable number of smaller spires, or steeples.

At length we arrived at the magnificent bridge of Westminster. The prospect from this bridge alone seems to afford one the epitome of a journey, or a voyage in miniature. It is a little assemblage of contrasts and contrarieties. Down the Thames, to the right, you see Blackfriar's Bridge, which does not yield much in beauty to that of Westminster; on the left bank of the Thames are delightful terraces, planted with trees, and those new, tasteful buildings, called the Adelphi. On the Thames itself are countless swarms of little boats, passing and repassing, many with one mast and one sail, and many with none, in which persons of all ranks are carried over. Thus, there is hardly less stir and bustle on this river, than there is in some of its own, London's, crowded streets. Here, indeed, you no longer see great ships, for they come no farther than London Bridge.

We now drove into the city, by Charing Cross, and along the Strand, to those very Adelphi Buildings, which had just afforded us so charming a prospect on Westminster Bridge.

My two travelling companions, both in the ship and in the post-chaise, were two young Englishmen, who living in this part of the town, obligingly offered me any assistance and services in their power; and, in particular, to procure me a lodging in their vicinity.

In the streets, through which we passed, I must own, the houses in general struck me as if they were dark and gloomy; and yet, at the same



time, they appeared prodigiously great and majestic.

There are every where, leading from the Strand to the Thames, some well-built, lesser, or subordinate streets, of which the Adelphi Buildings are now, by far, the grandest. One district in this neighbourhood goes by the name of York Buildings; and in this lies George Street, where my two travelling companions lived. There reigns in those smaller streets, towards the Thames, so pleasing a calm, compared to the tumult and bustle of people, and carriages, and horses, that are constantly passing the Strand, that in going into one of them you can hardly help fancying yourself removed at a distance from the noise of the city, even whilst the most bustling part of it is still so near at hand.

It might be about ten or eleven o'clock when we arrived here. After the two Englishmen had first given me some breakfast, at their lodgings, they went about with me themselves, in their own neighbourhood, in search of an apartment, which they at length procured for me, for sixteen shillings a week, at the house of a taylor's widow, who lived opposite to them. It was very fortunate, on other accounts, that they accompanied me, for, equipped as I was, I might, perhaps, have found it difficult to obtain credit for good lodgings.

It was a very uncommon, but pleasing-sensation I experienced, on being now, for the first time in my life, entirely among Englishmen; among people whose language was foreign, their manners foreign, and in a foreign climate, with whom, notwithstanding, I could converse as familiarly as though we had been educated together  
from



from our infancy. It is certainly an inestimable advantage to understand the language of the country through which you travel. I did not at first give the people I was with any reason to suspect I could speak English; but I soon found that the more I spoke, the more attention and regard I met with.

The family in which I lodged, consisted of the mistress of the house, her maid, and her two sons, Jacky and Jerry; singular abbreviations for John and Jeremiah. The eldest, Jacky, about twelve years old, was a very lively boy, and often entertained me in the most pleasing manner, by relating to me his different employments at school; and afterwards desiring me, in my turn, to relate to him all manner of things about Germany. He repeated his *amo, amas, amavi*, in the same singing tone as our common school-boys. As I happened once, when he was by, to hum a lively tune, he stared at me with surprise, and then reminded me it was Sunday; and so, that I might not forfeit his good opinion, by any appearance of levity, I gave him to understand, that in the hurry of my journey, I had forgotten the day. He shewed me St. James's Park, of which I mean to give a short description.

This celebrated park then, is nothing more than a semicircle, formed of an alley of trees, which inclose a large green area, in the middle of which is a marshy pond.

The cows feed on this green turf, and their milk is sold here, on the spot, quite new.

In all the alleys, or walks, there are benches, where you may rest yourself. When you come through the Horse-Guards, into the Park on the right hand is St. James's Palace, or the King's place



place of residence, one of the meanest public buildings in London. At the extremity of the lower end, is the Queen's Palace, a handsome modern building, but very much resembling a private house. As for the rest, there are generally every where about St. James's Park very good houses, which are a great embellishment to it. There is also, before the semicircle of the trees just mentioned, a large vacant space, where the soldiers are exercised.

How little this famous park is to be compared with our park at Berlin, I need not mention. And yet one cannot but form a high idea of St. James's Park, and other public places in London; this arises, perhaps, from their having been oftener mentioned in romances and other books than ours have. Even the squares and streets of London are more noted, and better known, than many of our principal towns.

But what again greatly compensates for the mediocrity of this park, is the astonishing number of people who, towards evening, in fine weather, resort hither; our finest walks are never so full, even in the midst of summer. The exquisite pleasure of mixing freely with such a concourse of people, who are, for the most part, well-dressed and handsome, I fully experienced here.

Anxious to see the vicinity in which I lived, I went down the little street to the Thames; and nearly at the end of it, towards the left, a few steps led me to a singularly pretty terrace, planted with trees, on the very brink of the river.

Here I had the most delightful prospect you can possibly imagine. Before me was the Thames,



Thames, with all its windings, and the stately arches of its bridges; Westminster, with its venerable Abbey, to the right; to the left again London, with St. Paul's, seemed to wind with the course of the Thames; and, on the other side of the water, lay Southwark, which is now also considered as part of London. Thus, from this single spot, I could nearly, at one view, see the whole city, at least that side of it towards the Thames.

My two Englishmen carried me, the day of my arrival, to a neighbouring tavern, or rather an eating-house, where we paid a shilling each for some roast-meat and a sallad, giving, at the same time, nearly half as much to the waiter; and yet this is reckoned a cheap house, and a cheap style of living. But it is unquestionably less expensive to eat and drink at home, and this practice I afterwards adopted.

Soon after I was settled, I got my trunk and all my things from the ship. Not wishing to have it taken to the Custom-house, which occasions a great deal of trouble, I was obliged to give a *douceur* to the officers, and those who came on board the ship, to search it. Having pacified, as I thought, one of them with a couple of shillings, another came forward, and protested against the delivery of the trunk upon trust, till I had given him as much; to him succeeded a third; so that it cost me six shillings, which I willingly paid, because it would have cost me still more at the Custom-house.

By the side of the Thames were several porters, one of whom took my huge heavy trunk on his shoulders with astonishing ease; and carried it till I met a hackney-coach. This I hired



hired for two shillings; immediately put the trunk into it; accompanying it myself. This is a great advantage in the English hackney-coaches, that you are allowed to take with you whatever you please: for you thus save at least one half of what you must pay to a porter, and, besides, go with it yourself; and are better accommodated. The observations and the expressions of the common people here have often struck me, as peculiar: they are generally laconic; but always much in earnest, and significant. When I came home, my landlady kindly recommended it to the coachman not to ask more than was just, as I was a foreigner: to which he answered; "nay, if he were not a foreigner, I should not overcharge him."

My letters of recommendation to a merchant here, saved me a great deal of trouble in the changing my money. I can now take my German money back to Germany; and when I return thither myself, refund to the correspondent of the merchant here, the sum which he pays me in English money. I should otherwise have been obliged to sell my Prussian Friedrich's d'or for what they weighed.

A foreigner has here nothing to fear from being pressed as a sailor; unless, indeed, he should be found at any suspicious place. A singular invention, for this purpose of pressing, is a vessel placed on Tower-hill, furnished with masts and all the appurtenances of a ship. The persons attending this ship promise simple country people, who happen to be standing and staring at it, to shew it to them for a trifle; and, as soon as they are in, they are secured as

in



in a trap; and, according to circumstances made sailors of, or let go again.

The footway paved with large stones on both sides of the streets, appears to a foreigner exceedingly convenient and pleasant; as one may there walk in perfect safety, from the prodigious crowd of carts and coaches that fill the centre. However, politeness requires you to let a lady, or any one to whom you wish to shew respect, pass, not, as we do, always to the right, but on the side next the houses or the wall, whether that happens to be on the right, or on the left. People seldom walk in the middle of the streets in London, excepting when they cross over; which at Charing-cross, and other places, where several streets meet, is sometimes really dangerous.

It has a strange appearance, especially in the Strand, where there is a constant succession of shop after shop; and where, not unfrequently, people of different trades inhabit the same house, to see their doors, or the tops of their windows, or boards expressly for the purpose, all written over from top to bottom, with large painted letters. Every person, of every trade or occupation, who owns ever so small a portion of a house, makes a parade with a sign at his door; and there is hardly a cobbler, whose name and profession may not be read in large golden characters, by every one that passes. It is here not at all uncommon to see on doors, in one continued succession, "children educated here;" "shoes mended here;" "foreign spirituous liquors sold here;" and "funerals furnished here." Of all these inscriptions, however, I am sorry to observe, that "dealer in foreign spirituous liquors"



is by far the most frequent. And, indeed, it is allowed by the English themselves, that the propensity of the common people to the drinking of brandy or gin, is carried to a great excess: and I own it struck me as a peculiar phraseology, when, to tell you, that a person is intoxicated, or drunk, you hear them say, as they generally do, that he is in liquor. In the late riots, which are still the general topic of conversation, more people were found dead near empty brandy-casks in the streets, than were killed by the musket-balls of regiments, that were called in. It gave me much real pleasure, when I walked from Charing-cross, up the Strand, past St. Paul's to the Royal-Exchange, to meet, in the thickest crowds, persons, from the highest to the lowest ranks, almost all well-looking people, and cleanly and neatly dressed. I rarely saw, even a fellow with a wheelbarrow, who had not a shirt on; nor even a beggar, without both a shirt, and shoes and stockings. The English are certainly distinguished for cleanliness.

It has a very uncommon appearance, in this tumult of people, where every one, with hasty and eager step, seems to be pursuing either his business or his pleasure, to observe, as is not unfrequent, people pushing one against another, only perhaps to see a funeral pass. The English coffins are made very economically, according to the exact form of the body; they are flat, and broad at top; tapering gradually from the middle, and drawing to a point at the feet, not very unlike the case of a violin.

A few dirty-looking men, who bear the coffin, endeavour to make their way through the crowd,



as well as they can ; and some mourners follow. The people seem to pay as little serious attention to such a procession, as if a hay-cart were driving past. The funerals of people of distinction are, however, differently regarded.

These funerals always appear to me the more indecent in a populous city, from the total indifference of the beholders, and the perfect unconcern with which they are beheld.

The body of a fellow-creature is carried to his long home, as though it had been utterly unconnected with the rest of mankind. Whereas, in a small town or village, every one knows every one ; and no one can be so insignificant, as not to be missed, when he is taken away. \*

That same influenza, which I left at Berlin, I had the hard fortune again to find here ; and many people die of it. It is as yet very cold for the time of the year, and I am obliged every day to have a fire. I must own, that the heat or warmth given by sea-coal, burnt in the chimney, appears to me softer and milder, than that given by our stoves. The sight of the fire has also a cheerful and pleasing effect. Only you must take care, not to look at it long and steadily, lest it should affect the eyes. It is probably owing to this caution, that there are so many young old-men in England, who walk and ride in the public streets with their spectacles on ; thus anticipating, in the bloom of youth, those conveniences and comforts, which were intended for old age\*.

\* Whether our author makes this remark in simplicity, or ridicule, we cannot take upon us to determine : the latter, however, seems the most probable.



I would always advise those who wish to drink coffee in England, to mention beforehand, how many cups are to be made with half an ounce, or else the people will probably bring them a prodigious quantity of brown water; which (notwithstanding all my admonitions) I have not yet been able wholly to avoid. The fine wheaten bread which I found here, besides excellent butter and Cheshire-cheese, made up for my scanty dinners. For an English dinner, to persons in my situation, generally consists of a piece of half-boiled, or half-roasted, meat; and a few cabbage-leaves, boiled in plain water; on which they pour a sauce made of flour and butter, the usual method of dressing vegetables in England.

The slices of bread and butter, which they give you with your tea, are as thin as poppy-leaves. But there is another kind of bread and butter usually eaten with tea, which is toasted by the fire, and is incomparably good. This is called toast.

The custom of sleeping without a feather-bed for a covering, particularly pleased me\*. You here lie between two sheets, and are covered with blankets; which, without oppressing you, keep you sufficiently warm. When the maid was displeased with me, I heard her sometimes, at the door, call me the German; otherwise, in the family, I went by the name of the Gentleman.

From my lodging to the Royal-Exchange, was about as far as from one end of Berlin to the other; and from the Tower, and St. Catherine's,

\* This alludes to the German custom of sleeping between two feather-beds.



where the ships arrive in the Thames, as far again. As it was quite dark, when I came back the first evening from visiting the ship in which I arrived, I was astonished at the admirable manner in which the streets are lighted up; compared to which, our streets in Berlin make a most miserable show. The lamps are lighted, whilst it is still day-light; and are so near each other, that even on the most ordinary and common nights, the city has the appearance of a festive illumination; for which some German prince, who came to London for the first time, once, it is said, actually took it, and seriously believed it to have been particularly ordered on account of his arrival.

On Sunday, the 9th of June, I preached at the German church, on Ludgate-hill, for the Rev. Mr. Wendeborn. He is the author of "*Der statischen Beytrage zur nahern Kenntniss gross Britanniens.*" This valuable book has already been of uncommon service to me; and I cannot but recommend it to every one, who goes to England. It is the more useful, as you can with ease carry it in your pocket; and you find in it information on every subject. It is natural to suppose, that Mr. Wendeborn, who has now been a length of time in England, must have been able more frequently, and with greater exactness to make his observations, than those who only pass through, or make a very short stay. It is almost impossible for any one, who has this book always at hand, to omit any thing worthy of notice in or about London; or not to learn all that is most material to know, of the state and situation of the kingdom in general.



Mr. Wendeborn lives in New Inn, near Temple-bar, in a philosophical, but not unimproving retirement. He is almost become a native; and his library consists chiefly of English books.

Here I saw, for the first time, a very useful machine, which is little known in Germany, or at least not much used.

This is a press in which, by means of very strong iron springs, a written paper may be printed on another blank paper, and you thus save yourself the trouble of copying; and at the same time multiply your own hand writing. Mr. Wendeborn makes use of this machine, every time he sends manuscripts abroad, of which he wishes to keep a copy. This machine was of mahogany; and cost pretty high.

I suppose it is because the inhabitants of London rise so late, that divine service begins only at half past ten o'clock. I arrived just in time, at the church, where, after the sermon, I was obliged to read a public thanksgiving for the safe arrival of our ship. The German clergy here dress exactly the same as the English clergy, that is, in long robes with wide sleeves, in which I likewise was obliged to wrap myself.

The day before, I waited on our ambassador, Count Lucy; and was agreeably surprised at the simplicity of his manner of living. His secretary lives up stairs, where also I met with the Prussian Consul, who happened just then to be paying him a visit. Below, on the right hand, I was immediately shewn into his excellency's room, without being obliged to pass through an anti-chamber. He wore a blue coat, with a red collar and red facings. He conversed with me, as we drank a dish of coffee, on various learned topics.



topics. When I came to take my leave, he desired me to come and see him without ceremony, whenever it suited me, as he should be always happy to see me.

Mr. Leonhard, who has translated several celebrated English plays, such as *The School for Scandal*, and some others, lives here as a private person, instructing Germans in English, and Englishmen in German, with great ability. He also it is, who writes the articles concerning England, for the new *Hamburgh* newspaper; for which he is paid a stated yearly stipend. I may add also, that he is the master of a German freemason's lodge in London, and representative of all the German lodges in England; an employment of far more trouble, than profit, to him: for all the world applies to him in all cases and emergencies. I also was recommended to him from *Hamburgh*. He is a very complaisant man; and shewed me many civilities. He repeats English poetry with great propriety; and speaks the language nearly with the same facility as he does his mother tongue. He is married to an amiable Englishwoman.

One evening I visited *Vauxhall*. I had not far to go from my lodgings, in the *Adelphi Buildings*, to *Westminster Bridge*, where you always find a great number of boats on the *Thames*, which are ready, on the least signal, to serve those who will pay them, according to the distance.

From hence, I went up the *Thames* to *Vauxhall*, and as I passed along, I saw *Lambeth*; and the venerable old palace belonging to the archbishops of *Canterbury*, lying on my left.

*Vauxhall* is, properly speaking, the name of a little village, in which the garden, now almost



exclusively bearing the same name, is situated. You pay a shilling on entrance.

On entering it, I really found, or fancied I found, some resemblance to our Berlin Vauxhall; if, according to Virgil, I may be permitted to compare small things with great ones. The walks at least, with the paintings at the end, and the high trees, which, here and there, form a beautiful grove, or wood, on either side, were so similar to those of Berlin, that often, as I walked along them, I seemed to transport myself, in imagination, once more to Berlin, and forgot for a moment, that immense seas, and mountains, and kingdoms now lay between us. I was the more tempted to indulge in this reverie, as I actually met with several gentlemen, inhabitants of Berlin; in particular Mr. S\*\*\*r, and some others, with whom I spent the evening in the most agreeable manner. Here and there you are pleasingly surprised by the sudden appearance of the statues of the most renowned English poets and philosophers; such as Milton, Thomson, and others. But what gave me most pleasure, was the statue of the German composer, Handel, which, on entering the garden, is not far distant from the orchestra.

This orchestra is among a number of trees, situated as in a little wood, and is an exceedingly handsome one. As you enter the garden, you immediately hear the sound of vocal and instrumental music. There are several female singers constantly hired to sing here.

On each side of the orchestra are small boxes, with tables and benches, in which you sup. The walks before these, as well as in every other part of the garden, are crowded with people of all



all ranks. I supped here with Mr. S\*\*\*r, and the secretary of the Prussian ambassador; besides a few other gentlemen from Berlin; but what most astonished me, was the boldness of the women of the town, who often rushed in upon us by half dozens, and in the most shameless manner importuned us for wine. Our gentlemen thought it either unwise, unkind, or unsafe, to refuse them so small a boon.

When the evening was pretty far advanced, we were entertained with a sight, that is indeed singularly curious and interesting. In a particular part of the garden, a curtain was drawn up, and by means of some mechanism, of extraordinary ingenuity, the eye and the ear are so completely deceived, that it is not easy to persuade one's-self it is a deception; and that one does not actually see and hear a natural waterfall from a high rock. As every one was flocking to this scene in crowds, there arose all at once a loud cry of, "Take care of your pockets." This informed us, but too clearly, that there were some pick-pockets among the crowd, who had already made some fortunate strokes.

The rotunda, a magnificent circular building, in the garden, particularly engaged my attention.

By means of beautiful chandeliers and large mirrors, it was illuminated in the most superb manner; and every where decorated with delightful paintings and statues, in the contemplation of which, you may spend several hours very agreeably, when you are tired of the crowd and the bustle, in the walks of the garden.

Among the paintings one represents the surrender of a besieged city. If you look at this painting



painting with attention, for any length of time, it affects you so much, that you even shed tears. The expression of the greatest distress, even bordering on despair, on the part of the besieged, the fearful expectation of the uncertain issue, and what the victor will determine, concerning those unfortunate people, may all be read so plainly, and so naturally in the countenances of the inhabitants who are imploring for mercy, from the hoary head, to the suckling, whom his mother holds up, that you quite forget yourself, and in the end scarcely believe it to be a painting before you.

You also here find the busts of the best English authors, placed all round on the sides. Thus a Briton again meets with his Shakespear, Locke, Milton, and Dryden, in the public places of his amusements; and there also reveres their memory. Even the common people, thus become familiar with the names of those who have done honour to their nation; and are taught to mention them with veneration. For this rotunda is also an orchestra, in which the music is performed, in rainy weather. But enough of Vauxhall!

Certain it is, that the English classical authors are read more generally, beyond all comparison than the German.

My landlady, who was only a taylor's widow, reads her Milton; and told me, that her late husband fell first in love with her, on this very account; because she read Milton with such proper emphasis. This single instance perhaps would prove but little; but I have conversed with several people of the lower class, who all knew their national authors, and who all have read many,  
if



if not all of them. This elevates the lower ranks, and brings them nearer to the higher. There is hardly any argument, or dispute in conversation, in the higher ranks, about which the lower cannot also converse or give their opinion. Now in Germany, since Gellest, there has as yet been no poet's name familiar to the people. But the quick sale of the classical authors, is here promoted also, by cheap and convenient editions. They have them all bound in pocket volumes; as well as in a more pompous style. I myself bought Milton in duodecimo for two shillings, neatly bound; it is such a one as I can, with great convenience, carry in my pocket. At stalls, and in the streets, you every now and then meet with a sort of bibliopolists, who sell single or odd volumes; sometimes so low as a penny; nay, even sometimes for a halfpenny a piece. Of one of these, I bought the two volumes of the Vicar of Wakefield, for sixpence. In what estimation our German literature is held in England, I was enabled to judge, in some degree, by the printed proposals of a book, which I saw. The title was "The Entertaining Museum, or Complete Circulating Library;" which is to contain a list of all the English classical authors, as well as translations of the best French, Spanish, Italian, and even German novels\*.

The only translation from the German which has been particularly successful in England, is "Gefner's Death of Abel." The translation of that work has been oftener reprinted in England, than ever the original was in Germany. I have

\* Since the period of our author's travels, German literature has become very fashionable in England.



actually seen the eighteenth edition of it. "Klopstock's Messiah," as is well known, has been here but ill received: to be sure, they say, it is but indifferently translated. I have not yet been able to obtain a sight of it. The Rev. Mr. Wendeborn has written a grammar for the German language in English, for the use of Englishmen; which has met with much applause.

I had often heard Ranelagh spoken of. On the evening of the 12th I took a walk, in order to visit this famous place of amusement; but I missed my way and got to Chelsea; where I met a man with a wheelbarrow, who not only very civilly shewed me the right road, but also conversed with me the whole of the distance, which we walked together. And finding, on enquiry, that I was a subject of the king of Prussia, he desired me, with much eagerness, to relate to him some anecdotes concerning that mighty monarch.

At length I arrived at Ranelagh; and having paid my half-crown, on entrance, I soon enquired for the garden door, and it was readily shewn to me; when to my infinite astonishment, I found myself in a poor, mean-looking, and ill-lighted garden, where I met but few people. I had not been here long, before I was accosted by a young lady, who also was walking there, and who, without ceremony, offered me her arm, asking me why I walked thus solitarily? I now concluded, this could not possibly be the splendid, much-boasted Ranelagh; and so, seeing not far from me a number of people entering a door, I followed them, in hopes either to get out again, or to vary the scene.

But it is impossible to describe, or indeed to conceive, the effect it had on me, when, coming



ing out of the gloom of the garden, I suddenly entered a round building, illuminated by many hundred lamps; the splendor and beauty of which surpassed every thing of the kind I had ever seen before. Every thing seemed here to be round; above, there was a gallery divided into boxes; and in one part of it an organ with a beautiful choir, from which issued both instrumental and vocal music. All around, under this gallery, are handsome painted boxes for those who wish to take refreshments: the floor was covered with mats; in the middle of which are four high black pillars; within which there are neat fire places for preparing tea, coffee, and punch: and all around also there are placed tables, set out with all kinds of refreshments. Within these four pillars, is a kind of magic rotundo, where all the beau-monde of London move perpetually round and round.

I at first mixed with this immense concourse of people, of all sexes, ages, countries, and characters: and I must confess, that the incessant change of faces, the far greater number of which were strikingly beautiful, together with the illumination, the extent and majestic splendor of the place, with the continued sound of the music, makes an inconceivably delightful impression on the imagination.

Being, however, at length tired of the crowd, and being tired also with always moving round and round in a circle, I sat down in one of the boxes, in order to take some refreshment, and was now contemplating at my ease, this prodigious collection and crowd of a happy, cheerful world, who were here enjoying themselves devoid of care, when a waiter very civilly asked me



me what refreshment I wished to have, and in a few moments returned with what I asked for. To my astonishment, he would accept no money for these refreshments; which I could not comprehend, till he told me that every thing was included in the half-crown I had paid at the door; and that I had only to command, if I wished for any thing more; but that, if I pleased, I might give him as a present a trifling *douceur*.

I now went up into the gallery, and seated myself in one of the boxes there: and from thence, becoming all at once, a grave and moralizing spectator, I looked down on the concourse of people, who were still moving round and round in the fairy circle; and then I could easily distinguish several stars, and other orders of knighthood; French queues and bags contrasted with plain English heads of hair, or professional wigs; old age and youth, nobility and commonality, all passing each other in the motley swarm. An Englishman, who joined me during this my reverie, pointed out to me, on my enquiring, princes and lords with their dazzling stars, with which they eclipsed the less brilliant part of the company.

Here some moved round in an eternal circle, to see and be seen; there a group of eager connoisseurs had placed themselves before the orchestra, and were feasting their ears, while others, at the well-supplied tables, were regaling the parched roofs of their mouths, in a more substantial manner; and again, others like myself, were sitting alone, in the corner of a box in the gallery, making their remarks and reflections on so interesting a scene.

I now



I now and then indulged myself in the pleasure of exchanging, for some minutes, all this magnificence and splendor, for the gl'dom of the garden, in order to renew the pleasing surprise I experienced on my first entering the building. Thus I spent here some hours in the night, in a continual variation of entertainment; when the crowd now all at once began to lessen, and I also took a coach and drove home.

At Ranelagh, the company appeared to me much better, and more select than at Vauxhall; for those of the lower class, who go there, always dress themselves in their best; and thus endeavour to copy the great. Here, even the poorest families are at the expence of a coach, to go to Ranelagh, as my landlady assured me. She always fixed on some one day in the year, on which, without fail, she drove to Ranelagh. On the whole, the expence at Ranelagh is nothing near so great as it is at Vauxhall, if you consider the refreshments; for any one who sups at Vauxhall is likely, for a very moderate entertainment, to pay at least half-a-guinea.

To be in London, and not to see the parliament house, would have argued a strange want of curiosity.

One afternoon, therefore, about three o'clock, at which hour, or thereabouts, the house most commonly meets, I enquired for Westminster-hall, and was very politely directed by an Englishman. These directions are always given with the utmost kindness.

Westminster-hall is an enormous Gothic building, whose vaulted roof is supported, not by pillars, but instead of these there are on each side,



large, unnatural heads of angels, carved in wood, which seem to support the roof.

When you have passed through this long hall, you ascend a few steps at the end, and are led through a dark passage into the House of Commons; which, below, has a large double door; and above, there is a small stair-case, by which you go to the gallery, the place allotted for strangers.

The first time I went up this small stair-case and had reached the rails, I saw a very genteel man in black standing there; I accosted him, without any introduction, and I asked him whether I might be allowed to go into the gallery. He told me, that I must be introduced by a member, or else I could not get admission there. Now as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a member, I was under the mortifying necessity of retreating, and again going down stairs; as I did, much chagrined. And now, as I was sullenly marching back, I heard something said about a bottle of wine, which seemed to be addressed to me. I could not conceive what it could mean, till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me, I should have given the well-dressed man half-a-crown, or a couple of shillings, for a bottle of wine. Happy in this information, I went again the next day, when the same man, who before had sent me away, after I had given him only two shillings, very politely opened the door for me, and himself recommended me to a good seat in the gallery.

And thus I now, for the first time, saw the whole of the British nation assembled in its representatives, in rather a mean-looking building, that not a little resembles a chapel. The speaker,

an



an elderly man, dressed in an enormous wig, with two knotted curls behind, and a black cloak, with his hat on his head, sat opposite to me on a lofty chair; before which stands a table, like an altar; and at this there sit two men, called clerks, dressed in black, with black cloaks. On the table, by the side of the great parchment acts, lies a huge, gilt sceptre, which is always taken away, and placed in a conservatory under the table, as soon as ever the speaker quits the chair; which he does as often as the house resolves itself into a committee. A committee means nothing more than that the house puts itself into a situation freely to discuss and debate any point of difficulty and moment, and, while it lasts, the speaker partly lays aside his power as a moderator. As soon as this is over, some one tells the speaker, that he may now again be seated; and immediately on the speaker's being again in the chair, the sceptre is also replaced on the table before him.

All round, on the sides of the house under the gallery, are benches for the members, covered with green cloth, always one above the other, in order that he who is speaking, may see over those who sit before him. The seats in the gallery are on the same plan. The members of parliament keep their hats on, but the spectators in the gallery are uncovered.

The members of the House of Commons have nothing particular in their dress; they even come into the house in their great coats, and with boots and spurs. It is not at all uncommon to see a member lying stretched out on one of the benches, while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season.



There is no end to their going in and out; and as often as any one wishes to go out, he places himself before the speaker, and makes him his bow, as if, like a school-boy, he asked his tutor's permission.

Those who speak seem to deliver themselves with but little, perhaps not always with even a decorous, gravity. All that is necessary, is to stand up in your place, take off your hat, turn to the speaker, (to whom all the speeches are addressed) to hold your hat and stick in one hand, and with the other hand to make any such motions as you fancy necessary to accompany your speech.

If it happens that a member rises, who is but a bad speaker, or if what he says is generally deemed not sufficiently interesting, so much noise is made, that he can scarcely distinguish his own words. This must needs be a distressing situation; and it seems then to be particularly laughable, when the speaker, in his chair, like a tutor in a school, again and again endeavours to restore order, which he does, by calling out *to order! to order!*

On the contrary, when a favourite member, and one who speaks well, and to the purpose, rises, the most perfect silence reigns: and his friends and admirers, one after another, make their approbation known by calling out *hear him!* This is always regarded as a great encouragement; and I have often observed, that one who began with some diffidence, and even somewhat inauspiciously, has, in the end, been so animated, that he has spoken with a torrent of eloquence.

As all speeches are directed to the speaker, all the members always preface their speeches with,  
*Sir;*



*Sir*; and he, on being thus addressed, generally moves his hat a little, but immediately puts it on again. This *Sir* is often introduced in the course of their speeches, and serves to connect what is said: it seems also to stand the speaker in some stead, when any one's memory fails him, or he is otherwise at a loss for matter; for, while he is saying *Sir*, and has thus obtained a little pause, he recollects what is to follow.

The first day that I was at the House of Commons, an English gentleman, who sat next to me in the gallery, very obligingly pointed out to me the principal members; such as Fox, Burke, Rigby, &c. all of whom I heard speak. The debate happened to be, whether, besides being made a peer, any other specific reward should be bestowed by the nation on their gallant admiral, Rodney. In the course of the debate, I remember, Mr. Fox was very sharply reprimanded by young Lord Fielding, for having, when minister, opposed the election of Admiral Hood, as a member for Westminster.

Fox was sitting to the right of the speaker, not far from the table on which the gilt sceptre lay. He now took his place so near it that he could reach it with his hand, and, thus placed, he gave it many a violent and hearty thump, either to aid, or to shew, the energy with which he spoke. If the charge was vehement, his defence was no less so: he justified himself against Lord Fielding, by maintaining, that he had not opposed this election in the character of a minister, but as an individual, or private person: and that, as such, he had freely and honestly given his vote for another. It is impossible for me to describe with what fire, and persuasive eloquence he



spoke, and how the speaker in the chair incessantly nodded approbation, from beneath his solemn wig; and innumerable voices incessantly called out, 'hear him! hear him!' and when there was the least sign that he intended to leave off speaking, they no less vociferously exclaimed, 'go on!' and so he continued to speak in this manner for nearly two hours.

Mr. Rigby in reply, made a short, but humorous speech, in which he mentioned of how little consequence the title of *lord* and *lady* was without money to support it, and finished with the latin proverb, "*infelix paupertas—quia ridiculos miseros facit.*" He very judiciously observed, that previous enquiry should be made, whether Admiral Rodney had made any rich prizes, or captures; because, if that should be the case, he would not stand in need of further reward in money. I afterwards almost every day attended at the parliament house, and found the most rational amusement.

The little less than downright, open abuse, and the many really rude things, which the members said to each other, struck me much. For example; when one has finished, another rises, and immediately taxes with absurdity all that *the honourable gentleman* (for with this title the members of the House of Commons always compliment each other) had just advanced. It would indeed be contrary to the rules of the house, flatly to tell each other, that what they have spoken, is false, or even foolish: instead of this, they turn themselves, as usual, to the speaker, and so, whilst their address is directed to him, they fancy they violate neither the rules of parliament, nor those of good breeding and decorum, by uttering the most



most cutting, personal sarcasms against the member, or the measure they oppose.

It is quite laughable to see, as one sometimes does, one member speaking, and another accompanying the speech with his action. This I remarked more than once in a worthy old citizen, who was fearful of speaking himself, but when his neighbour spoke, he accompanied every energetic sentence with a suitable gesticulation, by which means his whole body was sometimes in motion.

It often happens, that the jett, or principal point, in the debate, is lost in these personal contests and bickerings between each other. When they last so long as to become quite tedious and tiresome, and likely to do harm rather than good, the house takes upon itself to express its disapprobation; and then there arises a general cry of, 'the question! the question!' When the question is put, and the votes taken, the speaker says: "those who are for the question, are to say *aye*, and those who are against it, *no*!" You then hear a confused cry of *aye* and *no*: but, at length, the speaker says: "I think there are more *ayes* than *noes*; or more *noes* than *ayes*. The *ayes* have it; or the *noes* have it;" as the case may be. But all the spectators must then retire from the gallery, on hearing the words, 'withdraw! withdraw!' The strangers are then shut up in a small room, at the foot of the stairs, till the voting is over, when they are again permitted to take their places in the gallery. In this manner we, the strangers, have sometimes been sent away two or three times, in the course of one sitting; and again permitted to return. Among these spectators are people of all ranks; and even, not unfrequently



frequently ladies. Two short-hand writers have sat sometimes not far distant from me, who endeavour to take down the words of the speaker; and thus all that is very remarkable may generally be read in print the next day. The short-hand writers, whom I noticed, are supposed to be employed and paid by the editors of the different newspapers, and are constant attendants on the parliament; and so they pay the door-keeper a fee for the session. I have now and then seen some of the members bring their sons, whilst quite little boys, and carry them to their seats along with themselves.

There appears to be much more politeness and more courteous behaviour in the members of the upper house. But he who wishes to observe mankind, and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters, most strongly marked, will do well to attend frequently the lower, rather than the other house.

While I was in London, what is called hanging day arrived. There was also a parliamentary election: I could only see one of the two fights; and therefore naturally preferred the latter, while I only heard tolling at a distance the death-bell of the sacrifice to justice.

The cities of London and Westminster send, the one four, and the other two members to parliament. Mr. Fox is one of the two members for Westminster; one seat was vacant; and that vacancy was now to be filled. Sir Cecil Wray, whom Fox had before opposed to Lord Hood, was now publicly chosen. I was told, that at these elections, when there is a strong opposition party, there is often bloody work; but this elec-  
tion



tion was, in the electioneering phrase, a hollow thing.

The election was held in Covent Garden, a large market-place, in the open air. There was a scaffold erected just before the door of a very handsome church, which also is called St. Paul's; but which, however, is not to be compared to the cathedral.

A temporary edifice, formed only of boards and wood nailed together, was erected on the occasion. It was called the hustings: and filled with benches; and at one end of it, where the benches ended, mats were laid; on which those who spoke to the people stood. In the area before the hustings, immense multitudes of people were assembled; of whom the greatest part seemed to be of the lowest order. To this tumultuous crowd, however, the speakers often bowed very low, and always addressed them by the title of gentlemen. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to step forward, and promise these same *gentlemen*, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties as their representative. He also made an apology, because, on account of his journey and ill health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their respective houses. The moment that he began to speak, even this rude rabble became all as quiet as the raging sea after a storm; only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of, 'hear him! hear him!' and as soon as he had done speaking, they again vociferated a loud and universal huzza, every one at the same time waving his hat.

And now, being formally declared to have been legally chosen, he again bowed most profoundly, and returned thanks for the great honour



nour done him : when a well-dressed man, whose name I could not learn, stepped forward, and in a well-indited speech, congratulated both the chosen and the chusers. "Upon my word," said a gruff carter, who stood near me, "that man speaks well."

Even little boys clambered up, and hung on the rails and on the lamp-posts; and, as if the speeches had also been addressed to them, they too listened with the utmost attention; and they too testified their approbation of it, by joining lustily in the three cheers, and waving their hats.

All the enthusiasm of my earliest years, kindled by the patriotism of the illustrious heroes of Rome, was now revived in my mind : and, though all I had just seen and heard, is, in fact, but the semblance of liberty, and that too tribunitial liberty, yet, at that moment, I thought it charming, and it warmed my heart. When we here see how, in this happy country, the lowest and meanest member of society, thus unequivocally testifies the interest which he takes in every thing of a public nature; when we see, that a carter, a common tar, or a scavenger, is still a man, nay, an Englishman; and as such, has his rights and privileges defined and known as exactly and as well as his king, or as his king's minister—it is impossible not to feel very differently affected from what we are, when staring at our soldiers, in their exercises at Berlin.

When Fox, who was among the voters, arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an universal shout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him speak, and every one called out "Fox ! Fox !" I know not why, but



but I seemed to catch some of the spirit of the place and time, and so I also bawled, "Fox! Fox!" and he was obliged to come forward and speak; for no other reason, that I could find, but that the people wished to hear him speak.

When the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes, the whole scaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing else, were completely destroyed; and the mat, with which it had been covered, torn into ten thousand long strips, or pieces, with which they encircled multitudes of people of all ranks. These they hurried along with them, and every thing else that came in their way, as trophies of joy; and thus, in the midst of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the most populous streets of London.

Whilst in Prussia, poets only speak of the love of country, as one of the dearest of all human affections, here, there is no man who does not feel, and describe with rapture how much he loves his country. "Yes, for my country I'll shed the last drop of my blood!" often exclaimed little Jacky, the fine boy in the house where I lodged, who is yet only about twelve years old. The love of their country, and its unparalleled feats in war, are, in general, the subject of their ballads and popular songs, which are sung about the streets by women, who sell them for a few farthings.

It must, I think, be owned, that upon the whole, London is neither so handsomely nor so well built as Berlin is, but then it certainly has far more fine squares. Of these there are many that, in real magnificence and beautiful symmetry,



try, far surpasses our Gens d'Armes Markt, our Denhofchen, and William's Place. These squares, or quadrangular places, contain the best and most beautiful buildings of London: a spacious street, next to the houses, goes all round them, and within that there is generally a grass-plot, fenced with iron-rails, in the centre of which, in many of them, there is a statue, sometimes equestrian and gilt. In Grosvenor Square, instead of this green plot, or area, there is a little, circular wood, intended, no doubt, to give one the idea of *rus in urbe*.

Desirous of breathing a little freer air, I took a walk from Paddington to Islington; where, to the left, you have a fine prospect of the neighbouring hills, and, in particular, of the village of Hampstead, which is built on one of them; and to the right the streets of London furnish an endless variety of interesting views.

I soon had the happiness to become acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Woide, who, though well known, all over Europe, to be one of the most learned men of the age, is yet, if possible, less estimable for his learning, than he is for his unaffected goodness of heart. He holds a respectable office in the British Museum, and was obliging enough to procure me permission to see it. In general, you must give in your name a fortnight before you can be admitted. But, after all, I am sorry to say, it was the rooms, the glass cases, the shelves, or the repository for the books, in the British Museum which I saw, and not the Museum itself, we were hurried on so rapidly through the apartments. The company, who saw it when and as I did, was various, and some of all sorts; some, I believe, of the very lowest  
class,



classes of the people, of both sexes; for, as it is the property of the nation, every one has the same right to see it, that another has. I had Mr. Wendeborn's book in my pocket, and it, at least, enabled me to take a somewhat more particular notice of some of the principal things; such as the Egyptian mummy, a head of Homer, &c. The rest of the company, observing that I had some assistance, which they had not, soon gathered round me; I pointed out to them, as we went along, from Mr. Wendeborn's German book, what there was most worth seeing here. The gentleman, who conducted us, took little pains to conceal the contempt which he felt for my communications, when he found out that it was only a German description of the British Museum I had got. The rapidly passing through this vast suit of rooms, in a space of time, little, if at all, exceeding an hour; with leisure just to cast one poor, longing look of astonishment on all these stupendous treasures of natural curiosities, antiquities, and literature; in the contemplation of which you could, with pleasure, spend years, and a whole life might be employed in the study of them—quite confuses, stuns, and overpowers one. In some branches this collection is said to be far surpassed by some others; but taken all together, and for size, it certainly is equalled by none.

The Rev. Mr. Woide lives at a place called Liffon Street, not far from Paddington; a very village-looking, little town, at the west end of London. It is quite a rural and pleasant situation; for here I either do, or fancy I do, already breathe a purer and freer air than in the midst of the town. Of his great abilities, and particularly



in oriental literature, it is unnecessary for me to speak. He is actually meditating a fac-simile edition of the Alexandrian MS\*.

The winter theatres being shut, I twice attended that in the Haymarket. The first time, *The Nabob* was represented, of which the late Mr. Foote was the author, and for the entertainment, a very pleasing and laughable, musical farce, called *The Agreeable Surprise*; the second time, I saw *The English Merchant*; which piece has been translated into German, and is known among us by the title of *The Scotchwoman*; or *The Coffee House*.

A very few excepted, the comedians, whom I saw, were certainly nothing extraordinary. For a seat in the boxes you pay five shillings, in the pit three, in the first gallery two, and in the second, or upper gallery, one shilling. And it is the tenants in this upper gallery who, for their shilling, make all that noise and uproar, for which the English playhouses are so famous. I was in the pit, which gradually rises, amphitheatre-wise, from the orchestra, and is furnished with benches, one above another, from the top to the bottom. Often and often, whilst I sat here, did a rotten orange, or pieces of the peel of an orange, fly past me, or past some of my neighbours, and once one of them actually hit my hat, without my daring to look round, for fear another might come plump in my face.

Besides this perpetual pelting from the gallery, which renders an English playhouse so uncomfortable, there is no end to their calling out, and

\* This project has been successfully executed by that learned and ingenious person.



knocking with their sticks, till the curtain is drawn up. I saw a miller's, or a baker's boy, thus, like a huge booby, leaning over the rails, and knocking, again and again, on the outside, with all his might, without being in the least ashamed or abashed. I sometimes heard too the people in the lower or middle gallery quarrelling with those of the upper one. Behind me, in the pit, sat a young fop who, in order to display his costly stone buckles with the utmost brilliancy, continually put his foot on my bench, and even sometimes upon my coat; which I could avoid only by sparing him as much space, from my portion of the seat, as would make him a footstool.

In the boxes, quite in a corner, sat several servants, who were said to be placed there, to keep the seats for the families they served, till they should arrive; they seemed to sit remarkably close and still, the reason of which, I was told, was their apprehension of being pelted; for, if one of them dares but to look out of the box, he is immediately saluted with a shower of orange-peel from the gallery.

In Foote's Nabob there are sundry local and personal satires, which are entirely lost to a foreigner. The character of the Nabob was performed by a Mr. Palmer. The jett of the character is, this Nabob, with many affected airs, and constant aims at gentility, is still but a silly fellow, unexpectedly come into the possession of immense riches, and therefore, of course, paid much court to by certain descriptions of persons, who play upon his vanity and weakness. One of the last scenes was best received: it is that in which the Nabob's friend and school-fellow visit him, and address him, without ceremony, by his



christian name; but to all their questions of, "Whether he does not recollect them?—Whether he does remember such and such a play; or such and such a scrape, into which they had fallen in their youth?" He uniformly answers, with a look of ineffable contempt, only "No, Sir!" Nothing can possibly be more ludicrous, nor more comic.

The entertainment, *The Agreeable Surprise*, is really a very diverting farce. The same person who, in the play, performed the school-fellow of the Nabob, with a great deal of nature and original humour, here acted the part of Lingo; his name is Edwin, and he is, without doubt, one of the best actors of all that I have seen.

This Lingo is in love with a certain country girl, whose name is Cowslip, to whom he makes a declaration of his passion in a strange, mythological, grammatical style and manner, and to whom, among other fooleries, he sings, quite enraptured, the following air, and seems to work himself, at least, up to such a transport of passion, as quite overpowers him.

Amo, amas,  
I love a lass,  
As a cedar tall and slender,  
Sweet Cowslip's grace,  
Is her nominative case,  
And she's of the feminine gender.

Those two sentences, in particular, nominative case, and in the feminine gender, he affects to sing in a particularly languishing air, as if confident that it was irresistible. This Edwin, in all his comic characters, still preserves something so inexpressibly good-tempered in his countenance,



tenance, that notwithstanding all his burlesques, and even grotesque buffoonery, you cannot but be pleased with him. Nothing could equal the tone and countenance of self-satisfaction, with which he answered one, who asked him "Whether he was a scholar?"—"Why, I was a master of scholars." A Mrs. Webb represented a cheesemonger, and played the part of a woman of the lower class so naturally, as I have no where else ever seen equalled.

Poor Edwin was obliged to sing himself almost hoarse, as he sometimes was called on to repeat his songs, two or three times, only because it pleased the upper gallery, or *the gods*, as the English call them, to roar out "encore!" Add to all this, he was farther forced to thank them with a low bow, for the great honour done him by their applause.

One of the highest comic touches in the piece seemed to me to consist in a *lye*, which always became more and more enormous in the mouths of those who told it again, during the whole of the piece. This kept the audience in almost a continual fit of laughter. This farce is not yet printed, or I really think I should be tempted to venture to make a translation, or rather an imitation of it.

The English Merchant, or The Scotchwoman, I have seen much better performed abroad, than it was here. Mr. Fleck, at Hamburgh, in particular, played the part of the English Merchant with more interest, truth, and propriety, than one Aickin did here. He seemed to me to fail totally in expressing the peculiar and original character of Freeport; instead of which, by his measured step, and deliberate, affected manner of speaking,



speaking, he converted him into a mere fine gentleman.

The character of Amelia was performed by an actress, who made her first appearance on the stage, and from a timidity natural on such an occasion, and not unbecoming, spoke rather low, so that she could not every where be heard, "Speak louder! speak louder!" cried out some rude fellow from the upper gallery; and she immediately, with infinite condescension, did all she could, and not unsuccessfully, to please even an upper gallery critic.

The persons near me, in the pit, were often extravagantly lavish of their applause. They sometimes clapped a single solitary sentiment, that was almost as unmeaning as it was short; if it happened to be pronounced only with some little emphasis, or to contain some little point, some popular doctrine, a singularly pathetic stroke, or turn of wit.

The Agreeable Surprise was repeated; and I saw it a second time with unabated pleasure. The house was both times well filled.

As some knowledge of the modes of education is essentially necessary for an observer, I found means to see the regulation of one seminary of learning, here called an academy. Of these places of education, there is a prodigious number in London and its vicinity; though, notwithstanding their pompous names, they are, in reality, nothing more than small schools, set up by private persons, for children and young people.

One of the Englishmen, who were my travelling companions, made me acquainted with a Dr. G\*\*\*\*, who lives near P——, and keeps an academy for the education of twelve young people,



people, which number is never exceeded, and the same plan has been adopted and followed by many others, both here and elsewhere.

At the entrance, I perceived over the door of the house, a large board, and written on it, Dr. G\*\*\*\*'s Academy. Dr. G. received me with great courtesy as a foreigner, and shewed me his school-room, which was furnished just in the same manner, as the classes in our public schools are, with benches, and a professor's chair, or pulpit.

The usher, at Dr. G\*\*\*\*'s, is a young clergyman, who, seated also in a chair, or desk, instructs the boys in the Greek and Latin grammar.

We went in, during the hours of attendance, and he was just hearing the boys decline their Latin, which he did in the old, jog-trot way; and I own it had an odd sound to my ears, when, instead of our mode of pronunciation, I heard the English.

Mr. G\*\*\*\* invited us to dinner, when I was introduced to his wife; a very genteel young woman, whose behaviour to the children was such, that she might be said to contribute more to their education than any one else. From forty to fifty pounds is the most that is generally paid in these academies.

I told him of our improvements in the manner of education; and also spoke to him of the apparent great worth of character of his usher. He listened very attentively, but seemed to have thought little himself on this subject. Before and after dinner the Lord's Prayer was repeated in French, which is done in several places, as if they were eager not to waste, without some improvement, even this opportunity also,



also, to practise the French, and thus, at once, accomplish two points.

After dinner, the boys had leave to play in a very small yard, which in most schools, or academies, in the city of London, is the *ne plus ultra* of their liberty, in their hours of recreation. But Mr. G\*\*\*\* has another garden at the end of the town, where he sometimes takes them to walk.

After dinner, Mr. G\*\*\*\* himself instructed the children in writing, arithmetic, and French, all which seemed to be well taught here; especially writing, in which the young people in England far surpass, I believe, all others. This may, perhaps, be owing to their having occasion to learn only one sort of letters. As the midsummer holidays were now approaching, at which time the children, in all the academies, go home for four weeks, every one was obliged, with the utmost care, to copy a written model, in order to shew it to their parents; for this article is most particularly examined, as every body can tell what is, or is not, good writing.

It is, in general, the clergy, who have small incomes, who set up these schools both in town and country; and grown-up people, who are foreigners, are also admitted here to learn the English language. Mr. G\*\*\*\* charged for board, lodging, and instruction in the English, two guineas a week. He, however, who is desirous of perfecting himself in the English, will do better to go some distance into the country, and board himself with any clergyman, who takes scholars, where he will hear nothing but English spoken, and may at every opportunity be taught both by young and old.

There



There are in England, besides the two Universities, several great schools, or colleges, besides numerous grammar schools, with endowments; in general, however, they are private institutions, in which there reigns a kind of family education, which is certainly the most natural, if properly conducted.

In the streets of London are seen great and little boys running about, in long blue coats, which, like robes, reach quite down to the feet, and little white bands, such as the clergy wear. These belong to a charitable institution, or school, which bears the name of the Blue-Coat School\*. The singing of the choristers in the streets, so usual with us, is not at all customary here. Indeed, there is in England, or at least in London, such a constant walking, riding, and driving up and down, in the streets, that it would not be very practicable. Parents, here in general, nay even those of the lowest classes, seem to be kind and indulgent to their children; and do not, like our common people, break their spirits too much by blows and sharp language. Children should certainly be enured early to set a proper value on themselves; whereas, with us, parents of the lower class bring up their children to the same slavery under which they themselves groan.

Notwithstanding the constant new appetites and calls of fashion, they here remain faithful to nature till a certain age. What a contrast, when I figure to myself our petted, pale faced, Berlin boys, at six years old, with a large bag, and all the parade of grown-up persons; nay,

• Christ's Hospital.

even



even with laced coats; and here, on the contrary, see nothing but fine, ruddy, slim, active boys, with their bosoms open, and their hair cut on their forehead, whilst behind it flows naturally in ringlets. It is something uncommon here to meet a young man, and more especially a boy, with a pale or fallow face, with deformed features, or disproportioned limbs.—With us, alas! it is not to be concealed, the case is very much otherwise; if it were not, handsome people would hardly strike us so very much as they do in this country.

This free, loose, and natural dress, is often worn till they are eighteen. It is then, indeed, discontinued by the higher ranks, but with the common people it always remains the same. They then begin to have their hair dressed, and curled with irons, to give the head a large, bushy appearance, and half their backs are covered with powder. I must here observe, that the English hair-dressers are also barbers, an office, however, which they perform very badly indeed; though I cannot but consider shaving as a far more proper employment for these *petit maîtres*, than it is for surgeons, who, in our country, are obliged to shave us. It is incredible how much the English, at present, frenchify themselves; the only things yet wanting are bags and swords, with which, at least, I saw no one walking publicly, but I am told they are worn at court.

In the morning, it is usual to walk out in a sort of negligée, or morning-dress, your hair not dressed, but merely rolled up in rollers, and in a frock and boots. In Westminster, the morning lasts till four or five o'clock, at which time



time they dine ; and supper and going to bed are regulated accordingly. They generally do not breakfast till ten o'clock. The farther you go from the court, into the city, the more regular and domestic the people become ; and there they generally dine about three o'clock, or, as soon as the business or 'Change is over.

Trimmed suits are not yet worn, and the most usual dress is, in summer, a short, white waistcoat, black breeches, white silk stockings, and a frock, generally of very dark blue cloth, which looks like black. Officers rarely wear their uniforms, but dress like other people, and are to be known to be officers only by a cockade in their hats.

It is a common observation, that the more solicitous any people are about dress, the more effeminate they are. I attribute it entirely to this idle, adventitious passion for finery, that these people are become so over and above careful of their persons ; they are for ever, and on every occasion, putting one another on their guard, against catching cold ; " you'll certainly catch cold," they always tell you, if you happen to be a little exposed to the draught of the air, or if you be not clad, as they think, sufficiently warm. The general topic of conversation in summer, is, on the important objects of whether such and such an acquaintance be in town, or such a one in the country. Far from blaming it, I think it natural and commendable, that nearly one half of the inhabitants of this great city should migrate into the country in summer.

Electricity happens at present to be the puppet-show of the English. Whoever at all understands electricity, is sure of being noticed and successful.



successful. This, a certain Mr. Katterfelto experiences, who gives himself out for a Prussian, speaks bad English, and understands, beside the the usual electrical and philosophical experiments, some leger-de-main tricks, with which, (at least, according to the papers) he sets the whole world in wonder. For, in almost every newspaper that appears, there are some verses on the great Katterfelto, which some one or other of his hearers are said to have made extempore. Every sensible person considers Katterfelto as a puppy, an ignoramus, a braggadocio, and an impostor; notwithstanding which he has a number of followers. He has demonstrated to the people that the influenza, is occasioned by a small kind of insect, which poisons the air, and a nostrum, which he pretends to have found out, to prevent or destroy it, is eagerly bought of him\*. This man publishes the most extravagant accounts of his performances in the newspapers. Such kind of rodomontade is very finely expressed in English by the word puff, which, in its literal sense, signifies a blowing, or violent gust of wind; and in the metaphorical sense, a boasting, or bragging.

Of such puffs the English newspapers are daily full; particularly of quack medicines and empirics; by means of which many a one here (and among others, a German, who goes by the name of the German Doctor) are become rich. An advertisement of a lottery in the papers begins with capitals in this manner: "Ten Thousand Pounds

\* *Risum teneatis!* What must foreigners think of a nation that can be duped by such ridiculous impositions?



for a Sixpence ! Yes, however astonishing it may seem, it is nevertheless undoubtedly true, that, for the small stake of sixpence, ten thousand pounds, and other capital prizes may be won, &c.—But enough, for this time, of the puffs of the English.

I one day dined with the Rev. Mr. Schrader, son-in-law to Professor Foster of Halle. He is chaplain to the German chapel at St. James's, but besides himself, he has a colleague, and a reader, who is also in orders, but has only fifty pounds yearly salary. Mr. Schrader also instructs the younger princes and princesses of the royal family in their religion. At his house I saw the two chaplains, Mr. Lindeman and Mr. Kritter, who went with the Hanoverian troops to Minorca, and who were returned with the garrison. They were exposed to every danger along with the troops. The German clergy, as well as every other person in any public station, immediately under government, are obliged to pay a considerable tax out of their salaries.

The English clergy, and I fear, those still more particularly who live in London, are very free, in their way of life. During my residence in England, one fought a duel in Hyde-Park, and shot his antagonist. He was tried for the offence, and it was evident the judge thought him guilty of murder : but the jury declared him guilty only of manslaughter.

One Sunday, Mr. Wendeborn and I passed an English church, in which, we understood, the sermon was not yet quite finished. On this we went in, and then I heard a young man preaching, with a tolerable good voice, and a proper delivery; but, like the English in general,



his manner was unimpassioned, and his tone monotonous. From the church we went to a coffee-house, opposite to it, and there we dined. We had not been long there before the same clergyman, whom we had just heard preaching, also came in. He called for pen and ink, and hastily wrote down a few sentences on a long sheet of paper, which he put into his pocket. He, too, ordered some dinner; which he had no sooner ate, than he returned immediately to the same church. We followed him, and he again mounted the pulpit, where he drew from his pocket a written paper, or book of notes, and delivered, in all probability, those very words which he had just before composed in our presence at the coffee-house.

In these coffee-houses there generally prevails a very decorous stillness and silence. Every one speaks softly to those only who sit next him. The greater part read the newspapers, and no one ever disturbs another. The room is commonly on the ground floor, and the seats are divided by wooden wainscot partitions. Many letters and projects are here written and planned, and many of those that are inserted in the papers are dated from some of these coffee-houses. There is, therefore, nothing incredible, nor very extraordinary, in a person's composing a sermon here, excepting that one would imagine it might have been done better at home.

Among other places I visited, was Freemason's Hall, at the tavern of the same name. This hall is of an astonishing height and breadth, and to me it looked almost like a church. The orchestra is very much raised, and from that you have a fine view of the whole hall, which makes  
a majestic



a majestic appearance. The building is said to have cost an immense sum. But to that the lodges in Germany also contributed. Free-masonry seems to be held but in little estimation in England, perhaps, because most of the lodges are now degenerated into mere drinking clubs; though, I hope, there still are some who assemble for nobler and more essential purposes.\* The Duke of Cumberland is now Grand Master.

When I first entered St. Paul's, I must own that an uncommon vacancy, which seemed to reign in it, rather damped, than raised, an impression of any thing majestic in me. All around me, I could see nothing but immense bare walls and pillars. Above me, at an astonishing height, was the vaulted stone roof; and, beneath me, a plain, flat, even floor, paved with marble. No altar was to be seen, or any other sign that this was a place where mankind assemble to adore the Almighty. For, the church itself, or properly that part of it where they perform divine service, seems as it were a piece stuck on, or added, to the main edifice; and is separated from the large, round, empty space by an iron gate. Considered simply as a work of art, and as if merely intended to shew the amazing extent of human powers, I should certainly gaze at St. Paul's with admiration and astonishment: but then I wish rather to contemplate it with awe and veneration. But, I perceive, I am wandering out of my way: St. Paul's is undoubtedly a

\* What noble and essential purposes free-masons meet for, we have no right to judge, as never having been initiated; but we hope the English lodges will ever be free from the stigma thrown on those of Germany, of being seminaries of anarchy and irreligion.



noble pile, and not unworthy this great nation. For a small sum of money, I was conducted all over the church, by a man, whose office it seemed to be, and he repeated to me, I dare say, exactly his lesson, which, no doubt, he had perfectly got by rote; of how many feet long and broad it was; how many years it was in building, and in what year built: much of this rigmarole story, which, like a parrot, he repeated mechanically, I could willingly have dispensed with. In the part that was separated from the rest by the iron gate, above-mentioned, was what I call the church itself; furnished with benches, pews, pulpit, and an altar; and on each side, seats for the choristers, as there are in our cathedrals. This church seemed to have been built purposely in such a way, that the bishop, or dean, or dignitary, who should preach there, might not be obliged to strain his voice too much.

I was next conducted to that part, which is called the whispering gallery, which is a circumference of prodigious extent, just below the cupola. Here I was directed to place myself in a part of it directly opposite to my conductor, on the other side of the gallery, so that we had the whole breadth of the church between us; and, as I stood in this position, he, knowing his cue, no doubt, flung to the door, with all his force, which gave a sound that I could compare to nothing less than a peal of thunder. I was next desired to apply my ear to the wall, which, when I did, I heard the words of my conductor, "can you hear me?" which he softly whispered quite on the other side, as plain and as loud, as one commonly speaks to a deaf person. This scheme to con-

dense



dense and invigorate sound at so great a distance, is really wonderful. I once noticed some sound of the same sort, in the senatorial cellar at Bremen; but neither that, nor I believe any other in the world, can pretend to come in competition with this.

I now ascended several steps to the great gallery, which runs on the outside of the great dome, and here I remained nearly two hours, as I could hardly, in less time, satisfy myself with the prospect of the various interesting objects that lay all round me; and which can no where be better seen, than from hence.

Every view, and every object I studied attentively, by viewing them again and again on every side; for I was anxious to make a lasting impression of it on my imagination. Below me lay steeples, houses, and palaces, in countless numbers; the squares with their grass plots in their middle, that lay agreeably dispersed and intermixed, with all the huge cluster of buildings, forming, a pleasing contrast, and a relief to the jaded eye.

At one end rose the Tower, itself a city with a wood of masts behind it; and at the other Westminster Abbey with its steeples. There I beheld, clad with smiles, those beautiful green hills, that skirt the environs of Paddington and Islington: here, on the opposite bank of the Thames, lay Southwark; the city itself it seems to be impossible for any eye to take in entirely; for, with all my pains, I found it impossible to ascertain, either where it ended, or where the circumjacent villages began: far as the eye could reach, it seemed to be all one continued chain of buildings.



I well remember how large I thought Berlin, when I first saw it, from the steeple of St. Mary, and from the Temple Yard Hills: but how did it now sink and fall in my imagination, when I compared it with London!

It is, however, idle and vain to attempt giving in words, any description, however faint and imperfect, of such a prospect. He who wishes at one view to see a world in miniature, must come to the dome of St. Paul's.

The roof of St. Paul's itself, with its two lesser steeples, lay below me, and as I fancied, looked something like the back ground of a small ridge of hills, which you look down upon, when you have attained the summit of some huge rock or mountain. I should gladly have remained here sometime longer, but a gust of wind, which in this situation, was so powerful, that it was hardly possible to withstand it, drove me down.

Notwithstanding that St. Paul's is itself very high, the elevation of the ground on which it stands contributes greatly to its height.

What else I saw in this stately cathedral, was only a wooden model of this very edifice; which was made before the church was built, and which suggests some not unpleasing reflections, when one compares it with the enormous building itself.

The church-yard is inclosed with an iron rail: and its area is very considerable.

Owing to some cause or other, the sight of St. Paul's strikes you, as being confined; and it is certain, that this beautiful church, is on every side too closely surrounded by houses.

A marble statue of Queen Anne, in an inclosed piece of ground, in the west front of the church,



church, is something of an ornament to that side.

The size of the bell of St. Paul's is also worthy of notice, as it is reckoned one of those that are deemed the largest in Europe. It takes its place they say next to that at Vienna.

Every thing that I saw in St. Paul's, cost me only a little more than a shilling, which I paid in pence and half-pence, according to a regulated price, fixed for every different curiosity.

On a very gloomy, dismal day, just such a one as it ought to be, I went to see Westminster Abbey.

I entered at a small door, which brought me immediately to the Poet's corner, where the monuments and busts of the principal poets, artists, generals, and great men are placed.

Not far from the door, immediately on my entrance, I perceived the statue of Shakespeare, as large as life; with a band, &c. in the dress usual of his time.

A passage out of one of Shakespeare's own plays, (the Tempest,) in which he describes, in the most solemn and affecting manner, the end, or the dissolution of all things, is here, with great propriety, put up as his epitaph; as though none but Shakespeare could do justice to Shakespeare.

Not far from this immortal bard, is Rowe's monument, which, as is intimated in a few lines that are inscribed as his epitaph, he himself had desired to be placed here.

At no great distance, I saw the bust of that amiable writer, Goldsmith; to whom, as well as to Butler, whose monument is in a distant part of the Abbey, though they had scarcely necessary bread to eat during their lifetime, handsome monuments are now raised. Here too you see,  
almost



almost in a row, the monuments of Milton, Dryden, Gay, and Thomson. The inscription on Gay's tomb-stone is, if not actually immoral, yet futile and weak, though he is said to have written it himself,

“ Life is a jest, and all things shew it,  
“ I thought so once, but now I know it.”

Our Handel has also a monument here, where he is represented as large as life.

An actress, Pritchard, and Booth, an actor, have also very distinguished monuments erected here to their memories.

For Newton, as was proper, there is a very costly one. It is above, at the entrance of the choir, and exactly opposite to this, at the end of the church, another is erected, which refers you to the former.

As I passed along the side walls of Westminster Abbey, I hardly saw any thing but marble monuments of great admirals, but which were all too much loaded with finery and ornaments, to make, on me at least, the intended impression.

I always returned with most pleasure to the Poet's Corner, where the most sensible, the most able, and most learned men, of the different ages were reassembled; and particularly where the elegant simplicity of the monuments, made an elevated and affecting impression on the mind, while a perfect recollection of some favourite passage, of a Shakespeare, or Milton, recurred to my idea, and seemed for a moment to reanimate and bring back the spirits of those truly great men,

Time



Time would not then permit me to visit the vaults where the kings are buried, and some other things worth notice in the abbey.

Tired of London, I was for a long time undecided which way I should go, whether to the Isle of Wight, or to Derbyshire, which is famous for its natural curiosities, and also for its romantic situation. At length I determined on Derbyshire, and made the necessary preparations for my excursion. Four guineas, some linen, my English book of the roads, and a map and pocket-book, together with Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which I put in my pocket, composed the whole of my equipage.

I set out on the 21st of June, for Richmond, and for the first time, had the luxury of being driven in an English stage. These coaches are, at least in the eyes of a foreigner, quite elegant, lined in the inside, and with two seats large enough to accommodate six persons: but it must be owned, when the carriage is full, the company are rather crowded.

The only passenger, at first, was an elderly lady; but as we drove along, it was soon filled, and mostly by ladies, there being only one more gentleman, and myself. The conversation of the ladies among themselves, who appeared to be a little acquainted with each other, seemed to me to be but very insipid and tiresome. All I could do, was, I drew out my book of the roads, and marked the way we were going.

Before you well know that you are out of London, you are already in Kenfington, and Hammersmith; because there are, all the way, houses on both sides.



It was a fine day, and there were various delightful prospects on both sides, on which the eye would willingly have dwelt longer, had not our coach rolled on past them, so provokingly quick. The man who was with us in the coach, pointed out to us the country seats of the lords and great people, by which we passed; and entertained us with all kinds of stories of robberies, which had been committed on travellers, hereabouts: so that the ladies, at last, began to be rather afraid; on which he began to stand up for the superior honour of the English robbers, when compared with the French: the former he said robbed only; the latter, both robbed and murdered.

Notwithstanding this, there are in England, another species of villains, who also murder, and that oftentimes for the merest trifle, of which they rob the person murdered. These are called Footpads, and are the lowest class of English rogues; amongst whom, in general, their reigns something like some regard to character.

The highest order of thieves are the pick-pockets, or cutpurses, whom you find every where; and sometimes even in the best companies. They are generally well and handsomely dressed, so that you take them to be persons of condition; as indeed may sometimes be the case: persons who, by extravagance and excesses, have reduced themselves to want, and find themselves obliged at last to have recourse to pilfering and thieving.

Next to them, come the highwaymen, who rob on horseback; and often, they say, even with unloaded pistols, they terrify travellers, in order to put themselves in possession of their purses.



purfes. Among thefe persons, however, there are instances of true greatness of foul; there are numberlefs instances of their returning a part of their booty, where the party robbed has appeared to be particularly diftrefsed; and they are feldom guilty of murder.

Then comes the third and loweft, and worft of all thieves and rogues, the footpads before mentioned, who are on foot, and often murder in the moft inhuman manner, for the fake of only a few fhillings, any unfortunate people who happen to fall in their way. Of this feveral mournful inftances may be occasionally read in the English papers. Probably they murder, becaufe they cannot, like highwaymen, aided by their horfes, make a rapid flight; and therefore fuch pefts are frequently pretty eafily purfued and taken, if the perfon robbed gives timely information of his misfortune.

But, to return to our ftage. I muft obferve, that they have here a curious way of riding, not in, but upon a ftage-coach. Persons, to whom it is not convenient to pay a full price, inftead of the infide, fit on the top of the coach, without any feats, or even a rail. By what means paffengers thus faften themfelves fe curely on the roof of thefe vehicles, I know not; but you constantly fee numbers feated there, apparently at their eafe, and in perfect fafety.

This they call riding on the outside: for which they pay only half as much as thofe pay who are within: we had foon fix of thefe paffengers over our heads, who, when we alighted, frequently made fuch a noife and bufle, as fometimes almoft frightened us. He who can properly balance himfelf, rides not incommodioufly on



on the outside; and in summer time, in fine weather, on account of the prospects, it certainly is more pleasant than it is within.

In Kensington, where we stopped, a Jew applied for a place along with us; but as there was no seat vacant in the inside, he would not ride on the outside; which seemed not quite to please my travelling companions. They could not help thinking it somewhat preposterous, that a Jew should be ashamed to ride on the outside, or on any side, and in any way: since, as they added, he was nothing more than a Jew. This antipathy and prejudice against the Jews, I have noticed to be far more common here, than it is even with us, who certainly are not partial to them.

Of the beautiful country seats and villas which we now passed, I could only through the windows of our coach, gain a partial and indistinct prospect; which led me to wish, as I soon most earnestly did, to be released from this moveable prison. Towards evening we arrived at Richmond. In London, before I set out, I had paid one shilling; another was now demanded.

As soon as I had alighted at an inn, and had drank my tea, I went out immediately to see the town and the circumjacent country.

Even this town, though hardly out of sight of London, has a pleasant, rural aspect, and the houses are not so much blackened by smoke. The people also appeared to me more sociable, and more hospitable. I saw several sitting on benches before their doors, to enjoy the cool breeze of the evening. On a large, green area, in the middle of the town, a number of boys, and even young



young men, were enjoying themselves, and playing at trap-ball. In the streets here reigned a pleasing, rural tranquillity; and I breathed a purer and fresher air.

I now went out of the town over a bridge, which lies across the Thames, and where you pay a penny as often as you pass it. The bridge is lofty, and built in the form of an arch, and from it you enter immediately into a most charming valley, that winds all along the banks of the Thames.

It was evening, the sun was just shedding his last parting rays on the valley; but such an evening, and such a valley! O, it is impossible I should ever forget them. The Terrace, at Richmond, assuredly affords one of the finest prospects in the world. Whatever is charming in nature, or pleasing in art, is to be seen here. Nothing I had ever seen is to be compared to it. My feelings, during the few, short, enraptured minutes that I stood there, it is impossible for any pen to describe.

One of my first sensations was, chagrin and sorrow for the days and hours I had wasted in London; and I vented a thousand bitter reproaches on my irresolution, that I had not long ago quitted that huge dungeon, to come here, and pass my time in paradise.

In every point of view, Richmond is assuredly one of the first situations in the world. Here it was that Thomson and Pope gleaned from nature all those beautiful passages, with which their inimitable writings abound!

Instead of the incessant, distressing noise in London, I saw here at a distance, sundry little family parties, walking arm in arm along the



banks of the Thames. Every thing breathed a soft and pleasing calm, which warmed my heart; and filled it with some of the most pleasing sensations, of which our nature is susceptible.

Beneath, I trod on that fresh, even, and soft verdure, which is to be seen only in England; on one side of me lay a wood, than which nature cannot produce a finer; and on the other, the Thames, with its shelvy bank, and charming lawns, rising like an amphitheatre; along which, here and there, one espies a picturesque, white house, aspiring in majestic simplicity, to pierce the dark foliage of the surrounding trees; thus, studding, like stars in the galaxy, the rich expanse of this charming vale.

Sweet Richmond! never, no never, shall I forget that lovely evening, when from thy fairy hills thou didst so hospitably smile on me, a poor, lonely, insignificant stranger! As I traversed to and fro thy meads, thy little swelling hills, and flowery dells, and above all, that queen of all rivers, thy own majestic Thames, I forgot all sublunary cares, and thought only of heaven and heavenly things. Happy, thrice happy am I, I again and again exclaimed, that I am no longer in yon gloomy city, but here in Elysium, in Richmond!

Of the evening I passed at Richmond, I speak feebly, when I content myself with saying only, it was one of the pleasantest I ever spent in my life.

I resolved, however, to go to bed early, with a firm purpose of also rising early the next day, to revisit this charming walk. For I thought to myself, I have now seen this Tempe of the modern world imperfectly; I have seen it only by



moon-light: how much more charming must it be, when glistening with the morning dew! These fond hopes, alas! were all disappointed. In all great schemes of enjoyment, it is, I believe, no bad way always to figure to yourself some possible evil that may arise; and to anticipate a disappointment. If I had done so, I should not, perhaps, have felt the mortification I then experienced, quite so pungent. By some means or other I staid too long out, and when I returned to Richmond, I had forgot the name and the sign of the inn, where I had before stopped; it cost me no little trouble to find it again.

When at last, I got back, I told the people, what a sweet walk I had had; and they then spoke much of a prospect from a neighbouring hill, known by the name of Richmond Hill, which was the very same hill, from the top of which I had just been gazing at the houses in the vale, the preceding evening. From this same hill, therefore, I resolved the next morning to see the sun rise.

The landlady was a notable one; and talked so much and so loud to her servants, that I could not get to sleep, till it was pretty late. However, I was up next morning at three o'clock; and was now particularly sensible of the great inconveniencies they sustain in England, by their bad custom of rising so late; for, as I was the only one in this family who was up, I could not get out of the house. This obliged me to spend three most irksome and heavy hours, till six o'clock; when a servant, at length, opened the door; and I rushed out, to climb Richmond-hill. To my infinite disappointment, however, within the space of an hour, the sky had become



overcast, and it was now so cloudy, that I could not even see, nor of course enjoy, one half of the delightful prospect that lay before me.

On the top of this hill, is an alley of chestnut-trees, under which here and there seats are placed. Behind the alley is a row of well-built gentlemen's country seats: one does not wonder to see it thus occupied. I never saw a palace, which, (if I were the owner of it,) I would not give for one of the houses on Richmond Terrace.

The descent of the hill to the Thames, is covered with verdure. The Thames, at the foot of it, forms nearly a semicircle; in which it seems to embrace woody plains, with meadows and country seats in its bosom. On one side you see the town, with its magnificent bridge, and on the other a dark wood.

At a distance you could perceive, peeping out among the meadows and woods, sundry small villages, so that, notwithstanding the dulness of the weather, this prospect, even then, was one of the finest I had ever seen.

Having finished my breakfast, I once more seized my staff, the only companion I had, and prepared again, set out on my romantic journey on foot.

A traveller on foot in this country seems, however, to be considered as a sort of wild man, or an out-of-the-way being, who is stared at, pitied, suspected, and shunned by every body that meets him. My host could not sufficiently express his surprise, that I intended to venture to walk as far as Oxford, and still farther. He, however, was so kind as to send his son, a clever little boy, to shew me the road leading to Windsor.

At



At first I walked along a very pleasant footway, by the side of the Thames; where, close to my right, lay the king's garden. On the opposite bank of the Thames was Isleworth, a spot that seemed to be distinguished by some elegant gentleman's country seats and gardens. Here I was obliged to ferry the river, in order to get into the Oxford road, which also leads to Windsor.

When I was on the other side of the water, I came to a house, and asked a man, who was standing at the door, if I was on the right road to Oxford. "Yes," said he, "but you want a carriage to carry you thither:" when I answered him, that I intended walking it, he looked at me significantly, shook his head, and went into the house again.

I was now on the road to Oxford. It is a charming, fine, broad road; and I met on it carriages without number; which, however, on account of the heat, occasioned a dust that was extremely troublesome and disagreeable. The fine green hedges, which border the roads in England, contribute greatly to render them pleasant. This was the case in the road I now travelled: for, when I was tired, I sat down in the shade under one of these hedges, and read Milton. But this relief was soon rendered disagreeable to me; for, those who rode, or drove past me, stared at me with astonishment; and made many significant gestures, as if they thought my head deranged. So singular must it needs have appeared to them to see a man sitting along the side of a public road, and reading. I therefore found myself obliged; when I wished to rest myself and read, to look out for a retired spot in some bye lane, or cross-road.



When I again walked, many of the coachmen who drove by, called out to me, ever and anon, and asked if I would not ride on the outside; and when, every now and then, a farmer on horse-back met me, he said, and seemingly with an air of pity for me,—“ ’tis warm walking, Sir!” and when I passed through a village, every old woman testified her pity, by an exclamation of—“ Good God!”

As far as Hounslow, the way was very pleasant: afterwards I thought it not quite so agreeable. It lay across a common, which was of considerable extent, and bare and naked; excepting that here and there I saw sheep feeding.

I now began to be rather tired; when, to my astonishment, I saw a tree in the middle of the common, that stood quite solitary, and spread a shade like an harbour around it: at the bottom, round the trunk, a bench was placed, on which one may sit down. Beneath the shade of this tree, I reposed myself a little, read some of Milton, and made a note in my memorandum book, that I would remember this tree, which had so charitably and hospitably received, under its shade, a weary traveller.

The short, English miles are delightful for walking. I could accomplish four English miles in an hour; it used to take me pretty nearly the same time for one German mile. When I was about seventeen miles from London, I came to an inn, where, for a little wine and water I was obliged to pay sixpence. An Englishman, who happened to be sitting by the side of the innkeeper, found out that I was a German; and, of course, from the country of his queen; in praise of whom he was quite lavish; observing, more than



than once, that England never had had such a queen, and would not easily get such another.

It now began to grow hot. On the left hand, almost close to the high road, I met with a singularly clear rivulet. In this I bathed, and was much refreshed; and afterwards, with fresh alacrity, continued my journey.

I had now got over the common: and was, once more, in a country rich and well cultivated, beyond all conception. This continued to be the case as far as Slough, which is twenty miles and a half from London, on the way to Oxford; and from which, to the left, there is a road leading to Windsor, whose high, white castle I had already seen at a distance.

It strikes a foreigner as something particular and unusual, when, on passing through these fine English towns, he observes none of those circumstances, by which the towns in Germany are distinguished from the villages, no walls, no gates, no sentries, nor garrisons. No stern examiner comes here to search and inspect us, or our baggage; no imperious guard here demands a sight of our passports; perfectly free and unmolested, we here walk through villages and towns, as unconcerned as we should through a house of our own.

Just before I got to Windsor, I passed Eton College, one of the first public schools in England, and perhaps in the world. It lay on my left; and on the right, directly opposite to it, was an inn, into which I went.

I suppose it was during the hour of recreation, or in playtime, when I got to Eton: for I saw the boys, in the yard before the college, which was inclosed



inclosed by a low wall, in great numbers, walking and running up and down.

Their dress struck me particularly: from the biggest to the least, they all wore black cloaks, or gowns, over coloured clothes; through which there was an aperture for their arms. They also wore, besides, a square hat, or cap, that seemed to be covered with velvet, such as our clergymen in many places wear.

They were differently employed: some talking together, some playing, and some had their books in their hands, and were reading; but I was soon obliged to get out of their sight, they stared at me so, as I came along, all over dust, with my stick in my hand.

As I entered the inn, and desired to have something to eat, the countenance of the waiter soon gave me to understand, that I should there find no very friendly reception. Whatever I got, they seemed to give me with such an air, as shewed too plainly how little they thought of me; and as if they considered me but as a beggar. I must do them the justice to own, however, that they suffered me to pay like a gentleman. Perhaps this was the first time this pert, bepowdered puppy had ever been called on to wait on a poor devil, who entered their place on foot. I was tired, and asked for a bed-room, where I might sleep. They shewed me into one, that much resembled a prison for malefactors. I requested that I might have a better room at night. On which, without any apology, they told me, that they had no intention of lodging me, as they had no room for such guests; but that I might go back to Slough, where, very probably, I might get a night's lodging.

With



With money in my pocket, and a consciousness moreover that I was doing nothing that was either imprudent, unworthy, or really mean, I own it mortified and vexed me, to find myself obliged to put up with this impudent, ill usage from people, who ought to reflect, that they are but the servants of the public; and little likely to recommend themselves to the high, by being insolent to the low. I had just paid my reckoning, and was preparing to shake off the dust from my shoes, and quit this inhospitable St. Christopher, when the green hills of Windsor smiled so friendly upon me, that they seemed to invite me first to visit them.

And now trudging through the streets of Windsor, I at length mounted a sort of hill: a steep path led me on to its summit, close to the walls of the castle, where I had an uncommonly extensive and fine prospect, which so much raised my heart, that, in a moment, I forgot not only the insults of waiters and tavern-keepers, but the hardship of my lot, in being obliged to travel in a manner that exposed me to the scorn of a people whom I wished to respect. Below me lay the most beautiful landscapes in the world; all the rich scenery that nature, in her best attire, can exhibit. Here were the spots that furnished those delightful themes, of which the muse of Denham and Pope made choice. I seemed to view a whole world at once, rich and beautiful beyond conception.

The venerable castle, that royal edifice, which, in every part of it, has strong traces of antiquity, smiles through its green trees, like the serene countenance of some hoary sage, who, by the vigour



gour of a happy constitution, still retains many of the charms of youth.

Nothing, however, inspired me with more veneration and awe, than the fine old building, St. George's church; which, as you come down from the castle, is on your right. At the sight of it, past centuries seemed to revive in my imagination. The surly fellow, who, for a shilling, conducted me round the church, had nearly, with his chattering, destroyed the finest impressions. Henry VIII. Charles I. and Edward IV. are buried here. After all, this church, both within and without, is formed to inspire melancholy musing.

I now went down a gentle declivity into the delightful park at Windsor: at the foot of which it looks so sombrous and gloomy, that I could hardly help fancying it was some vast, old, Gothic temple. This forest certainly, in point of beauty, surpasses every thing of the kind you can conceive. To its own charms, when I saw it, there were added a most pleasing and philosophical solitude; the coolness of an evening breeze; all aided by the soft sounds of music, which at this distance from the castle, from whence it issued, was inexpressibly sweet. It threw me into a sort of enthusiastic and pleasing reverie, which made me ample amends for the fatigues, discourtesies, and continued cross accidents, I had encountered in the course of the day.

Returning towards the castle, I surveyed the large, round tower, and as I withdrew, I saw the king driving up, in a very plain, two-wheeled, open carriage. The people here were politer than I used to think they were in London:  
for,



for, I did not see a single person, high or low, who did not pull off their hats, as their sovereign passed them.

I was now again in Windsor; and found myself not far from the castle, opposite to a very capital inn, where I saw many officers, and several persons of consequence, going in and out. And here, at this inn, contrary to all expectation, I was received by the landlord with great civility, and even kindness; very contrary to the haughty and insolent airs, which I had experienced at the inn in Eton.

However, it seemed to be my fate to be still a scandal and an eye-sore to all the waiters. The maid, by the order of her master, shewed me a room, where I might adjust my dress a little; but I could hear her mutter and grumble, as she went along with me. Having put myself a little to rights, I went down into the coffee-room, and told the landlord, that I was inclined to have yet one more walk. On this, he obligingly directed me to stroll down a pleasant field behind his house, at the foot of which, he said, I should find the Thames, and a good bathing-place.

I followed his advice, and this evening was, if possible, finer than the preceding. Here again I found the Thames, with all its gentle windings; Windsor shone nearly as bright over the green vale, as those charming houses on Richmond Hill, and the verdure was not less soft and delicate. The field I was in seemed to slope a little towards the Thames. I seated myself near a bush, and there waited the going down of the sun. At a distance I saw a number of people bathing in the Thames. When, after sun-set, they were a little dispersed, I drew near the spot I had been directed



directed to ; and here, for the first time, I sported in the cool tide of the Thames.

Refreshed and strengthened by this cool bath, I took a long walk by moonlight on the banks of the Thames ; to my left were the towers of Windsor, before me a little village, with a steeple, the top of which peeped out among the green trees ; at a distance two inviting hills, which I was to climb in the morning ; and around me the green corn-fields. Oh ! how indescribably beautiful was this evening, and this walk !—At a distance, among the houses, I could easily descry the inn where I lodged, and where I seemed to myself at length to have found a place of refuge, and a home.

How soon did all these pleasing dreams vanish ! On my return, the waiters received me gruffly, and as if they were sorry to see me again. This was not all : I had the additional mortification to be again roughly accosted by the cross maid, who had before shewn me to the bed-chamber ; and who, dropping a kind of half courtesy, with a suppressed laugh, sneeringly told me, I might look out for another lodging, as I could not sleep there, since the room she had by mistake shewn me, was already engaged. It can hardly be necessary to tell you, that I loudly protested against this sudden change. At length the landlord came, and I appealed to him ; and he, with great courtesy, immediately desired another room to be shewn me, in which, however, there were two beds, so that I was obliged to admit a companion. Thus was I very near being a second time turned out of an inn.

Directly under my room was the tap-room ; from which I could plainly hear too much of the conversation



conversation of some low people, who were drinking, and singing songs, in which, as far as I could understand them, there were many passages at least as vulgar and nonsensical as ours.

This company, I guessed, consisted chiefly of soldiers, and low fellows. I was hardly well lulled to sleep by this hurley-burley, when my chum came stumbling into the room, and ran against my bed. At length he found his own, into which he threw himself just as he was, without staying to pull off either clothes or boots.

Next morning I rose very early, as I had proposed, in order to climb the two hills, which presented me with so inviting a prospect; and in particular that one of them, on the summit of which a high, white house appeared among the dark green trees.

I found no regular path leading to these hills; and therefore went straight forward, without minding roads; only keeping in view the object of my aim. This certainly created me some trouble: I had sometimes a hedge, and sometimes a bog to walk round; but at length I had attained the foot of the so earnestly wished-for hill, with the high, white house on its summit, when, just as I was going to ascend it, and was already pleasing myself in the idea with the prospect from the white house, behold I read these words on a board: "Take care; there are steel traps and spring guns here." All my labour was lost, and I now went round to the other hill; but here were also "steel traps and spring guns," though probably never intended to annoy such a wanderer as myself, who wished only to enjoy the fine morning air from this eminence.



Thus disappointed in my hopes, I returned to my inn, when I received from the ill-tempered maid, who seemed to have been stationed there, on purpose to plague and vex me, the polite welcome, that on no account should I sleep another night there. Luckily that was not my intention.

As I was going away, the waiter who had served me with so very ill a grace, placed himself on the stairs, and said, "Pray remember the waiter!" I gave him three halfpence; on which he saluted me with the heartiest imprecation on my head I had ever heard. At the door stood the cross maid, who also accosted me with—"Pray remember the chamber-maid!" "Yes, yes," said I, "I shall long remember your most ill-mannered behaviour, and shameful incivility;" and so I gave her nothing. I hope she was stung and nettled at my reproof: however, she strove to stifle her anger by a contemptuous, loud, horse laugh. Thus I left Windsor literally followed by abuse and curses.

I took my way through Slough by Salt Hill, to Maidenhead. At Salt Hill, which can hardly be called even a village, I saw a barber's shop; and so I resolved to get myself both shaved and dressed. For putting my hair a little in order, and shaving me, I was forced to pay him a shilling.

Between Salt Hill and Maidenhead, I met with the first very remarkable and alarming adventure that has occurred during my pilgrimage.

Hitherto I had scarcely met a single foot passenger, whilst coaches without number every moment rolled past me; for there are few roads, even in England, more crowded than this, which leads to Bath and Bristol, as well as to Oxford.

I now



I now also began to meet numbers of people on horseback.

In one place the road led along a low, sunken piece of ground, between high trees, so that I could not see far before me, when a fellow, in a brown frock and round hat, with a stick in his hand a great deal stronger than mine, came up to me. His countenance immediately struck me, as having in it something suspicious. He, however, passed me; but before I was aware, he turned back, and asked me for a halfpenny, to buy, as he said, some bread, as he had ate nothing that day. I felt in my pocket, and found that I had no halfpence; no, nor even a sixpence; in short, nothing but shillings. I told him the circumstance, which I hoped would excuse me: on which he said, with an air and manner, the drift of which I could not understand, "God bless my soul!" This drew my attention still closer to the huge, brawny fist, which grasped his stick; and I determined immediately to put my hand in my pocket, and give him a shilling. Meanwhile a coach came up. The fellow thanked me, and went on. Had the coach come a moment sooner I should not easily have given him the shilling: which, God knows, I could not well spare. Whether this was a footpad or not, I will not pretend to say; but he had every appearance of it.

I now came to Maidenhead Bridge, which is five and twenty English miles from London.

The English mile-stones gave me much pleasure; and they certainly are a great convenience to travellers. For, besides the distance from London, every mile-stone informs you, that to the next place is so many miles; and where there



are cross-roads, there are direction-posts, so that it is hardly possible to lose one's self in walking.

From Maidenhead Bridge there is a delightful prospect towards a hill, which extends itself along the right bank of the Thames: and on the top of it there are two beautiful country seats. The nearest is called Taplow, and a little farther is Cliefden, both belonging to the Earl of Inchiquin.

These villas have green meadows in front, and are embosomed in thick woods, which are altogether most charming.

My knowledge of places on the road I gained chiefly from my English guide; which I constantly had in my hand; and in which every thing most worthy of notice, in every mile, is marked. These notices I got confirmed or refuted by the people at whose houses I stopped; who wondered how a foreigner became so well acquainted with their country.

Maidenhead is a place of little note: for some mulled ale, which I desired them to make me, I was obliged to pay nine-pence. I fancy they did not here take me to be either a great or a very rich man. For I heard them say, as I passed on, "A stout fellow!" This, though perhaps not untrue, did not seem to sound in my ears as very respectful.

From hence I went to Henley, which is eleven miles from Maidenhead, and thirty-six from London.

Having walked pretty fast for six English miles together, and being now only five miles from Henley, I came to a rising ground, where there just happened to be a mile-stone, near which I sat down to enjoy one of the most delightful prospects;



spects: the contemplation of which I recommend to every one, who may ever happen to reach this spot\*. Close before me rose a soft hill, full of green corn-fields, fenced with quick hedges; and at the top it was encircled with a wood.

At some little distance, in a large semicircle, one green hill rose after another, all around me, gently raising themselves aloft from the banks of the Thames, and on which woods, meadows, arable lands, and villages, were interspersed in the greatest and most beautiful variety; whilst at their foot, the Thames meandered, in most picturesque windings, among villages, gentlemen's seats, and green vales.

The banks of the Thames are every where beautiful, every where charming: how delighted was I with the sight of it, when, having lost it for a short time, I suddenly and unexpectedly saw it again with all its beautiful banks. In the vale below, flocks were feeding; and from the hills, I heard the sweet chimes of distant bells.

The circumstance that renders these English prospects so enchantingly beautiful, is a concurrence and union of the *tout ensemble*. Every thing coincides and conspires to render them fine, moving pictures. It is impossible to name, or find a spot, on which the eye would not delight to dwell. Any of the least beautiful of the landscapes I have noticed in England, would in Germany, be deemed a paradise.

Reinforced, as it were, by this gratifying prospect, to support fresh fatigues, I now walked a

\* It is the opening view of Hurley bottom; and it does credit to our traveller's taste to admire it, for it is indeed delightful.



quick pace, both up and down hills, the five remaining miles to Henley; where I arrived about four in the afternoon.

To the left, just before I got to Henley, on this side of the Thames, I saw on a hill a fine park and a magnificent country seat, belonging to General Conway.

Just before my entrance into Henley, I walked a little, directly on the banks of the Thames; and sat down in the high grass, whilst opposite to me, on the other side, lay the park on the hill. As I was a little tired, I fell asleep, and when I awaked, the last rays of the setting sun just shone upon me.

Invigorated by this sweet, though short slumber, I walked on, and entered the town. Its appearance, however, indicated that it was too fine a place for me, and so I determined to stop at an alehouse on the road side; such a one as the Vicar of Wakefield well calls "the resort of indigence and frugality."

The worst of it was, no one, even in these places of refuge, would take me in. Yet, on this road, I met two farmers, the first of whom I asked, whether he thought I could get a night's lodging at a house which I saw at a distance, by the road side. "Yes, Sir, I dare say you may!" he replied. But he was mistaken: when I came there, I was accosted with that same harsh salutation, which though, alas! no longer quite new to me, was still unpleasing to my ears, "We have got no beds, you can't stay here to-night!" It was the same at another house on the road: I was therefore obliged to determine to walk on as far as Nettlebed, which was five miles farther; where I arrived rather late in the evening.

Every



Every thing seemed to be alive in ~~the~~ little village; there was a party of militia, who were dancing, singing, and making merry. Immediately on my entrance into the village, the first house that I saw, lying on my left, was an inn, from which, as usual in England, a large beam extended across the street to the opposite house, from which hung dangling an astonishing large sign, with the name of the proprietor.

"May I stay here to-night?" I asked with eagerness: "Why, yes, you may;" an answer which, however cold and surly, made me exceedingly happy.

They shewed me into the kitchen, and set me down to sup at the same table with some soldiers and the servants. I now, for the first time, found myself in one of those kitchens which I had so often read of in Fielding's fine novels; and which certainly give one, on the whole, a very accurate idea of English manners.

While I was eating, a post-chaise drove up; and in a moment both the folding-doors were thrown open, and the whole house set in motion, in order to receive, with all due respect, these guests, who, no doubt, were supposed to be persons of consequence. The gentlemen alighted, however, only for a moment, and called for nothing but some beer, and then drove away again. Notwithstanding, the people of the house behaved to them with all possible attention, for they came in a post-chaise.

When I retired, I was shewn into a carpeted bed-room, with a very good bed; and next morning I put on clean linen, and dressed myself as well as I could. And now, when I thus made my appearance, they did not, as they had the evening



evening before, shew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour; a room that seemed to be allotted for strangers, on the ground floor. I was also now addressed by the most respectful term, *Sir*; whereas, the evening before I had been called only *Master*.

It being Sunday, all the family were in their best attire. I now began to be much pleased with this village, and so I resolved to stop at it for the day, and attend divine service. For this purpose I borrowed a prayer-book of my host. Mr. Illing was his name, which struck me the more, perhaps, because it is a very common name in Germany. During my breakfast, I read over several parts of the English liturgy.

Its being called a prayer-book, rather than, like ours, a hymn-book, arises from the nature of the English service, which is composed very little of singing; and almost entirely of praying. The Psalms of David, however, are here translated into English verse, and are generally printed at the end of English prayer-books.

The prayer-book, which my landlord lent me, was quite a family piece; for all his children's births and names, and also his own wedding-day, were very carefully set down in it. Even on this account alone the book would not have been uninteresting to me.

At half past nine the service began. Directly opposite to the inn, the boys of the village were all drawn up, as if they had been recruits to be drilled: all well-looking, healthy lads, neat and decently dressed, and with their hair cut short, and combed on the forehead, according to the English fashion. Their bosoms were open, and the white frills of their shirts turned back on each



each side. They seemed to be drawn up here, at the entrance of the village, merely to wait the arrival of the clergyman.

At length came the parson on horseback. The boys pulled off their hats, and all made him very low bows. He appeared to be rather an elderly man, and wore his own hair, round and decently dressed; or rather curling naturally.

The bell now rung in, and so I too, with a sort of secret, proud sensation, as if I also had been an Englishman, went with my prayer-book under my arm to church, along with the rest of the congregation; and when I got into the church, the clerk very civilly seated me close to the pulpit.

Nothing can possibly be more simple, apt, and becoming than the few decorations of this church.

Directly over the altar, on two tables, in large letters, the ten commandments were written. There surely is much wisdom and propriety in thus placing, full in the view of the people, the sum and substance of all morality.

Under the pulpit, near the steps that led up to it, was a desk, from which the clergyman read the liturgy. The responses were all regularly made by the clerk, the whole congregation joining occasionally, though but in a low voice.

The English service must needs be exceedingly fatiguing to the officiating minister, inasmuch as, besides a sermon, the greatest part of the liturgy falls to his share to read, besides the psalms and two lessons. The joining of the whole congregation in prayer has something exceedingly solemn and affecting in it.

The service was now pretty well advanced, when I observed some little stir in the desk; the clerk



clerk was busy, and they seemed to be preparing for something new and solemn; and I also perceived several musical instruments. The clergyman now stopped, and the clerk then said, in a loud voice, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, the forty-seventh psalm."

I cannot well express how affecting and edifying it seemed to me, to hear this whole, orderly, and decent congregation, in this small, country church, joining together, with vocal and instrumental music, in the praise of their Maker. It was the more grateful, as having been performed, not by mercenary musicians, but by the peaceful and pious inhabitants of this sweet village. I can hardly figure to myself any offering more likely to be grateful to God.

The congregation sang and prayed alternately several times; and the tunes of the psalms were particularly lively and cheerful, though, at the same time, sufficiently grave, and uncommonly interesting. I am a warm admirer of all sacred music; and I cannot but add, that that of the church of England is particularly calculated to raise the heart to devotion. I own it often affected me even to tears.

The clergyman now stood up, and made a short, but very proper discourse on this text: "Not all they who say, Lord, Lord! shall enter the kingdom of heaven." His language was particularly plain, though forcible; his arguments were no less plain, convincing, and earnest; but contained nothing that was particularly striking.

This clergyman had not perhaps a very prepossessing appearance: I thought him also a little distant and reserved; and I did not quite like his  
returning



returning the bows of the farmers with a very formal nod.

I staid till the service was quite over; and then went out of the church with the congregation, and amused myself with reading the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, in the church-yard; which, in general, are simpler, more pathetic, and better written than ours.

There were some of them which, to be sure, were ludicrous and laughable enough. Among these is one on the tomb of a smith, which, on account of its singularity, I copied.

My sledge and anvil lie declin'd,  
My bellows too have lost their wind;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
And in the dust my vice is laid;  
My coals are spent, my iron's gone,  
My nails are drove, my work is done.

In the body of the church I saw a marble monument of a son of the celebrated Dr. Wallis, with the following simple and affecting inscription:

The same good sense which qualified him for every public  
employment,  
Taught him to spend his life here in retirement.

All the farmers whom I saw here, were dressed, not as ours are, in coarse frocks, but with some taste, in fine, good cloth; and were to be distinguished from the people of the town, not so much by their dress, as by the greater simplicity and modesty of their behaviour.

Some soldiers, who probably were ambitious of being thought to know the world, and to be wits, joined me, as I was looking at the church,  
and



and seemed to be quite ashamed of it ; as they said, it was only a very miserable church. On which I took the liberty to inform them, that no church could be miserable, which contained orderly and good people.

I staid here to dinner. In the afternoon there was no service ; the young people, however, went to church, and there sang some few psalms. Others of the congregation were also present. This was conducted with so much decorum, that I could hardly help considering it as actually a kind of church service. I staid, with great pleasure, till this meeting also was over.

I seemed, indeed, to be enchanted, and as if I could not leave this village. Three times did I get off, in order to go on farther, and as often returned, more than half resolved to spend a week, or more, in my favourite Nettlebed.

But the recollection that I had but a few weeks to stay in England, and that I must see Derbyshire, at length drove me away. I cast back many a longing, lingering look on the little church steeple, and those hospitable friendly roofs, where, all that morning, I had found myself so perfectly at home.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when I left this place ; and I was still eighteen miles from Oxford. However, I intended to make more than one stage to Oxford, that seat of the Muses, and so, by passing the night about five miles from it, to reach it in good time next morning.

The road from Nettlebed seemed to me but as one, long, fine gravel-walk in a neat garden. And my pace in it was varied, like that of one walking



walking in a garden : I sometimes walked quick, then slow, and then sat down and read Milton.

When I had got about eight miles from Nettlebed, and was now not far from Dorchester, I had the Thames at some distance on my left; and on the opposite side, I saw an extensive hill, behind which a tall mast seemed to rise. This led me to suppose, that on the other side of the hill there must needs also be a river. The prospect I promised myself from this hill could not possibly be passed; and so I went out of the road to the left, over a bridge across the Thames, and mounted the hill, always keeping the mast in view. When I had attained the summit, I found, and not without some shame, and much chagrin, that it was all an illusion. There was, in fact, nothing before me but a great plain: and the mast had been fixed there, either as a May-pole only, or to entice curious people out of their way.

I therefore now again, slowly and sullenly, descended the hill, at the bottom of which was a house, where several people were looking out of the window, and, as I supposed, laughing at me.

Not far from Dorchester I had another delightful view. The country here became so fine, that I positively could not prevail on myself to quit it, and so I laid myself down on the green turf, which was so fresh and sweet, that I could almost have been contented, like Nebuchadnezzar, to have grazed on it. The moon was at the full; the sun darted his last parting rays through the green hedges; to all which was added, the overpowering fragrance of the meadows, the diversified song of the birds, the hills that skirted the Thames, some of them of a light, and others of



a dark, green hue; with the tufted tops of trees dispersed here and there among them.

I arrived rather late at Dorchester. This is only a small place, but there is in it a large and noble old church. As I was walking along, I saw several ladies, with their heads dressed, leaning out of their windows, or standing before the houses; and this made me conclude, that this was too fine a place for me; and so I determined to walk on to Nuneham, which place is only five miles from Oxford. When I reached Nuneham I was not a little tired, and it was also quite dark.

The place consists of two rows of low, neat houses, built close to each other, and as regular and uniform as a London street. All the doors seemed to be shut; and even a light was to be seen only in a few of them.

At length, quite at the end of the place, I perceived a great sign hanging across the street, and the last house to the left was the inn, at which every thing seemed to be still in motion.

I entered without ceremony, and told them my errand; which was, that I intended to sleep there that night. "By no means!" was the answer; "it was utterly impossible; the whole house was full, and all their beds engaged; and, as I had come so far, I might even as well walk on the remaining five miles to Oxford."

Being very hungry, I requested that, at least, they would give me something to eat. To this they answered, that, as I could not stay all night there, it would be more proper for me to sup where I lodged, and so I might go on.

At length, quite humbled by the untowardness of my circumstances, I asked for a pot of beer, and that they did vouchsafe to give me,  
for



for ready money only : but a bit of bread, to eat with it, for which also I would willingly have paid, they peremptorily refused me.

Such unparalleled inhospitality I really could not have expected in an English inn : but, resolving, with a kind of spiteful indignation, to see how far their inhumanity would carry them, I begged that they would only let me sleep on a bench, and merely give me house-room ; adding, that if they would grant me that boon only, I would pay them the same as for a bed ; for, that I was so tired I could not proceed. Even in the moment that I was humbly soliciting this humble boon, they banged the door to full in my face.

As here, in a small village, they had refused to receive me, it seemed to be presumption to hope, that I should gain admittance at Oxford. What could I do ? I was much tired, and so as it was not a very cold night, I resolved to pass it in the open air. In this resolution, bouncing from the door, I went to look out for a convenient spot for that purpose, in an adjoining field, beneath some friendly tree. Just as I had found a place, which I thought would do, and was going to pull off my great coat, to lay under my head, by way of pillow, I heard some one behind me, following me with a quick pace. At first, I was alarmed, but my fears were soon dispelled by a voice asking, " if I would accept of company."

As little as any one is to be trusted, who thus follows you into a field in a dark night, yet it was a pleasure to me to find that there were still some beings not quite inhuman ; and at least one person, who still interested himself about



me: I therefore stopped, and as he came up to me, he said that if I was a good walker, we might keep each other company, as he was also going to Oxford. I readily accepted of his proposal, and so we immediately set off together.

Now, as I could not tell whether my travelling companion was to be trusted or not, I soon took an opportunity to let him know that I was poor and much distressed. To confirm this, I told him of the inhumanity with which I had just been treated at the inn; where they refused a poor wanderer so much as a place to lay his head, or even a morsel of bread for his money.

My companion somewhat excused the people, by saying, that the house was really full of people, who had been at work in the neighbourhood, and now slept there. But that they had refused me a bit of bread, he certainly could not justify. As we went along, other topics of conversation were started, and, among other things, he asked me where I came from that day?

I answered, from Nettlebed, and added, that I had attended divine service there that morning.

As you probably passed through Dorchester, this afternoon, said he, you might have heard me preach also, had you come into the church there, for that is my curacy, from which I am just come, and am now returning to Oxford. So you are a clergyman, said I, quite overjoyed that, in a dark night, I had met a companion on the road, who was of the same profession as myself. And I also, said I, am a preacher of the gospel, though not of this country. And now, I thought it right to give him to understand that it was not, as I had before intimated, out  
of



out of absolute poverty, but with a view of becoming better acquainted with men and manners, that I thus travelled on foot. He was as much pleased with this agreeable meeting as myself; and before we took a step farther, we cordially shook hands.

He now began to address me in Latin, and on my answering him in that language, which I attempted to pronounce according to the English manner of speaking it, he applauded me not a little for my correct pronunciation.

The conversation now turned on various theological matters; and among others on the novel notions of a Dr. Priestly, whom he roundly blamed. I was not at all disposed to dispute that point with him, and so, professing with great sincerity, a high esteem for the church of England, and great respect and regard for its clergy, I seemed to gain his good opinion.

Beguiling the tediousness of the road by such discourse, we were now got, almost without knowing it, quite to Oxford.

As we entered the town, now, says my companion, I introduce you into Oxford, by one of the finest, the longest, and most beautiful streets, not only in this city, but in England, and I may safely add, in all Europe.

The beauty and the magnificence of the street I could not distinguish; but of its length I was perfectly sensible by my fatigue; for I thought it would have no end; nor had I any assurance that I should be able to find a bed for myself in all this famous street. At length my companion stopped to take leave of me; and said, he should now go to his college.



And I, said I, will seat myself for the night on this stone-bench, and await the morning, as it will be in vain for me, I imagine, to look for shelter in a house at this time of night.

Seat yourself on a stone, said my companion, and shook his head: No! no! come along with me to a neighbouring ale-house, where, it is possible, they mayn't be gone to bed, and we may yet find company. We went on, a few houses farther, and then knocked at a door. It was then nearly twelve. They readily let us in; but how great was my astonishment, when, on our being shewn into a room on the left, I saw several gentlemen in academic dress, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My travelling companion introduced me to them, as a German clergyman, whom he could not sufficiently praise, for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy, and my good walking.

I now saw myself, in a moment as it were, all at once transported into the midst of a company, all apparently very respectable men, but all strangers to me. And it appeared to me extraordinary, that I should, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there. Mean while, however, I took all the pains in my power to recommend myself to my company, and, in the course of conversation, I gave them as good an account as I could of our German universities, neither denying, nor concealing, that, now and then, we had riots and disturbances. "O, we are very unruly here, too," said one of the gentlemen, as he took a hearty draught out of his pot of beer, and knock-  
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ed on the table with his hand. The conversation now became louder, more general, and a little confused: they enquired after Mr. Bruns, at present Professor at Helmstadt, and who was known by many of them.

Among these gentlemen, there was one of the name of Clerk, who seemed ambitious to pass for a great wit, which he attempted, by starting sundry objections to the Bible. I should have liked him better, if he had confined himself to punning and playing on his own name, by telling us, again and again, that he should still be, at least, a Clerk, even though he should never become a clergyman. Upon the whole, however, he was, in his way, a man of some humour, and an agreeable companion.

On one or two occasions, where he weakly and impiously attempted to be witty at the expence of Scripture, I had the good fortune to be able to convict him of his ignorance of its language and meaning.

After this he remained quiet; and made no farther objections to the Bible. My health was, therefore, drank in strong ale; which, as my company seemed to like so much, I was sorry I could not like. It either intoxicated or stupified me; and I do think it overpowers one much sooner than so much wine would. The conversation now turned on many other different subjects. At last, when morning drew near, Mr. Maud, the gentleman who introduced me, suddenly exclaimed, rather emphatically, I must read prayers this morning at All Soul's!

Before he went away, however, he invited me to go and see him in the morning; and very politely offered himself to shew me the curiosities



ties of Oxford. The rest of the company now also dispersed ; and as I had once, though in so singular a manner, been introduced into so reputable a society, the people of the house made no difficulty of giving me lodging, but, with great civility, shewed me a very decent bed-chamber. I am ashamed, however, to own, that next morning, when I awoke, I had got so dreadful a head-ach, from the copious and numerous toasts of my jolly and reverend friends, that I could not possibly get up ; still less could I wait on Mr. Maud at his college\*.

The inn where I was, goes by the name of The Mitre. Compared to Windsor, I there found prince-like attendance. Being, perhaps, a little elevated the preceding evening, I had, in the gaiety, or perhaps, in the vanity of my heart, told the waiter, that he must not think, because I came on foot, that therefore I should give him less than others gave. It was, probably, not a little owing to this assurance, that I had so much attention shewn me.

I now determined to stay at least a couple of days at Oxford : it was necessary and proper, if for no other reason, yet merely that I might have clean linen. No people are so cleanly as the English ; nor so particular about neat and clean linen. For, one afternoon, my shirt not having been lately changed, as I was walking through a little street, I heard two women, who were standing at a door, call after me, " look

\* How natural it is for travellers to be imposed on, and to form a wrong estimate of the characters of societies, from the few persons that accidentally fall in their way. Perhaps the University would not have furnished such another assemblage, as Mr. Moritz happened to stumble on.



at the gentleman there ! a fine gentleman, indeed ; who cannot afford even a clean shirt !"

I dined below with the family, and a few other persons ; and the conversation, in general, was agreeable enough. I was obliged to tell them many wonderful stories concerning Germany, and the king of Prussia. They could not sufficiently admire my courage, in determining to travel on foot, although they could not help approving of the motive. At length, however, it came out, and they candidly owned, that I should not have been received into their house, had I not been introduced as I was.

I was now confirmed in my suspicions, that, in England, any person undertaking so long a journey on foot, is sure to be looked upon, and considered as either a beggar, or a vagabond, or some necessitous wretch, which is a character not much more popular than that of a rogue ; so that I could now easily account for my reception in Windsor, and at Nuneham. But, with all my partiality for this country, it is impossible, even in theory, and much less so in practice, to approve of a system which confines all the pleasures and benefits of travel to the rich. A poor peripatetic is hardly allowed even the humble merit of being honest.

As I still intended to pursue my journey to Derbyshire, I was advised, at least till I got farther into the country, to take a place in a post-coach. They told me, that the farther I got from London, the more reasonable and humble I should find the people ; every thing would be cheaper ; and every body more hospitable. This determined me to go, in the post-coach, from Oxford to Birmingham ; where I had been recommended



commended to a Mr. Fothergill, a merchant; and from thence to continue my journey on foot.

Monday I spent at Oxford, but rather unpleasantly, on account of my head-ach. Mr. Maud himself came to fetch me, as he had promised he would, but I found myself unable to go with him.

Notwithstanding this, in the afternoon, I took a little walk up a hill, which lies to the north of Oxford; and from the top of which I could see the whole city; which did not, however, appear to me nearly so beautiful and magnificent as Mr. Maud had described it to me during our last night's walk.

The colleges are mostly in the Gothic taste, and much overloaded with ornaments, and built with grey stone; which, perhaps, while it is new, looks pretty well, but it soon contracts a dingy, dirty appearance.

The dress of the students, I must own, pleases me far beyond the boots, cockades, and other frippery, of many of ours. Nor am I less delighted with the better behaviour and conduct which, in general, does so much credit to the students of Oxford.

The next morning, Mr. Maud, according to his promise, shewed me some of the things most worthy of notice in Oxford. And first he took me to his own room, in Corpus Christi College, which was on the ground floor, very low, and dark, and resembled a cell, at least as much as a place of study. He next conducted me to All Souls College, a very elegant building, in which the chapel is particularly beautiful. Mr. Maud also shewed me, over the altar here, a fine painting of Mengs, at the sight of which, he shewed  
far



far more sensibility, than I thought him possessed of. He said that, notwithstanding he saw that painting almost daily, he never saw it without being much affected.

This painting represented Mary Magdalen, when she first suddenly sees Jesus standing before her, and falls at his feet. In her countenance, pain, joy, grief, in short, almost all the strongest of our passions, are expressed in so masterly a manner, that no man of true taste, was ever tired of contemplating it; the longer it is looked at, the more it is admired. He now also shewed me the library of this college, which is provided with a gallery round the top; and the whole is most admirably regulated and arranged.

Afterwards Mr. Maud conducted me to the Bodleian Library, which is not unworthy of being compared to the Vatican at Rome; and next to the Theatre, where the public orations are delivered. This is a circular building with a gallery all round it, which is furnished with benches one above the other, on which the doctors, masters of arts, and students sit, and directly opposite to each other are erected two rostra, or pulpits, where speakers stand.

Christ Church and Queen's College are the most modern, and, I think, indisputably the best built of all the colleges. Baliol College seems particularly to be distinguished on account of its antiquity, and its complete Gothic style of building.

Mr. Maud told me he had been now eighteen years at this University, and might be made a doctor, whenever he chose it; he was a master of arts, and according to his own account, gave lectures in his college on the classics. He also  
did



did the duty, and officiated as curate, occasionally, in some of the neighbouring villages. Going along the street, we met the English Poet Laureat, Warton, now rather an elderly man; and yet he is still the fellow of a college. His greatest pleasure, next to poetry, is, as Mr. Maud told me, shooting wild ducks \*.

Mr. Maud, seemed upon the whole, to be a most worthy and philanthropic man. He told me that where he now officiated, the clerk was dead, and had left a numerous family, in the greatest distress; and that he was going to the place next day, on purpose to try if he could bring about the election of the son, a lad about sixteen years of age, in the place of his deceased father, as clerk, to support a necessitous family.

The afternoon, before I left Oxford, Mr. Maud took me to the different walks in the environs, and often remarked, that they were not only the finest in England, but, he believed, in Europe. I own, I do not think, he over-rated their merit. There is one, in particular near the river, and close to some charming meadows, behind Corpus Christi College, which may fairly challenge the world.

We here seated ourselves on a bench, and Mr. Maud drew a review from his pocket, where, among other things, a German book of Professor Beckman's was reviewed, and applauded. Mr. Maud seemed, on this occasion, to shew some respect for German literature. At length we

\* For the memory of that amiable man, and accomplished scholar, Mr. Warton, the writer of this entertains the most enthusiastic respect. He had the honour, and he esteems it a real one, to know him; but he never heard before, of his taste for shooting wild ducks.

parted;



parted; he went to fill up the vacancy of the clerk's place at Dorchester, and I to the Mitre, to prepare for my departure from Oxford; which took place next morning at three o'clock, in the post-coach. Considering the pleasing, if not kind attention shewn me here, I own, I thought my bill not unreasonable: though to be sure, it made a great hole in my little purse.

In the coach there was another young man; who, though dressed in black, yet to judge from the cockade in his hat, might be an officer. The outside was quite full, with soldiers and their wives. The women of the lower class here wear a kind of short cloak, made of red cloth; but women in general, from the highest to the lowest, wear hats, which differ from each other less in fashion, than they do in fineness.

Fashion is so generally attended to among the English women, that the poorest maid servant, is careful to be in the fashion. They seem to be particularly so, in their hats or bonnets, which they all wear: and they are, in my opinion, far more becoming than the very unsightly hoods and caps which our German women, of the rank of citizens, wear. There is, through all ranks here, not near so great a distinction between high and low, as there is in Germany.

I had, during this day, a little head-ach; which rendered me more silent and reserved to my company, than is either usual in England, or natural to me. The English are taxed, perhaps too hastily, with being shy and distant to strangers. I do not think this was, even formerly, their true character; or that any such sentiment is conveyed in Virgil's "*Hospitibus feros.*" Be this as it may, the case was here re-



versed. The Englishman here spoke to me several times in a very friendly manner, while I testified not the least inclination to enter into conversation with him.

He, however, owned afterwards, that this very apparent reserve of mine, first gained me his good opinion.

He said, he had studied physic, but with no immediate view of practising it. His intention, he said, was to go to the East Indies; and there, first, to try his fortune as an officer. And he was now going to Birmingham, merely to take leave of his three sisters, whom he much loved, and who were at school there.

I endeavoured to merit his confidence by telling him, in my turn, of my journey on foot through England; and by relating to him a few of the most remarkable of my adventures; he frankly told me, he thought it was venturing a great deal; yet he applauded the design of my journey; and did not severely censure my plan. On my asking him, why Englishmen, who were so remarkable for acting up to their own notions and ideas, did not, now and then, merely to see life in every point of view, travel on foot: O! said he, we are too rich, too lazy, and too proud\*.

And most true it is, that the poorest Englishman one sees, is prouder and better pleased to expose himself to the danger of having his neck broken, on the outside of a stage, than to walk any considerable distance, though it might be done ever so much at his ease. I own, I was frightened and distressed, when I saw the women,

\* Perhaps it is impossible to assign three better reasons.

when



when we occasionally stopped, get down from the top of the coach. One of them was actually once in much danger, of a terrible fall from the roof, because, just as she was going to alight, the horses all at once unexpectedly went on.

From Oxford to Birmingham is sixty-two miles: but all that was to be seen between the two places, was entirely lost to me, for I was again mewed up in a post-coach, and driven along with such velocity, from one place to another, that I seemed to myself as doing nothing less than travelling.

My companion, however, made me amends, in some measure, for this loss. He seemed to be an exceedingly good tempered and intelligent man; and I felt, in this short time, a prepossession in his favour, one does not easily form for an ordinary person. This, I flattered myself, was also the case with him; and it would mortify me not a little to think he had quite forgotten me, as I am sure I shall never forget him.

Just as we had been some time eagerly conversing about Shakespeare, we arrived at Stratford upon Avon, Shakespeare's birth place, where our coach stopped. We were still two and twenty miles from Birmingham; and ninety-four from London. I need not remark what our feelings were, on thus setting our feet on classic ground.

It was here that, perhaps, the greatest genius nature ever produced, was born. Here he first lisped his native tongue; here first conceived the embryos of those compositions which were afterwards to charm a listening world; and on these plains the young Hercules first played. And here too, with a few friends, he happily spent the decline of his life, after having retired from



the great theatre of that busy world, whose manners he had so faithfully pourtrayed.

We went to see Shakespeare's own house; which, of all the houses at Stratford, I think is now the worst; and one that made the least appearance. Yet, who would not be proud to be the owner of it? There now, however, lived in it only two old people, who shew it to strangers for a trifle; and what little they earn thus, is their chief income.

Shakespeare's chair, in which he used to sit before the door, was so cut to pieces, that it hardly looked like a chair; for every one that travels through Stratford cuts off a chip, as a remembrance, which he carefully preserves, and deems a precious relic. I also cut myself a piece of it; but, reverencing Shakespeare as I do, I am almost ashamed to own that I have lost it.

As we travelled, I observed every spot with attention, fancying to myself, that such or such a spot might be the place where such a genius as Shakespeare's first dawned, and received those first impressions from surrounding nature, which are so strongly marked in all his works. The first impressions of childhood, I knew, were strong and permanent: of course, I made sure of seeing here, some images at least of the wonderful conception of this wonderful man. But my imagination misled me, and I was disappointed; for I saw nothing in the country thereabouts, at all striking, or, in any respect, particularly beautiful. It was not at all wild and romantic; but rather distinguished for an air of neatness and simplicity.

We arrived at Birmingham about three o'clock in the afternoon; and alighted at the inn where  
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the coach stopped. My companion and I parted with some reluctance, and I was obliged to promise him, that, on my return to London, I would certainly call on him : for which purpose he gave me his address.

I now enquired for the house of Mr. Fothergill, to whom I was recommended, and I was readily directed to it ; but had the misfortune to learn, at the same time, that this very Mr. Fothergill had died about eight days before. As, therefore, under these circumstances, my recommendation to him was likely to be of but little use, I had the less desire to tarry long at Birmingham : and so, without staying a minute longer, I immediately enquired the road to Derby ; and left Birmingham. Of this famous manufacturing town, therefore, I can give no account.

The road from Birmingham onwards is not very agreeable ; being, in general, uncommonly sandy. Yet the same evening, I reached a little place, called Sutton, where every thing, however, appeared to be too grand for me to hope to obtain lodgings in it : till, quite at the end of it, I came to a small inn, with the sign of the Swan, under which was written, " Aulton, Brick-maker."

This seemed to have something in it that suited me, and therefore, I boldly went into it : and when in, I did not immediately, as heretofore, enquire if I could stay all night there, but asked for a pint of ale. I own, I felt myself disheartened, by their calling me nothing but Master ; and by their shewing me into the kitchen, where the landlady was sitting at a table, and complaining much of the tooth-ach. The compassion I expressed for her on this account, as a



stranger, seemed soon to recommended me to her favour; and she herself asked me, if I would not stay the night there? To this I most readily assented; and thus, I was again happy in a lodging for another night.

The company I here met with, consisted of a female chimney-sweeper and her children; who, on my sitting down in the kitchen, soon drank to my health, and began a conversation with me and the landlady.

She related to us her history; which, I am not ashamed to own, I thought not uninteresting. She had married early, but had the hard luck to be soon deprived of her husband, by his being pressed as a soldier. She neither saw, nor heard of him for many years; and so concluded he was dead. Thus destitute, she lived seven years as a servant in Ireland, without any one's knowing that she was married. During this time, her husband, who was a chimney-sweeper, came back to England, and settled at Litchfield, resumed his old trade, and did well in it. As soon as he was in good circumstances, he every where made enquiry for his wife, and at last found out where she was, and immediately fetched her from Ireland. There surely is something pleasing in this constancy of affection in a chimney-sweeper. She told us, with tears in her eyes, in what a style of grandeur he had conducted her into Litchfield; and how, in honour to her, he made a splendid feast on the occasion. At this same Litchfield, which is only two miles from Sutton, and through which she said the road lay, which I was to travel the next day, she still lived with this same excellent husband; where



where they were noted for their industry, and where every body respected them.

The landlady, during her absence, told me, as in confidence, that this chimney-sweeper's husband, as meanly as I might fancy she now appeared, was worth a thousand pounds; and that without reckoning in their plate and furniture: that he always wore his silver watch; and that when he passed through Sutton, and lodged there, he paid like a nobleman. She farther remarked, that the wife was indeed rather low-lived; but that the husband was one of the best behaved, politest, and civilest men in the world.

The chimney-sweeper's wife told me, that her husband would not be at home, as I passed through, but if I came back by the way of Litchfield, she would take the liberty to request the honour of a visit; and to this end, she told me her name, and the place of her abode.

At night the rest of the family, a son, and daughter of the landlady, came home; and paid all possible attention to their sick mother. I supped with the family; and they here behaved to me, as if we had already lived many years together.

Happening to mention, that I was, if not a scholar, yet a student, the son told me, there was at Sutton a celebrated grammar school, where the school-master received two hundred pounds a year settled salary, besides the income arising from the scholars; and this was only in a village. I thought, and not without some shame and sorrow, of our grammar schools in Germany; and the miserable pay of their masters.

When I paid my reckoning the next morning, I observed the uncommon difference between the charges



charges here and at Windsor, Nettlebed, and Oxford. I here paid for my supper, bed, and breakfast, only one shilling, and to the daughter, whom I was to consider as chambermaid, fourpence; for which she very civilly thanked me, and gave me a written recommendation to an Inn at Litchfield, where I should be well lodged, as the people in Litchfield were, in general, she said, very proud. This written recommendation was a master-piece of orthography, and shewed, that in England, as well as elsewhere, there are people who write entirely from the ear, and as they pronounce.

I took leave here as one does of good friends, with a promise, that on my return I would certainly call on them again.

At noon I got to Litchfield: an old fashioned town, with narrow, dirty streets, where, for the first time, I saw round panes of glass in the windows. The place, to me, wore an unfriendly appearance; I therefore made no use of my recommendation, but went straight through, and only bought some bread at a baker's, which I took along with me.

At night I reached Burton, where the famous Burton Ale is brewed. By this time, I felt myself pretty well tired; and therefore proposed to stay the night here. But my courage failed me, and I dropped the resolution, immediately on my entering the town. The houses, and every thing else seemed to wear nearly as grand an appearance, as if I had been still in London. And yet, the manners of some of its inhabitants were so thoroughly rustic, and rude, that I saw them actually pointing at me with their fingers, as a foreigner. Some even hissed at me, as I passed along.



along. All my arguments, to induce me to pluck up my courage, such as the certainty that I should never see these people again, nor they me, were of no use: Burton became odious and almost insupportable to me; and the street appeared as long, and tired me as much, as if I had walked a mile. This strongly marked contemptuous treatment of a stranger, who was travelling through their country, merely from the respect I bore it, I experienced no where but at Burton.

How happy did I feel, when I again found myself out of their town; although at that moment, I did not know where I should find a lodging for the night, and was, besides, excessively tired. But I pursued my journey, and still kept in the road to Derby, along a foot-path which I knew to be right. When I had walked some distance, without meeting with an inn on the road, and it already began to be dark, I at last sat me down, near a small toll-house, or a turnpike-gate, in order to rest myself, and also to see whether the man at the turnpike could and would lodge me.

After I had sat here a considerable time, a farmer came riding by, and asked me where I wanted to go? I told him I was so tired that I could go no farther. On this, the good-natured and truly hospitable man, of his own accord, and without the least distrust, offered to take me behind him on his horse, and carry me to a neighbouring inn, where, he said, I might stay all night.

And now I trotted on with my charming farmer, who did not ask me one single impertinent question, but set me down quietly at the inn,  
and



and immediately rode away to his own village, which lay to the left.

This inn was called the Bear; and not improperly: for the landlord went about, and growled at his people just like a bear, so that at first I expected no favourable reception. I endeavoured to gentle him a little by asking him for a mug of ale, and once or twice drinking to him. This succeeded; he soon became so very civil and conversable, that I began to think him quite a pleasant fellow. This device I had learnt of the Vicar of Wakefield, who always made his hosts affable, by inviting them to drink with him. It was an expedient that suited me also in another point of view, as the strong ale of England did not at all agree with me.

This innkeeper called me, Sir; and he made his people lay a separate table for himself, and me; for, he said, he could see plainly, I was a gentleman.

In our chat, among other things, we talked of the battle at Dettingen, of which he knew many particulars. I was obliged also, in my turn, to tell him stories of our great king of Prussia, and his numerous armies; and also what sheep sold for in Prussia. After we had thus been talking some time chiefly on political matters, he all at once asked me, if I could blow the French-horn? This he supposed I could do, only because I came from Germany; for, he said, he remembered when he was a boy, a German had once stopped at this inn, with his parents, who blew the French-horn extremely well. He therefore fancied this was a talent peculiar to the Germans.

I re-



I removed this error, and we resumed our political topics; while his children, and servants, at some distance, listened with great respect to our conversation.

Thus I again spent a very agreeable evening; and when I had breakfasted in the morning, my bill was not more than it had been at Sutton. I at length reached the common before Derby. The air was mild, and I seemed to feel myself uncommonly cheerful and happy. About noon the romantic part of the country began to open upon me. I came to a lofty eminence, where, all at once, I saw a boundless prospect of hills before me; behind which, fresh hills seemed always to arise, and to be infinite.

The ground now seemed undulatory, and to rise and fall like waves; when at the summit of the rise, I seemed to be first raised aloft, and had an extensive view all around me; and the next moment, when I went down the hill, I lost it.

In the afternoon I saw Derby, in the vale before me; and I was now a hundred and twenty-six miles from London. Derby is not a very considerable town: it was market-day when I got there; and I was obliged to pass through a crowd of people; but there was here no such odious curiosity, nor offensive staring, as at Burton. Hereabout too, I took notice, that I began to be always civilly bowed to by the children of the villages through which I passed.

From Derby, to the baths at Matlock, one of the most romantic situations, it was still fifteen miles. On my way thither, I came to a long and extensive village, which I believe was called Duffield. They here, at least did not shew me  
1 into



into the kitchen, but into the parlour; where I dined.

The heat being now very great, I several times in this village heard the commiserating exclamation, of "good God Almighty!" By which the people expressed their pity for me, as being a poor foot passenger.

At night I again stopped at an inn, on the road, about five miles from Matlock. I could easily have reached Matlock, but I wished rather to reserve the first view of the country, till the next day; than to get there when it was dark.

But I was not equally fortunate in this inn, as in the two former. The kitchen was full of farmers, among whom, I could not distinguish the landlord, whose health I should otherwise immediately have drank. It is true I heard a country girl, who was also in the kitchen, as often as she drank, say, "your health, gentlemen all!" But I do not know how it was, I forgot to drink any one's health; which I afterwards found, was taken much amiss. The landlord drank twice to my health, sneeringly as if to reprimand me for my incivility; and then began to join the rest in ridiculing me; who almost pointed at me with their fingers. I was thus obliged for a time, to serve the farmers as a laughing stock, till at length one of them compassionately said, "nay, nay, we must do him no harm, for he is a stranger." The landlord, I suppose, to excuse himself, and as if he thought he had perhaps before gone too far, said "ay, God forbid, we should hurt any stranger," and ceased his ridicule: but when I was going to drink to his health, he slighted and refused my attention, and told me with a sneer, all I had to do,



do, was to seat myself in the chimney-corner, and not trouble myself about the rest of the world. The landlady seemed to pity me; and so she led me into another room, where I could be alone, saying, "what wicked people!"

I left this unfriendly roof early the next morning; and now quickly proceeded to Matlock.

The extent of my journey, I had now resolved, should be the great cavern, near Castleton, in the high Peake of Derbyshire, about twenty miles beyond Matlock.

The country here had quite a different appearance, from that at Windsor and Richmond. Instead of green meadows and pleasant hills, I now saw barren mountains and lofty rocks; instead of fine living hedges, the fields and pasture lands, here, were fenced with a wall of grey stone.

The situation of Matlock itself surpassed every idea I had formed of it. On the right were some elegant houses for the bathing company; and lesser cottages suspended like bird's nests in a high rock. To the left, deep in the bottom, there was a fine, bold river, which was almost hid from the eye, by a majestic arch, formed by high trees, which hung over it. A prodigious stone wall extended itself above a mile along its border; and, all along, there is a singularly romantic and beautiful, secret walk, sheltered and adorned by many beautiful shrubs.

The steep rock was covered at the top with green bushes; and now and then a sheep, or a cow, separated from the grazing flock, came to the edge of the precipice, and peeped over it.

From Matlock baths, you pass the bridge, to the little town of Matlock itself, which, in re-



ality, scarcely deserves the name of a village, as it consists of but a few and miserable houses. There is here, however, on account of the baths, a number of horses and carriages. From hence I came through some villages to a small town of the name of Bakewell. The whole country in this part is hilly and romantic. Often my way led me by small passes, over astonishing eminences, where, in the deep below me, I saw a few huts or cottages lying. The fencing of the fields with grey stone, gave to the whole, a wild, and not very promising, appearance. The hills were in general not wooded, but naked and barren.

As I was coming through one of the villages, I heard a great farmer's boy eagerly ask another, if he did not think I was a Frenchman. It seemed as if he had been waiting sometime, to see the wonder; for, he spoke as though his wish was now accomplished.

When I was past Bakewell, a place far inferior to Derby, I came by the side of a broad river, to a small eminence, where a fine cultivated field lay before me. This field, all at once, made an indescribable and very pleasing impression on me, which, at first, I could not account for; till I recollected having seen, in my childhood, near the village where I was educated, a situation strikingly similar to that now before me, here in England.

Here I rested myself a while; and when I was going on again, I thought on the place of my residence; on all my acquaintances, and imagined what they would think and say, if they were to see me thus wandering alone, totally unknown, and in a foreign land—And, at that moment,



moment, I first seriously felt the idea of distance; and the thought that I was now in England, so very far from all I loved, or who loved me, produced in me such sensations, as I have not often felt.

I now came through a little place of the name of Ashford, and wished to reach the small village of Wardlow, which was only three miles distant; when two men came after me, at a distance, whom I had already seen at Matlock, who called to me to wait for them. These were the only foot passengers, since Mr. Maud, who had offered to walk with me.

The one was a saddler, and wore a short brown jacket, and an apron, with a round hat. The other was very decently dressed, but a very silent man; whereas the saddler was quite talkative.

I listened with astonishment, when I heard him begin to speak of Homer, of Horace, and of Virgil; and still more when he quoted several passages, by memory, from each of these authors; pronouncing the words, and laying his emphasis, with as much propriety as I could possibly have expected, had he been educated at Cambridge, or at Oxford. He advised me not to go to Wardlow, where I should find bad accommodations, but rather a few miles farther, to Tideswell, where he lived.

We halted at a small ale-house on the roadside, where the saddler stopped to drink, and talk; and from whence he was in no haste to depart. He had the generosity and honour, however, to pay my share of the reckoning, because, as he said, he had brought me hither.



At no great distance from the house, we came to a rising ground, where my philosophical saddler made me observe a prospect, which was, perhaps, the only one of the kind in England. Below us was an hollow, not unlike an huge kettle, hollowed out of the surrounding mass of earth; and at the bottom of it, a little valley, where the green meadow was divided, by a small rivulet that ran in serpentine windings, its banks graced with the most inviting walks; behind a small winding, there is just seen a house, where one of the most distinguished inhabitants of this happy vale, a great philosopher, lives retired, dedicating almost all his time to his favourite studies. He has transplanted a number of foreign plants into his grounds. My guide fell into almost a poetic rapture, as he pointed out to me the beauties of this vale.

We were now led by a steep road to the vale, through which we passed; and then ascended again among the hills on the other side.

Not far from Tideswell, our third companion left us, as he lived in a neighbouring place. As we now at length saw Tideswell lying before us in the vale, the saddler began to give me an account of his family.

It appeared that he was obliged to earn his livelihood, at some distance from home; and that he was now returning for the first time, for these two months, to his family.

He shewed me a row of trees, near the town, which he said his father had planted, and which, therefore, he never could look at but with emotion, though he passed them often, as he went backwards and forwards, on his little journeys, to and from his birth place. His father, he added,



ed, had once been a rich man; but had expended all his fortune to support one son. Unfortunately for himself, as well as his family, his father had gone to America, and left the rest of his children poor; notwithstanding which, his memory was still dear to him, and he was always affected by the sight of these trees.

Tideswell consists of two rows of low houses, built of rough grey stone. My guide, immediately on our entrance into the place, bade me take notice of the church, which was very handsome; and, notwithstanding its age, had still some pretensions to be considered as an edifice built in the modern taste.

He now asked me, whether he should shew me to a great inn, or to a cheap one. And, as I preferred the latter, he went with me himself to a small public house, and very particularly recommended me to their care, as his fellow traveller, and a clever man, not without learning.

The people here also endeavoured to accommodate me most magnificently, and, for this purpose, gave me some Cheshire cheese, roasted and half melted at the fire. This, in England, it seems, is reckoned good eating, but unfortunately for me, I could not touch a bit of it. I therefore invited my landlord to partake of it, and he, indeed, seemed to feast on it. As I neither drank brandy nor ale, he told me I lived far too sparingly for a foot traveller; he wondered how I had strength to walk so well, and so far.

I avail myself of this opportunity to observe that the English inkeepers are in general great ale drinkers; and, for this reason, most of them



are gross and corpulent : in particular they are plump and rosy in their faces.

The next morning, my landlady did me the honour to drink coffee with me. It was Sunday, and I went with my landlord to a barber's shop. There were a great many inhabitants assembled there, who took me for a gentleman, on account, I suppose, of my hat ; which I had bought in London for a guinea, and which they all admired. I considered this as a proof, that pomp and finery had not yet become general thus far from London.

A man, to whom I gave sixpence, conducted me out of the town to the road leading to Castleton, which was close to a wall of stones, confusedly heaped one upon another. The whole country was hilly and rough, and the ground covered with brown heath. Here, and there, some sheep were feeding.

I made a little digression to a hill to the left, where I had a prospect, awfully beautiful, composed, almost entirely of naked rocks, far and near ; among which those, that were entirely covered with black heath, made a most tremendous appearance.

I ascended one of the highest hills, and all at once perceived a beautiful vale below me, which was traversed by rivers and brooks, and enclosed on all sides by hills. In this vale lay Castleton, a small town, with low houses, which takes its name from an old castle, whose ruins are still to be seen here.

A narrow path, which wound itself down the side of the rock, led me through the vale into the street of Castleton, where I soon found an inn ;



inn ; and also soon dined. After dinner, I made the best of my way to the cavern.

A little rivulet, which runs through the middle of the town, conducted me to its entrance.

I stood here a few moments, full of wonder and astonishment, at the amazing height of the steep rock, before me, covered on each side with ivy and other shrubs. At its summit are the decayed walls and towers of an ancient castle which formerly stood on this rock ; and at its foot, the monstrous aperture, or mouth, to the entrance of the cavern.

As I was standing here, full of admiration, I perceived, at the entrance of the cavern, a man of a rude and rough appearance, who asked me if I wished to see the Peak ; and the echo strongly reverberated his coarse voice.

Answering, as I did, in the affirmative, he next farther asked me, if I should want to be carried to the other side of the stream, telling me, at the same time, what the sum would be which I must pay for it.

This man had, along with his black stringy hair, and his dirty and tattered cloaths, such a singularly wild and infernal look, that he actually struck me as a real Charon ; his voice and the questions he asked me, were not of a kind to remove this notion ; so that, far from its requiring any effort of imagination, I found it not easy to avoid believing, that, at length, I had actually reached Avernus, was about to cross Acheron, and to be ferried by Charon.

I had no sooner agreed to his demand, than he told me, all I had to do, was boldly to follow him ; and thus we entered the cavern.

Our



Our way seemed to be altogether on a descent, though not steep ; so that the light, which came in at the mouth of the cavern, near the entrance, gradually forsook us ; and when we had gone a few steps farther, I was astonished by a sight, which of all others, I here the least expected : I perceived to the right, in the hollow of the cavern, a whole subterraneous village, where the inhabitants, on account of its being Sunday, were resting from their work ; and with happy and cheerful looks, were sitting at the doors of their huts, along with their children.

We had scarcely passed these singular abodes, when I perceived a number of large wheels, on which, on week days, these human moles, the inhabitants of the cavern, make ropes.

The opening through which the light came, seemed, as we descended, every moment to become less and less, and the darkness at every step to increase, till at length only a few rays appeared, as if darting through a crevice, and just tinging the small clouds of smoke, which, at dusk, raised themselves to the mouth of the cavern.

This gradual growth, or increase of darkness, awakens, in a contemplative mind, a soft melancholy. As you go down the gentle descent of the cavern, you can hardly help fancying the moment is come, when, without pain or grief, the thread of life is about to be snapped ; and that you are now going, thus quietly, to that land of peace, where trouble is no more.

At length the great cavern in the rock closed itself, in the same manner as heaven and earth seem to join each other, when we came to a  
little



little door, where an old woman came out of one of the huts, and brought two candles, of which we each took one.

My guide now opened the door, which completely shut out the faint glimmering of light, which, till then, it was still possible to perceive, and led us to the inmost centre of this dreary temple of old Chaos, and Night, as if, till now, we had only been traversing the outer courts. The rock was here so low, that we were obliged to stoop very much for some few steps, in order to get through ; but how great was my astonishment, when we had passed this narrow passage, and again stood upright, at once to perceive, as well as the feeble light of our candles would permit, the amazing length, breadth, and height of the cavern ; compared to which, the monstrous opening through which we had already passed, was nothing.

After we had wandered here more than an hour, as beneath a dark and dusky sky, on a level sandy soil, the rock gradually lowered itself, and we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of a broad river, which, from the glimmering of our candles, amid the total darkness, suggested sundry interesting reflections. To the side of this river, a small boat was moored, with some straw in its bottom. Into this boat, my guide desired me to step, and lay myself down in it quite flat.

When I had laid myself down, as directed, he himself jumped into the water, and drew the boat after him.

All around us, was one, still, solemn, and deadly silence ; and, as the boat advanced, the rock seemed to stoop, and come nearer and nearer to



to us, till at length it nearly touched my face; and, as I lay, I could hardly hold the candle upright. I seemed, to myself, to be in a coffin, rather than in a boat, as I had no room to stir hand or foot, till we had passed this frightful strait, and the rock rose again on the other side; where my guide once more handed me on shore.

The cavern was now become, all at once, broad and high; and then, suddenly, it was again low and narrow.

I observed on both sides, as we passed along, a prodigious number of great and small petrifications, which, however, we had not time to examine.

And thus we arrived at the opposite side, at the second river, or stream, which, however, was not so broad as the first. Across this stream my guide carried me on his shoulders.

From thence we only went a few steps farther, when we came to a very small piece of water, which extended itself length-ways; and led us to the end of the cavern.

The path, along the edge of this water, was wet and slippery, and sometimes so very narrow, as scarcely to allow safe treading.

Notwithstanding, I wandered with pleasure on this subterraneous shore; and was regaling myself with the interesting contemplation of all these various wonderful objects, in this land of darkness, and shadow of death; when, all at once, something like music, at a distance, sounded in mine ears.

I instantly stopped, full of astonishment; and eagerly asked my guide, what this might mean?

He



He answered, only have patience, and you shall soon see.

But as we advanced, the sounds of harmony seemed to die away; the noise became weaker and weaker; and at length, it seemed to sink into a gentle hissing, or hum, like distant drops of falling rain.

And how great was my amazement, when, ere long, I actually saw and felt a violent shower of rain falling from the rock, as from a thick cloud; whose drops had caused that same melancholy sound, which I had heard at a distance.

Continuing our march along the side of the water, we often saw on the sides large apertures in the rock: which seemed to be new or subordinate caverns; all which we passed without looking into. At length my guide prepared me for one of the finest sights we had yet seen, which we should now soon behold.

And we had hardly gone on a few paces, when we entered what might easily be taken for a majestic temple, with lofty arches, supported by beautiful pillars; formed by the plastic hand of some ingenious artist.

This subterraneous temple, in the structure of which no human hand had borne a part, appeared to me, at that moment, to surpass all the most stupendous buildings in the world, in point of regularity, magnificence and beauty.

Full of admiration and reverence, here even in the inmost recesses of Nature, I saw the majesty of the Creator displayed; and, before I quitted this temple, here in this solemn silence, and holy gloom, I thought it would be a becoming act of true religion to adore, as I cordially did, the God of Nature.

We



We now drew near the end of our journey. Our faithful companion, the water, guided us through the remainder of the cavern, where the rock is arched for the last time, and then sinks till it touches the water, and thus the cavern closes.

My guide now turned, and went back towards the left, where I followed him through a large opening in the rock.

And here he asked me if I could determine to creep a considerable distance through the rock, where it nearly touched the ground? Having consented to do so, he told me I had only to follow him; warning me, at the same time, to take great care of my candle.

Thus we crept on our hands and feet, on the wet and muddy ground, through the opening in the rock, which was often scarcely large enough for us to pass.

When, at length, we had got through this troublesome passage, I saw, in the cavern, a steep hill, which was so high, that it seemed to lose itself in a cloud, in the summit of the rock.

This hill was so wet and slippery, that, as soon as I attempted to ascend, I fell down. My guide, however, took hold of my hand, and told me, I had only resolutely to follow him.

When we at length had gained the summit, where the hill seemed to lose itself in the rock, my guide placed me where I could stand firm; and told me to stay there quietly. In the mean time he himself went down the hill with his candle, and left me alone.

I lost sight of him for some moments: but at length I perceived not him indeed, but his candle,



gle, quite in the bottom, from whence it seemed to shine like a bright and twinkling star.

After I had enjoyed this indescribably-beautiful sight for some time, my guide came back, and carried me safely down the hill again on his shoulders. And as I now stood below, he went up and let his candle shine again through an opening of the rock, while I covered mine with my hand; and it was now as if on a dark night a bright star shone down upon me: a sight which, in point of beauty, far surpassed all that I had ever seen.

Our journey was now ended, and we returned, not without trouble and difficulty, through the narrow passage. We again entered the temple we had a short time before left; again heard the pattering of the rain, which, at a distance, seemed a sonorous, dull, and melancholy hum: and now again we returned across the quiet streams through the capacious entrance of the cavern, to the little door, where we had before taken our leave of daylight; which after so long a darkness, we now again hailed with joy.

Before my guide opened the door, he told me, I should now have a view of a sight that would surpass all the foregoing. I found that he was in the right; for when he had only half opened the door, it really seemed as if I was looking into Elysium.

The day seemed to be gradually breaking, and night and darkness to have vanished. At a distance, I again just saw the smoke of the cottages, and then the cottages themselves; and, as we ascended, the reddish, purple stripes in the sky faintly appeared through the mouth of the hole.



Thus had I spent nearly the whole afternoon, till it was quite evening, in the cavern; and when I looked at myself, I was, as to my dress, not much unlike my guide: my shoes scarcely hung to my feet, they were so soft and so torn by walking so long on the damp sand, and the hard-pointed stones.

When I returned to the inn, I sent for a shoemaker, with whom I formed a very agreeable acquaintance; for when I expressed to him my admiration of the cavern, it pleased him greatly, that in so insignificant a place as Castleton, there should be any thing which could inspire people with astonishment, who came from such distant countries; and thereupon offered to take a walk with me, to shew me, at no great distance, the famous mountain, called Mam-Tor, which is reckoned among the things of most note in Derbyshire.

This mountain is covered with verdure on its summit and sides, but at the end it is a steep precipice. The middle part does not, like other mountains, consist of rock, but of a loose earth, which gives way, and either rolls from the top of the precipice in little pieces, or tears itself loose in large masses, and falls with a thundering crash, thus forming a hill on its side which is continually increasing. From these circumstances, probably is derived the name of Mam-Tor, which literally signifies Mother Hill.

The inhabitants here have a superstitious notion, that this mountain, notwithstanding its daily loss, never decreases, but always keeps its own, and remains the same.

My companion gave me an affecting account  
of



of an inhabitant of Castleton, who laid a wager, that he would ascend this steep precipice.

As the lower part is not quite so steep, but rather slanting upwards, he could get good hold in this soft, loose earth, and clambered up, without looking round. At length he had gained more than half the ascent, and was just at the part where it projects and overlooks its basis; from this astonishing height the unfortunate man cast down his eyes, whilst the threatening point of the rock hung over him, with tottering masses of earth.

He trembled all over, and was just going to relinquish his hold, not daring to move backwards or forwards: in this manner he hung for some time between heaven and earth, surrounded by despair. However, his sinews would bear it no longer; and therefore, in an effort of despair, he once more collected all his strength, and got hold of first one loose stone, and then another; all of which would have failed him, had he not immediately caught hold of another. By these means, however, at length, to his own, as well as to the astonishment of all the spectators, he avoided almost instant and certain death, safely gained the summit of the hill, and won his wager.

Not far from hence is Elden Hole, a cavity, or hole in the earth, of such a monstrous depth, that if you throw in a pebble stone, and lay your ear to the edge of the aperture, you hear it falling for a long time.

The first noise it makes, on its being first parted with, affects the ear like a subterraneous thunder. This rumbling, or thundering noise, continues for some time, and then decreases, as the



stone falls against first one hard rock and then another, at a greater and a greater depth; and at length the noise stops with a kind of whizzing, or a hissing murmur, resembling a deep sigh.

They reckon in Derbyshire seven wonders of nature; of which Elden Hole, the hill of Mam-Tor, and the great cavern, which goes by a name shockingly vulgar, are the principal.

The remaining four wonders, are Pool's Hole, St. Ann's Well, Tide's Well, and, lastly, Chatsworth, a palace, or seat, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire.

I can give no particular description of these latter wonders, as I only know them by the account given me by others. They were the subjects with which my guide, the shoe-maker, entertained me during our walk.

While this man was shewing me every thing within his knowledge, that he thought most interesting, he often expressed his admiration of my having seen so much of the world; and the idea excited in him so lively a desire to travel, that I had much to do to reason him out of it. He could not help talking of it the whole evening; and again and again protested, that, had he not got a wife and a child, he would set off in the morning, at day-break, along with me; for here in Castleton there is but little to be earned by the hardest labour, or even genius; in short, there is no scope for exertion.—This honest man was not yet thirty.

Next morning I was up very early, in order to view the ruins of the castle, and to climb a high hill, along-side of them. They are directly over the mouth of the hole on the hill, and all around there is nothing but steep rock, so that there is  
no



no access but from the town, where a crooked path from the foot of the hill is hewn in the rock, but it is also prodigiously steep.

The mountain, on which the ruins stand, is every where rocky. The one on the left of it, which is separated by the vale, is perfectly verdant and fertile, and, on its summit, the pasture-lands are divided by stones, piled up in the form of a wall. This green mountain is at least three times as high as the other.

I began to clamber up the green mountain, which is also pretty steep; and when I had got more than half way up, without having once looked back, I was nearly in the same situation as the adventurer who clambered up Mam-Tor; for when I looked round, I found my eye had not been trained to view unmoved so prodigious a height; Castleton, with the surrounding country, lay below me, like a map; the roofs of the houses seemed almost close to the ground, and the mountain, with the ruins itself, to be lying at my feet.

I grew giddy at the prospect, and it required all my reason to convince me that I was in no danger, and that, at all events, I could only scramble down the green turf, in the same manner as I had got up. At length I seemed to grow accustomed to this view, till it really gave me pleasure; and I now climbed quite to the summit, and walked over the meadows, and at length reached the way, which gradually descends between the two mountains.

At the top of the green mountain, I met with some neat, country girls, who were milking their cows, and coming this same way with their milk-pails on their heads.



This little, rural party formed a beautiful group, when some of them, with their milk-pails, took shelter, as it began to rain, under a part of the rock; beneath which they sat down on natural stone benches, and there, with pastoral innocence and glee, talked and laughed till the shower was over.

When I took leave of the honest shoe-maker, in Castleton, who would have rejoiced to have accompanied me, I resolved to return the nearest road, by Wardlow.

I there found but one solitary inn, and in it only a landlady, who told me, that her husband was at work in the lead-mines; and that the cavern at Castleton, and all that I had yet seen, were nothing to be compared to these lead-mines. Her husband, she said, would be happy to shew them to me.

When I came to offer to pay her for my dinner, she made some difficulty about it; because, as I had neither drank ale nor brandy, she said, she could not well make out my bill. On this, I called for a mug of ale, which I did not drink, in order to enable me the better to settle her reckoning.

As I proceeded, and saw the hills rise before me, which were still fresh in my memory, having so recently become acquainted with them, in my journey thither, I was just reading the passage in Milton, relative to the creation, in which the angel describes to Adam how the waters subsided, and

Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad, bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.

It



It seemed to me, while reading this passage, as if every thing around me were in the act of creating, and the mountains themselves appeared to emerge or rise; so animated was the scene.

When I came to the last village, before I reached Matlock, as it was now evening, and dark, I determined to spend the night there; and enquired for an inn, which, I was told, was at the end of the village. And so on I walked, and kept walking till near midnight, before I found this same inn. Much tired, and not a little indisposed, I at length entered the house; where I sat myself down by the fire in the kitchen, and asked for something to eat. As they told me, I could not have a bed here, I replied, I absolutely would not be driven away, for that if nothing better could be had, I would sit all night by the fire. This I actually prepared to do, and laid my head on the table in order to sleep.

When the people in the kitchen thought that I was asleep, I heard them talking about me, and guessing who or what I might be. One woman alone seemed to take my part, and said, "I dare say he is a well-bred gentleman;" another scouted that notion merely because, as she said, I had come on foot; and "depend on it," said she, "he is some poor, travelling creature!" My ears yet ring with the contemptuous tone with which she uttered, "Poor travelling creature!" It seems to express all the wretchedness of one, who neither has house nor home; a vagabond, and outcast of society.

At last, when these unfeeling people saw that I was determined, at all events, to stay there all night, they gave me a bed, but not till I had long given up all hopes of getting one. And in  
the



the morning, when they asked me a shilling for it, I gave them half-a-crown, adding, with something of an air, that I would have no change. And now they took leave of me with great civility, and many excuses; and I resumed my journey.

When I had passed Matlock, I took the road to the left towards Nottingham. Here the hills gradually disappeared, and my journey now lay through meadow grounds, and cultivated fields.

Towards noon I again came to an eminence, where I found but one single, solitary inn, which had a singular inscription, in rhyme, on its sign. Here I dined on cold meat and salad.

The road was now tolerably pleasant, but the country seemed to be uniform and unvaried even to dulness. However, it was a very fine evening, and as I passed through a village, just before sun-set, several people, who met me, accosted me with a phrase, which, at first, I thought odd, but which I now think civil, if not polite. As if I could possibly want information on such a point, they all very courteously, in passing, told me, 'twas a fine evening,' or 'a pleasant night.'

After I had passed through this village, I came to a green field, at the side of which I met with an alehouse. The mistress was sitting at the window; I asked her, if I could stay the night there; she said, "No!" and shut the window in my face.

This rudeness recalled to my recollection the many receptions of this kind to which I had now so often been exposed; and I could not forbear uttering aloud my indignation at the inhospitality of the English; this harsh sentiment I soon corrected, however, as I walked on, by recollecting,

ing,



ing, and placing in the opposite scale, the unbounded and unequalled generosity of this nation; and also the many acts of real and substantial kindness, which I had myself experienced in it.

At last I came to another inn, where there was written on the sign: "The Navigation Inn;" because it is the depôt, or store-house, of the colliers of the Trent.

A rougher or ruder kind of people I never saw than these colliers, whom I here met assembled in the kitchen, and in whose company I was obliged to spend the evening.

Their language, their dress, their manners, were all of them singularly vulgar and disagreeable; and their expressions still more so: for they hardly spoke a word without an oath, and thus cursing, quarrelling, drinking, singing, and fighting, they seemed to be pleased, and to enjoy the evening. I must do them the justice to add, that none of them, however, at all molested me. On the contrary, every one again and again drank my health, and I took care not to forget to drink theirs in return. The treatment of my host at Matlock was still fresh in my memory; and so, as often as I drank, I never omitted saying "Your healths, gentlemen all!"

When two Englishmen quarrel, the fray is carried on, and decided rather by actions than by words; though loud and boisterous, they do not say much, and frequently repeat the same thing over and over again. Their anger seems to overpower their utterance, and can find vent only by coming to blows.

As soon as I had supped, I hastened to bed, but could not sleep; my quondam companions,  
the



the colliers, made such a noise the whole night through.

I was now only a few miles from Nottingham, where I arrived towards noon.

This, of all the towns I have yet seen, except London, seemed to me to be one of the best; and is undoubtedly the cleanest. Every thing here wore a modern appearance, and a large place in the centre scarcely yielded to a London square in point of beauty.

From the town, a charming foot-path leads across the meadows to the high road, where there is a bridge over the Trent. Not far from this bridge was an inn, where I dined, though I could get nothing but bread and butter.

Nottingham lies high, and made a beautiful appearance at a distance, with its lofty houses, red roofs, and its glittering spires.

I now passed through several villages, as Rudington, Bradmore, and Bunny, to Castol, where I staid all night.

The whole afternoon I heard the ringing of bells in many of the villages. Probably, it is some holiday. It was cloudy weather, and I felt myself not at all well; and in these circumstances this ringing discomposed me still more, and made me at length quite low spirited and melancholy.

At Castol there were three inns close to each other, in which, to judge only from the outside of the houses, little but poverty was to be expected. In the one, at which I at length stopped, there was only a landlady, a sick butcher, and a sick carter, both of whom had come there to stay the night. This assemblage of sick persons gave me the idea of an hospital, and depressed me still more. I felt some degree of fever, was very rest-  
less



less all night, and so I kept my bed very late the next morning, till the woman of the house came and aroused me, by saying she had been uneasy on my account. And now I formed the resolution to go to Leicester in the post-coach.

I was only four miles from Loughborough, a small town, where I arrived late at noon, and dined at the last inn on the road that leads to Leicester. From this place to Leicester was only ten miles; but the road was sandy and very unpleasant walking.

I came through a village, called Mountsorrel, which perhaps takes its name from a little hill at the end of it. As for the rest, it was all one large plain, the whole way to Leicester.

Towards evening I came to a pleasant meadow, just before I got to Leicester, through which a foot-path led me to the town, which made a good appearance, as I viewed it lengthways, and, indeed, appeared much larger than it really is.

I went up a long street before I got to the inn, from which the post-coaches set out. I here learnt that the stage was to set out that evening for London, but that the inside was already full; some places were however still left on the outside.

Being obliged to bestir myself to get back to London, as the time drew near when the Hamburg captain, with whom I intended to return, had fixed his departure, I determined to take a place as far as Northampton on the outside.

But this ride from Leicester to Northampton I shall remember as long as I live.

My companions on the top of the coach were a farmer, a young man very decently dressed, and a black-a-moor.

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The getting up alone was at the risk of one's life; and when I was up, I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by but a sort of little handle fastened on the side. I sat nearest the wheel, and the moment that we set off, I fancied that I saw certain death await me. All I could do, was to take still faster hold of the handle, and to be more and more careful to preserve my balance.

The machine now rolled along with prodigious rapidity, over the stones through the town, and every moment we seemed to fly into the air; so that it was almost a miracle that we still stuck to the coach, and did not fall. We seemed to be thus on the wing, and to fly, as often as we passed through a village, or went down a hill.

At last, the being continually in fear of my life became insupportable, and as we were going up a hill, and consequently proceeding rather slower than usual, I crept from the top of the coach, and got snug into the basket.

"O, Sir! Sir! you will be shaken to death!" said the black; but I flattered myself he exaggerated the unpleasantness of my post.

As long as we went up hill, it was easy and pleasant. And, having had little or no sleep the night before, I was almost asleep among the trunks and the packages; but how was the case altered when we came to go down hill; then all the trunks and parcels began, as it were, to dance around me, and every thing in the basket seemed to be alive; and I every moment received from them such violent blows, that I thought my last hour was come. I now found that what the black had told me was no exaggeration; but all my complaints were useless. I was obliged to suffer



suffer this torture nearly an hour, till we came to another hill, when quite shaken to pieces, and sadly bruised, I again crept to the top of the coach, and took possession of my former seat. "Ah, did I not tell you, that you would be shaken to death?" said the black, as I was getting up; but I could make him no reply.

About midnight we arrived at Harborough, where I could only rest myself a moment, before we were again called to set off, full drive, through a number of villages, so that a few hours before day-break we had reached Northampton, which is thirty-three miles from Leicester.

From Harborough to Leicester I had a most dreadful journey;—it rained incessantly; and, as before we had been covered with dust, we now were soaked with rain.

We at last reached Northampton, where I immediately went to bed, and slept almost till noon, resolving to proceed to London in some other stage-coach, the following morn.

This I could hardly call a journey, but rather a perpetual motion, or removal, from one place to another, in a close box.

My three travelling companions, unfortunately were all farmers, who slept so soundly, that even the hearty knocks of the head, with which they often saluted each other, did not awaken them.

Their faces, bloated and discoloured by their copious use of ale and brandy, looked, as they lay before me, like so many lumps of dead flesh. When now and then they awoke, sheep, in which they all dealt, was the first and last topic of their conversation. One of the three, however, differed not a little from the other two: his face



was fallow and thin, his eyes quite sunk and hollow, his long, lank fingers hung quite loose, and as if detached from his hands. He was, in short, the picture of avarice and misanthropy. The former he certainly was, for at every stage he refused to give the coachman the accustomed perquisite, which every body else paid; and every farthing he was forced to part with, seemed to wring his heart. As he sat in the coach, he seemed anxious to shun the light; and so shut up every window that he could come at, except, when now and then I opened them to take a slight view of the charms of the country, through which we seemed to be flying rather than driving.

Our road lay through Newport-Pagnel, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Barnet, to Islington, or rather to London itself. But these names are all I know of the different places.

At Dunstable, if I do not mistake, we breakfasted; and here, as is usual, every thing was paid for in common by all the passengers.

They asked me, what part of the world I came from; whereas we, in Germany, generally enquire what countryman a person is.

When we had breakfasted, and were again seated in the coach, all the farmers, the lean one excepted, now seemed quite alive, and began a conversation on religion and on politics.

We now frequently took up fresh passengers, who only rode a short distance with us, and then got out again. Among others, was a woman from London, who was engaged in the brandy trade. She entertained us with a very circumstantial narrative of all the shocking scenes, during



ing the late riot in that city\*. What particularly struck me, was her account of a man, opposite to her house, who was so furious, that he stood on the wall of a house that was already half burnt down, and there, like a demon, with his own hands, pulled and tossed about the bricks, which the fire had spared, till, at length, he was shot, and fell back among the flames.

At length we arrived at London, without any accident, in a hard rain, about one o'clock.

I looked like a crazy creature, when I entered the metropolis; notwithstanding which I was received by one of my friends in the kindest manner, and desired, during dinner, to relate to him my adventures.

The same evening, I called on Mr. Leonhardi, who, as I did not wish to hire a lodging for the few days I might be obliged to wait for a fair wind, recommended me to the Freemason's Tavern; where I waited a week in constant expectation of sailing, and therefore prevented from making distant excursions, or many new remarks. The House of Commons, however, still allured me, and I was present at a very interesting debate, when Mr. Fox was called on to assign the true reasons of his resignation.

When I heard Mr. Pitt speak, for the first time, I was astonished, that a man of so youthful an appearance should stand up at all: but I was still more astonished to see how, while he spoke, he engaged universal attention. He seemed to me not to be more than one and twenty, though then prime minister.

\* Lord George Gordon's mob, raised by the enthusiasm of fanatics, and fostered by the irresolution of the magistrates.



English eloquence appears to me not to be nearly so capable of so much variety and diffusion as ours is. Add to this, in their parliamentary speeches; in sermons; in the pulpit; in the dialogues on the stage; nay, even in common conversation, their periods at the end of a sentence are always accompanied by a certain, singular, uniform fall of the voice; which, notwithstanding its monotony, has in it something so peculiar and so difficult, that I defy any foreigner ever completely to acquire it.

The kingdom is remarkable for running into dialect; even in London they have one. They say, for example, *it a'nt*, instead of *it is not*; *I don't know*, for *I do not know*; *I don't know him*, for *I do not know him*; the latter of which phrases often deceived me, as I mistook a negative for an affirmative.

The word *Sir*, in English, has a great variety of significations. With the appellation of *Sir*, an Englishman addresses his king, his friend, his foe, his servant, and his dog; he makes use of it when asking a question politely; and a member of parliament, merely to fill up a vacancy, when he happens to be at a loss, *Sir?* in an enquiring tone of voice, signifies, what is your desire?—*Sir!* in an humble tone, gracious sovereign!—*Sir!* in a surly tone, a box on the ear at your service!—to a dog it means a good beating.—And in a speech in parliament, accompanied by a pause, it signifies, I cannot now recollect what it is I wish to say farther.

I do not recollect to have heard any expression repeated oftener than this, *never mind it!* A porter, one day, fell down, and cut his head on the pavement: "O, never mind it!" said an Englishman,



lishman, who happened to be passing by. When I had my trunk fetched from the ship, in a boat, the waterman rowed among the boats, and his boy, who stood at the head of his boat, got a sound drubbing, because the others would not let him pass: "O, never mind it!" said the old one, and kept rowing on.

I have often heard, when directing any one in the street, the phrase, "Go down the street, as far as ever you can go, and ask any body." Just as we say, "Every child can direct you."

I have already noticed in England they learn to write a much finer hand than with us. This probably arises from their making use of only one kind of writing, in which the letters are all so exact, that you would take it for print.

In general, however, in speaking, reading, in their expressions, and in writing, they seem, in England, to have more decided rules than we have. The lowest man expresses himself in proper phrases, and he who publishes a book, at least, writes correctly, though the matter be ever so ordinary. In point of style, when they write, they seem to be all of the same county, profession, rank, and station.

It has struck me, that in London there is no occasion for any elementary works, or prints, for the instruction of children. One need only lead them into the city, and shew them the things themselves as they really are. For here it is contrived, as much as possible, to place in view, for the public inspection, every production of art, and every effort of industry. Paintings, mechanisms, curiosities of all kinds, are here exhibited, in the large and light shop windows, in the most advantageous manner; nor are specta-



tors wanting, who, here and there, stand still to observe any curious performance. A street of this description seemed to me to resemble a well-regulated cabinet of curiosities.

Such are the principal incidental reflections and observations made by Mr. Moritz, during his last week's sojournment in England. On the 19th of July he set sail for Hamburgh; so that his whole stay in this country did not exceed seven weeks.

TOUR



T O U R  
I N  
E N G L A N D A N D S C O T L A N D,

Performed in 1785.

By THOMAS NEWTE, Esq.

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SO much philosophic reflection and patriotic observation are diffused over Mr. Newte's tour, that we confess it is difficult to preserve the spirit of the author, in the most careful abridgment. Anxious, however, at once to shew our respect to the labours of this sensible tourist, and to gratify our readers, by a relish of the entertainment to be derived from them in their original form, we have been at some pains in the following pages, to do all the justice in our power to the subject; and if we have not been able to fully satisfy curiosity, we have been studious not to repel it.

On the 17th of May, 1785, Mr. Newte, in company with some agreeable friends, left Oxford. The two universities, he remarks, may not only be considered as venerable monuments of ancient times, but as bulwarks established for the preservation of loyalty, literature, and religion. If, in some respects, they have been supposed



posed to be too tenacious of antiquated modes of discipline, and learning, they certainly deserve the credit of being barriers against the desolating spirit of innovation. The reverence paid by our ancestors, to piety and learning in those establishments, is returned by posterity, as often as it contemplates the pictures and statues, the charters and buildings, of founders and benefactors. These external objects, take fast hold of the ductile minds of youth, and are associated with many of the most pleasing ideas, that imagination can form. From impressions of this kind, and a love of their early haunts and companions, naturally springs an attachment to their king and country; and a veneration for whatever is noble and praise worthy.

“The universities, therefore,” says Mr. Newte, “and the practice which still happily prevails, of educating in those great and ancient seminaries, the British youth of distinction, are of very great political importance. Take away these memorials of antiquity, those noble and royal testimonies of respect to sanctity of life, and proficiency in learning, remove every sensible object, by which sentiments of early friendship, loyalty, and patriotism, are kindled and inflamed in young minds, and disperse our young noblemen and gentlemen in other countries for their education, or even in separate little academies and schools in our own, and you weaken one of the great pillars, by which the constitution and spirit of England is supported and perpetuated.

Full of such reflections, they proceeded to Chapel House, a very excellent inn, where they dine; and from thence made an excursion of two miles to visit Heythorp, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury,



Shrewsbury, a modern house, elegantly furnished, and pleasantly situated on a rising ground, with a southern aspect. The grounds are well laid out. The avenues to the house are of great length, formed of rows or clumps of trees, bounded by stone walls. These fences, though they do not add to the beauty of a country, like living hedge rows, possess the advantage of being quickly raised, and of occupying less ground. They are very general in this vicinity.

The soil in the environs of Heythorp does not appear to be well calculated for raising large timber; but there are some kinds of trees which thrive very well here. To study the genius of the soil, ought to be the first object, not only of ornamental improvers, but also of agriculturalists; yet, how often do we find men of fortune endeavouring, by a forced kind of culture, to raise exotic as well as domestic plants; and farmers fighting against nature, to produce one kind of grain, where another only can be cultivated to advantage.

Pass through Long Compton, a moderate village, and dine at Shipston-on-Stour. The intervening country is open, exposed, and not very rich. It is deficient in planting, which, in the course of time, would give general warmth to the atmosphere, and convert the various influences of the heavens into a nutritive vegetable mould, that would eventually enrich it.

In this bleak, ill-cultivated track, the lower class of labouring poor, who have very little other employment in winter than thrashing out corn, are much distressed for the want of fuel, and think it economy to lie much in bed, to save both firing and provisions.

Sleep



Sleep at Stratford-on-Avon, a town of considerable extent, but in general ill built, and badly paved. The bridge across the Avon, consists of fourteen arches, but is very old and inconvenient. In the town-hall, a handsome structure, is a painting of Shakespeare, their immortal townsman, and another of Garrick, by Gainborough. The monument of Shakespeare in the church is unworthy of such a great name.

Next day passed through Henly in Arden, a long town, indifferently built. Beyond this the country appeared better cultivated and more sylvan.

Reached Birmingham in the evening, a very extensive town, and great part of it elegantly built. The population is computed at a hundred thousand souls; but the size of the people is diminutive, and their appearance sickly, from their sedentary employment. In this place there is an elegant and spacious mother church, one other parish church, three chapels, and several meeting houses for dissenters. "This town," says Mr. Newte, is far from being distinguished by zeal in religion. The latitudinarian principles of Priestley are adopted by those who consider themselves as philosophers; but the great mass of the people give themselves very little concern about religious matters. What religion there is in Birmingham," continues he, "is to be found among the dissenters \*."

\* From personal knowledge, we have reason to think this is not a fair statement. In Birmingham, and indeed in all places where dissenters are numerous, the friends of the establishment are zealous, and regular in their attendance on divine worship, to counteract the effects of the former. —



In Birmingham are many coiners of false money, a circumstance easily accounted for, from the nature of the business carried on here. Of the manners of the people here, our author gives a very unfavourable account. He likewise says, the manufacturers, in general, are addicted to trick and low cunning, which he ascribes to the want of early education, and to constant association both in their labour and idle hours. Society, indeed, it must be allowed, corrupts the manners of the vulgar, as much as it sharpens their understanding.

The sudden rise of this town, and the eminence it has obtained in its peculiar manufactures are well known. "It is not above three years," says Mr. Newte, "since pavements, or foot-paths were introduced into this place; and the ladies, at first considered them as very great inconveniences to walk on."

The Birmingham manufacturers frequently possess from five to fifteen thousand pounds fortune, a few have much larger capitals; but in general, they may be said to be in easy and thriving circumstances, rather than very rich or affluent. The number of carriages has been doubled within a few years, and luxury is rapidly advancing. The artisans commonly, however, resort to alehouses and taverns, for coffee-houses do not seem to be suited to the genius of the people. Indeed, the labouring and poor people of Birmingham fare but indifferently, though it is certain that, with economy, they might live very comfortably.

It being the time of the fair, they had not an opportunity of seeing the artisans at work; however, they visited Mr. Clay's manufactory, for articles



ticles made of papier-maché, and Mr. Bolton's, for a variety of elegant fabrics.

Within the present century, Birmingham has risen to its present distinction. The coarse articles, in which it originally dealt, are now manufactured in the towns and villages of the neighbourhood; while only the fine and fashionable goods are produced in the town itself.

In the environs are many nailers, and other artificers, who work in their own cottages, and employ every hand in the family, whether male or female.

The industry, indeed, of the people in those parts, is wonderful. They rise early, and go to bed late; but frequently rest a few hours about noon, after the manner of people in hot countries.

It is worthy of remark, that where there is most mechanic labour in the environs, the soil is most unpropitious. Birmingham itself stands on the south-east extremity of a very barren region. Towards Shrewsbury and Wolverhampton, the land is very poor, and here principally, the country is full of the most industrious artisans in the coarse branches of the business. On the other side of Birmingham, where the soil is more genial, there is scarcely a manufacturer in iron or steel to be found. Indeed, within the circle where the chief trade is carried on, barren as it is, coal pits abound, and this not only facilitates labour, but compensates for other defects.

A canal, communicating with the Trent and the Severn, reaches Birmingham, and by means of this conveyance, every article of use in the manufactures is chiefly brought to hand. Coal may be commonly purchased here for 6s. 8d. a ton.



ton. The boats which navigate this canal are of considerable capacity.

Leaving Birmingham, they passed through Sutton, a neat little town, commanding a very pleasant prospect. The surrounding country is well cultivated, and not destitute of wood. Perhaps no spot can be fixed on in the southern part of the island, which would be more central than Sutton, or at a greater distance from the sea.

Reached Litchfield the same afternoon, a small city, well built, and elegantly situated. The cathedral is a venerable pile, remarkable for its three spires, two of which are at the west end, and one nearly in the centre. As manufactures are little known here, the city derives its chief support from being the residence of some genteel families. This place has the honour of giving birth to Dr. Samuel Johnson, of whom every minute particular has been collected by his biographers.

Our tourist, however, mentions two singularities of this great man, which he picked up at this place. There is a great iron ring, fixed in a stone by a staple, in the centre of the market-place, to which, when bull bating was more fashionable, the unfortunate animal used to be tied. Johnson, in his annual visit to Litchfield, would frequently, in the midst of those abstractions, in which he indulged, step aside and lay hold of the ring, as if trying to extricate it from the stone. Might he not mean by this to express his wish, that such a disgraceful vestige of barbarity should be removed from his native city? The other peculiarity of Johnson, first recorded by Mr. Newte, is, that when he arrived here, he made it a point to call on every person in the

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city, with whom he had the least acquaintance; but that the very instant he had knocked at one door, he went on to another; so that it frequently happened, that two or three servants would be running after the doctor at once, requesting he would return to their masters or mistresses houses, who waited to receive him.

Litchfield was long strongly tinctured with Jacobitism, or an attachment to the Stuart family. The principles of Johnson were formed in conformity to those of the place where he was born, and spent many of his juvenile days: to the last he entertained a profound reverence for monarchy and hierarchical establishments.

“A very singular club,” says Mr. Newte, “is held annually at Litchfield, for females only. It consists of more than a hundred members; and however extraordinary such a meeting may appear, yet it seems to have been established from the best of motives, as a considerable sum of money is collected among the members, and distributed to the poor.”

Dine at Burton-on-Trent; after crossing the navigable canal, which goes to Derby, and proceeding some way along its banks, to visit the place where it is carried over the Dove, on twelve arches.

Burton is a pleasant, well-built town, with a neat church. A large cotton mill is erected here, but they were not permitted to see the process of the manufacturers.

Between this and Derby, the country is highly cultivated, populous, and pretty well wooded. Derby is a handsome town, and much larger than Litchfield. It is washed on one side by the Derwent, on which the first silk mill in this country



country was erected, and is still in use. The porcelain, manufactured here, is carried to a high degree of elegance.

Proceed towards Matlock. A few miles beyond Derby, the country becomes mountainous, and fertility more rare. At Crumford, about a mile from Matlock, the road is cut through a solid rock. Beyond this pass, the view is highly romantic, and the same kind of scenery continues along the dale to Matlock.

At Matlock they found good accommodations, but were most delighted with the situation itself. The whole vale is an object of curiosity. On the hill, towards the north-west of the village, are many lead mines, some of amazing depth. These are worked to great advantage; and adventurers have peculiar encouragement, to attempt new discoveries. By law they are allowed to try for minerals on any person's estate, except in his garden: this is sometimes attended with inconveniencies to the proprietors; but by entering into partnership with the miners, they find a compensation for their loss of land, or the privilege of using it as they please.

"The business of mining," says Mr. Newte, "affords many advantages, and prompts to the study of natural history. If academies for observations and experiments were established in the mining countries, philosophy might be advanced with accelerated rapidity."

At Crumford are two large cotton mills, belonging to Mr. Arkwright, which they were allowed to examine. Here the whole process of cleaning, carding, combing, twisting, and completing the yarn for the loom, seemed to be done



almost without human aid. About a thousand children, however, are employed here.

Leaving Matlock, proceed to Ashbourn, over a hilly and dreary country, and from thence visit Dovedale, a romantic vale, about two miles long, washed by the Dove, and bounded on each side by rocks, of the most horrid, grotesque, or pleasing appearance.

Pass through the little town of Bakewell, and from thence go to the Duke of Devonshire's, at Chatsworth. This seat, in the opinion of our tourist, seems only calculated for a few months residence in the year. The environs are sylvan, and by pains and industry highly cultivated; but all the distant hills, in view of the house, wear a dreary, dismal aspect.

Chatsworth is built of a dark yellow stone, some of the apartments are spacious, and lofty, but they are rather majestic than elegant. The pleasure grounds are not well laid out; and the waterworks are too artificial to please more than once. The river Derwent, which runs through the park, has, however, a pleasing effect, and the bridge over it to the house, does honour to the architect.

Pass through the village of Stoney Middleton, and ride through Middleton Dale, to Buxton. Having left the dale, which has some resemblance to Dovedale, except that it wants a river, they ascended a very high hill, which commands a vast but uninviting prospect of dreary sterility. The whole environs of Buxton are wild and naked. The place, however, has grown to a large village, on account of the efficacy of the waters. The houses have been chiefly built for the accommodation of invalids; and the munificence  
of



of the Duke of Devonshire, has been displayed in adding a crescent, which not only embellishes, but adds to the comforts and attractions of the place. In rheumatic complaints, Buxton is highly efficacious. The bath is about the eighty-second degree of heat, and is bland and pleasing to the sensations.

The bowels of the earth, in this vicinity, furnish amazing quantities of lead. Castleton, which they next visited, is inhabited chiefly by miners. Near this is the celebrated cavern, which has been so often described \*. Its length, as measured by Sir Joseph Banks, is six hundred and seventeen yards, and, at the farthest end, it is two hundred yards from the surface of the earth.

"If this tremendous cave were properly lighted up," observed Mr. Newte, "and music stationed in different places, with the witches in Macbeth, and their cauldron, and other infernal agents and machines, such as are introduced on the stage, a more wonderful effect might thereby be produced, than has ever resulted from any mimic or natural scene."

On the south side of Castleton, stands Mam-Torr, or the Mouldering Hill, on the top of which is a Roman encampment, and near its base a coal mine, from which boats are conveyed by a subterraneous navigation, for nearly a mile.

From Chapel-in-Frith, the next stage, ride through Whaley and Stockport, to Manchester. The whole country, for many miles round the last mentioned place, is extremely well cultivated and fertile.

\* See Moritz, &c. &c.



Manchester is old, and of great extent, and in the skirts are many houses of an elegant appearance; but it is more remarkable for the industry of the inhabitants, and for the perfection of its manufactures, than for any local beauty. The population may amount to about seventy-five thousand persons.

The principal manufacturers of this town live in the style of men of fortune, and their capital enables them so to do. The greatest part of the people are engaged in some useful art; but principally in finishing the goods made in the neighbourhood. At the mills in the vicinity, the cotton is prepared for the weavers, and here the work is completed, and from hence exported to all parts of the world.

Manchester is one of the best regulated towns in England, though it has no corporation. The gentlemen of the town, however, are at great pains to establish order and morals among the lower classes, by wholesome regulations. Even in the workhouse, the paupers, on an average, earn four pence a day.

During divine service, on Sundays, the streets are paraded by constables, and disorderly houses are frequently visited about nine or ten in the evening, not by trading justices, or other fellows in office, but by men of respectability.

"The spirit of enterprise," says Mr. Newte, "is extended, in Manchester, from manufactures and commerce, to mechanical inventions, and from thence to philosophy in general. They have in this exemplary community, a philosophical society, a music room, and regular concerts."



The inns, however, are very unequal to the opulence and other accommodations of the place. The hotel is indeed better; but it is less adapted to travellers, who have no object in making any stay.

On the 2d of June, they proceeded, in the Duke of Bridgewater's passage boat, to Worsley, the mouth of the tunnel that leads to his grace's coal mines. This tunnel goes two miles underground, and is furnished with several shafts, to clear it of foul air,

The miners here receive from twenty pence to three shillings a day, according to the quantity of coal they dig, for eight hours labour. About two hundred and fifty tons are frequently got in a day, and about three hundred persons are constantly employed.

Returning from visiting this great and beneficial work, next day they went by the canal to Warrington, distant twenty-five miles from Manchester; and from thence to Liverpool, through the agreeable little town of Prescot.

Liverpool is too well known for its maritime enterprise and extensive commerce, to require much description. The old part of the town is ill built, and the streets are narrow: but great additions are continually making to it, and many elegant houses are erected in the environs. Here are fourteen building yards, and three very complete and commodious basins for receiving ships. The corporation is very rich, and it has laid out its superfluous wealth in works of real utility and advantage.

Liverpool contains five churches, and at least seventy-thousand inhabitants. On the east side of the town, is a terrace, commanding a delightful



lightful view of the houses, the river, and the circumjacent country.

Go to Ormirkirk, by the Wigan canal, distant twenty-five miles. This canal is much less productive than those belonging to the Duke of Bridgewater, and the passage boats are not so well regulated.

Take a post chaise to Preston, an old town, standing on a commanding eminence, with some beautifully picturesque views. To Garstang, the next stage, they found the roads good, and the country well cultivated, but destitute of sylvan ornament.

Reach Lancaster, an ancient town, with narrow streets, the fashion of former times. The castle, which commands the place, bears all the marks of antiquity; yet it is still in a perfect state. The view from this pile is rather extensive than pleasant.

About three miles from Lancaster, enter the charming vale of Lonsdale. On the right is a barren range of mountains, those on the left, are clothed with pendent woods, while the river Loon divides it. Sleep at the village of Hornby, near which is a very old castle, commanding a beautiful view of several rivers, vales, and mountains.

From Hornby, traced the Loon to Kirby Lonsdale, by one of the most picturesque and pleasant rides in Great Britain. The town is situated on an eminence, the foot of which is washed by the Loon. Sylvan mountains and rocks alternately attract the eye in its range round the landscape, while the intervening vales are luxuriently rich.

Journeyed



Journeyed on to Kendal, a town of considerable extent, and of high antiquity. The inhabitants are celebrated for their manufactures of cotton and woollen cloths, a great part of which is exported from Liverpool to Guinea and the West Indies. Three bridges are built here over the Ken. The immediate environs are fertile, but the prospect is bounded by barren mountains and craggy rocks.

The ride from thence to Bowness was over a dreary, mountainous country. A rude and rocky hill, within a mile of that town, commands a most enchanting view of Windermere Lake, and ten islands, in the largest of which is a circular mansion, belonging to Mr. Christian. The margin of this lake presents a vast variety of rural imagery; nor is it scarcely possible that nature, in her exuberance, could furnish a more captivating scene.

Cross the ferry from Bowness, and walk to Hawkshead, situated at the upper end of Estwait Water, which is about two miles long, and half a mile broad, finely fringed with woods and fertile meadows.

Proceeded to the head of Coniston Lake, but a thick fog coming on, they were deprived of the pleasure of seeing this charming spot. Rode to the south end of Windermere, by an excellent road, presenting every few yards some new and agreeable feature in the landscape. "In short," says Mr. Newte, "there is not any part of this ride, which is continued for fourteen miles, that is not highly picturesque, and fitted to afford the most soothing ideas, and the most exquisite gratification."

Dined



Dined at Low Wood Inn, about two miles from the north end of the lake, and commanding an extensive prospect of this fine expanse of water, with several of its islands.

Resolved to hazard another chance of seeing the beautiful Lake of Coniston, they set out next morning, and after riding about seven miles, got to the top of a hill, from which the lake is viewed in its full extent. This beautiful sheet of water is environed by rich meadows, and the hills, which gradually rise from its banks, are sylvan far up their sides. This lake has certainly great beauties, but they are by no means so striking as those of Windermere. The situation of Coniston Hall is most charming, and gives and reflects a lustre on the scene.

Dine again at Low Wood, and in the evening walk to the upper extremity of Windermere. About two miles up the vale is Rydal Hall, and near it a cataract, on the river Rothay, which deserves notice for its solemn scenery.

Proceed from Low Wood through Ambleside, at the head of Windermere Water. In their progress, enjoy a charming view of Rydal Water, and a little farther on, at Rydal Pass, look down on the beautiful Lake of Grasmere. A few miles from hence, lies the delightful Lake of Thirlwater, near the middle of which, a promontory extends on each side, contracting the size of the lake to that of an ordinary river, over which a rustic bridge is thrown.

Ascend a high hill, where the eye is raptured with the view of Keswick Vale, the noble Lake of Derwentwater, and part of Bassenthwaite.

Keswick is a neat, little town, situated at the north end of the Lake of Derwent. This fine sheet



sheet of water contains four islands, which greatly enhance its beauty.

After viewing, from different stations, the magnificent prospects round this lake, returned to their inn at Keswick, and next day rode to the top of Skiddaw, a mountain of vast elevation, but by no means difficult of ascent, till within a quarter of a mile of its summit, which having reached, the state of the atmosphere deprived them of that fine view, which they naturally expected to find here.

Next day took a boat and visited the romantic regions of Borrowdale, presenting such an assemblage of tremendous and beautiful scenery, as perhaps no other place can exhibit.

Through the vale winds the Derwent, which forms the lake, and afterwards passes into Bassenthwaite Water. Refresh at Low-dore Inn, situated close by the celebrated cataract, known by the same name. The water here falls from a vast height, through a large chasm, from one craggy precipice to another, till it is lost in the lake.

After viewing this charming spot, returned to Keswick, and next day proceeded to Ullswater; great part of the way over a dreary moor. Rode on the side of the lake to Lyulph's Tower, a house lately built by the Duke of Norfolk, in a castle form. The whole construction is whimsical; but it has a pretty effect.

Ullswater is about ten miles long and three broad. It is of great depth, and is encircled by high mountains and perpendicular rocks, in general prettily wooded. There are several good houses, so situated as to occupy the most commanding views of this fine expanse of water.

Visited



Visited different stations in a boat, and saw the old, ruinous house of the king of Patterdale, as he calls himself; a miser possessed of considerable property here. This little village lies at the farthest extremity of the lake, and is beautifully situated. Returned by water to the south end of the lake, and admired the charming, sylvan hill of Dunmallet, the property of Mr. Haffel.

Reached Penrith the same evening, through a romantic country, embellished with some fine seats. This is a neat, well-built town; and on an eminence are the remains of an old castle. The antiquities in the church-yard have been described by every tourist.

To the north of Penrith is a hill, on which stands a watch-tower, entirely built of stone, which commands a very extensive view of the country. To the north-east, are the Cross Fells, or British Alps, on which snow sometimes lies the whole year.

Between Penrith and Carlisle, the country seems in a rapid state of cultivation. Round the latter, on the banks of the Eden, is a great extent of rich grazing land.

Carlisle is a city of considerable extent, surrounded by a wall, thirty feet high, which is rapidly going to decay. "The castle," says our author, "is the rudest heap of stones that ever was piled together by the industry of man." It was garrisoned by four old invalids, who had the charge of the arms and ammunition deposited here."

There are many good houses in this city, though, in general, it is ill built; and, from its being



being walled, is neither so airy nor clean as might be wished.

Crossing the sands at the upper end of Solway Frith, enter Scotland, and pass on to Annan. The soil here produces little but heath. The town of Annan is small, but very neat. Below it winds the river through some pleasant meadows.

After crossing the frith, they found many of the natives, particularly the children, without shoes or stockings. Their habitations are very mean, being generally constructed of mud, intermixed with some round stones, and covered with turf.

In their way to Dumfries, distant eighteen miles, the same kind of cottages continued, and the land, in general, was so bad, as to baffle cultivation. It seems only fit to produce peat, the fuel of the country, the smoke of which gives a yellow hue to the natives.

Dumfries is a pretty, large, clean town, lying in a low vale. Its environs are not infertile.

Leaving this town, pass Lord Hopeton's house, round which are some tolerable woods, which well contrast with the nakedness of the circumjacent country. The women in this track sometimes wear what they call *buggers*, that is stockings without feet. Their dress, in general, particularly that of the old, is little graceful.

Near Lord Hopeton's is a remarkable arch, thrown over a deep glen, through which a river, sixty feet below, precipitates itself. Between Dumfries and Moffat, a space of twenty-one miles, it seems the accommodation for travellers is but very indifferent.



Moffat is a small town, with some tolerable houses, principally intended for the reception of invalids, who resort hither for the benefit of the waters. Here are two springs; one of them reckoned the strongest mineral in Great Britain, and of a very bracing quality.

This place is surrounded by high hills, which, except towards their tops, are not incapable of cultivation; but the chief attention is paid to the breeding of sheep, on which the farmers principally depend for a return. The Annan, at Moffat, is only a small stream.

Beyond this place, ascend a hill of immense height, from which there is a most extensive and dreary prospect of the West Highlands, without so much as a tree or shrub to rest the weary eye on, for thirty miles together.

Ride to Elvan-foot, through a barren, hilly, track, and cross the Clyde, at a place where there is a kind of inn. Among these mountains, and at only two or three miles from each other, the Annan, the Clyde, and Tweed, derive their source. Most of the mountains, in this district, are covered with verdure to their very summits, and afford good sheep-walks, to which purpose they are almost wholly devoted.

From Elvan-foot, proceed fourteen miles farther, to Douglas-mill, through the same kind of wild country. Two miles beyond this, stands the ancient castle of Douglas, of which little remains; but, near the same spot, a new castle has been erected, in which are many spacious apartments. The park is nearly three miles in circuit, and is extremely well planted.

About three miles from Douglas-mill, a very tolerable inn, they fell in with the Clyde, whose  
banks



banks are prettily varied. The country gradually improves, and begins to be embellished with gentlemen's seats. About four miles from Lanerk, cross a very elegant bridge over the Clyde, and about two miles farther, make a digression from the road, to visit the famous falls of the Clyde; the most magnificent objects of the kind in Great Britain. Many circumstances combine to render these falls highly picturesque and sublime. At the Corra Lynn, the whole volume of the river is precipitated over a solid rock, not less than one hundred feet; and at Stone Byers, a mile higher up, there is another fall of about sixty feet, where the contracted sheet of water makes a violent shoot over the rock. At both places, such a mass of water, falling impetuously on the rocks below, seems to threaten every obstacle with destruction. "It boils up," says Mr. Newte, "from the caverns which itself has formed, as if it were vomited out of the infernal regions. The horrid and incessant din, with which this is accompanied, unnerves and overcomes the heart. In vain you look for cessation, or rest, to this troubled scene. Day after day, and year after year, it continues its furious course, and every moment seems as if wearied nature were going to general wreck."

In the Corra Lynn, just where the water begins to tumble down the precipice abrupt, stands, on a pointed rock, a ruined castle, which was inhabited so late as the beginning of this century. In floods, both the castle and rock are so shaken, as to spill water in a glass. Imagination can scarcely conceive a situation more awfully romantic. On the verge of this matchless scene, Sir John Lockart Ross has a seat.



From these falls the Clyde continues to run for several miles between very high rocks, covered with foliage, and on either side the banks are beautified with the mansions of people of fortune. The walk between the higher and lower falls is romantic beyond description, and impresses the mind, at the same time, with a sense of awful magnificence,

Reach Lanerk, a small, ill-built town, delightfully situated on the brow of a hill above the Clyde; and, after dinner, proceed to Hamilton, a neat and thriving place.

At the extremity of Hamilton, is the Duke of Hamilton's palace, which forms three sides of a quadrangle. Some of the apartments are large and lofty, but in general they are not very elegantly fitted up. On a hill, fronting the house, is a fanciful, castellated building, which commands delightful prospects. From this structure is a charming ride of eight miles, on the verge of a fine wood, impending the Clyde. On the top of a rock, which overhangs the river, are the ruins of the old castle of the Hamiltons, of which little now remains, save the gateway. Here they were shewn some of the original cattle of the country, the breed of which is now become scarce. In the Duke of Hamilton's garden, fruits of every kind are brought to great perfection, nor seem to require a warmer climate.

Leaving Hamilton, pass through a well-improved country, in their way to Glasgow, for several miles on the banks of the Clyde. Saw Bothwell Castle, belonging to the Douglas family, of which pile a great part is still standing. This castle formed an oblong square, with a round turret at each corner; three of which remain.



remain. In the centre of the building stood the citadel, or keep, which must have been extremely strong, when missile weapons alone were used. On the opposite side of the river, are to be seen the remains of Blantyre; "between which," says Mr. Newte, "and Bothwell Castle, there was a secret and subterraneous communication, below the bed of the river Clyde." Near this, a commodious and elegant modern house has been built, on a site that commands a view both of the Clyde and the old castle.

Glasgow is a large and handsome city, containing, at least, fifty thousand inhabitants. It has a considerable foreign trade, nor is it less enriched by its internal manufactures, particularly of cotton and nankeen.

The college here is capable of admitting a considerable number of students, though the greater part are dispersed in lodgings in the city. The professors have been deservedly celebrated in the republic of letters. The principal enjoys an annual salary of 500*l*. the other professors have from 200 to 300*l*. except the professor of divinity, who has no appropriate revenue, but must be accommodated by some other consistent and collateral office in the church or university. Most professors of literature and philosophy receive fees from their pupils; but, according to the rigid Calvinistic principles, it would be a species of simony, or selling the Holy Ghost for money, to pay for instruction in divinity.

The university garden is pleasant, though not very extensive; and the library is a tolerable apartment, containing about three thousand volumes.



Glasgow has eleven kirks, besides several conventicles and meeting-houses. In such a place, it is not surprising, that some grimace and hypocrisy remain. "It is not many years," says our author, "since the magistrates of Glasgow, humoring the austerity of certain of their clergy, and the general prejudices of the people, were wont to be very rigid in enforcing a Judaical observance of the Sabbath. The elders used to search the public-houses every Sunday evening; and if any person, not belonging to the family, was found there, he was subjected to a fine; or, if he could not give a proper account of himself, perhaps, to imprisonment." Yet means were found to evade the laws of sobriety, by calling at an elder's house, on pretence of seeking the benefit of his prayers, or family worship, when the bowl went round till the company were sufficiently replenished with the spirit.

It is, however, but fair to observe, that a more liberal temper and disposition begin to prevail throughout every part of Scotland: and there seems reason to dread, that from one extreme they will run to the other.

In this city are two glass-houses; one for making black, the other for white glass. The commerce of the place is also greatly promoted by the canal, which forms a communication with the eastern sea, and is navigable for vessels of one hundred and fifty tons.

On the 26th of June, left Glasgow, and proceeded to the capital manufacturing town of Paisley. The greatest part of the inhabitants are employed in the manufacture of silk and thread gauze. This last is made from 5d. to 9d. per yard, and the silk from 9d. to 12s.

The



The manufacturers are paid according to the quality of their work. In the fine fabrics, the men and women may earn 5s. a day. Very young girls are employed in weaving the coarser sort; and mere children can earn from 4d. to 6d. a day, in preparing the filk and thread for the loom.

The manufactory here was established by an Englishman, of the name of Philips, and in less than thirty years it was so much increased, as to afford subsistence and employment for fifteen thousand persons, of both sexes and all ages.

Paisley is nearly two miles long, and the greater part of the houses is built of free-stone. Some of the principal manufacturers have made considerable fortunes, and live in the style of gentlemen, with carriages and country seats.

Many houses in Paisley pay 500l. a week in wages; and the carriage of new gauze patterns from London to this place alone, is said to cost 500l. a year.

Here are the remains of an ancient abbey, part of which is converted into a church. It contains the monument of the lady of Robert Bruce, who broke her neck near this place, while with child. The infant was preserved, and was grandfather to James I.

Lord Abercorn has built an excellent inn at Paisley, the landlord of which furnished our author and friends with a handsome carriage and good horses, that performed a journey of six hundred miles, through the most mountainous parts of Scotland, with the greatest ease.

From Paisley returned to Glasgow, and from thence proceeded to Dumbarton, fourteen miles distant. The road lies near the banks of the Clyde,



Clyde, and many fine houses, at intervals, enrich the prospects. After passing Glasgow, the environs of the Clyde are verdant and level, and the water generally fills its channel, owing to the profusion of rains that fall on the western shires of Scotland.

On the beautiful river Cart, which unites with the Clyde, near Renfrew, is an agreeable seat of the Earl of Glasgow, which commands a fine view, both of Paisley and Glasgow. The Cart meanders through the park, and Cruickstone Castle, now a ruin, gives an interest to this charming scene. In this castle Mary Stuart indulged her loves with Lord Darnley, in the happy period of their union; and "here," says Mr. Newte, "springs fresh, to this hour, her favourite yew, which she has so often impressed on her copper coins." The lofty hall is still to be distinguished amidst the interior apartments, in which Mary, amidst a race of brave, but turbulent and impolished, nobles, displayed the refinements of France and the charms of Venus.

Dumbarton is a small town, on the banks of the Clyde, with two glass-houses. The castle is situated on a conical, rocky hill, rising out of a plain, to the height of five hundred feet, defended, where it is accessible, by a wall, and its base washed by the Clyde and the Leven. Large fragments of this hill have occasionally tumbled down, and strewed the plain below with a huge mass of ruins. The surrounding country, for some miles, is a fine champaign. The view up the Clyde, from this place, is enchantingly beautiful, and takes in several capital objects. The vale, to the north, is populous and well cultivated; and behind it rises Ben Lomond, in awful majesty.

Dumbarton



Dumbarton Castle still contains a small garrison, with a governor; and if fortified in the modern style, would be almost impregnable. While our traveller was at this place, the thermometer stood at eighty-four, an extraordinary degree of heat for such a northern climate.

Proceed towards Luss. The banks of the Leven, up to Loch Lomond, are fertile and populous; while the purply, blue hills of the Highlands finely contrast with the verdant champaign in the fore-ground. "The traveller from the low countries," remarks our author, "is suddenly and forcibly struck with the character of the Highlands. The number of the mountains, their approximation to each other; their abrupt and perpendicular elevation, all conspire to give an idea of a country consisting of mountains without intermission, formed by nature into an impregnable fortress. It was this fortress which has enabled the ancient Caledonians to transmit, from the earliest records of their history, the dignity of an unconquered and independent nation to their latest posterity."

Arrive on the margin of Loch Lomond, and take a boat to the village of Luss. The next day go again on the lake, and dine on the island of Inchconachan, near which they caught some fine trout.

Loch Lomond is twenty-four miles long, and about eight broad. Near the south end it is very deep, and in this quarter it is interspersed with various islands, to the number of twenty-four, some of which are of considerable extent and elevation; while others are flat, or barren rocks. This part of the lake is environed with high mountains, fertile towards their verge. On  
the



the south-east side, the Duke of Montrose has a finely situated house; and on the west, on a sylvan promontory, Sir James Colquhoun has erected a very elegant, modern, mansion, which commands some charming views.

The northern boundaries of this vast expanse of water are stupendous, barren mountains, rising almost perpendicularly from the surface, which reflects their rude images. In some few spots, however, there is sylvan scenery, with a little cultivation. In the island of Inchmerran stands an ancient castle, belonging to the Duke of Lenox.

The south end of Loch Lomond, beautifully interspersed with isles, presents a great variety of charming views; but the northern, being bounded by tremendous precipices, tends only to repel fancy, or to fill the mind with horror.

A considerable quantity of birch, oak, and other underwood, clothes the edge of the water, which is cut down periodically, and chiefly converted into charcoal.

The fish of this lake are trout, salmon, perch, and pike, which are found in great abundance; but notwithstanding the temptation of water-carriage, the inhabitants seemed to be satisfied with supplying their own immediate wants.

Leaving Luss, ride eight miles by the side of the lake to Tarbat, where there is a commodious inn, opposite to which Ben Lomond appears in all its majesty. There they waited two days, in expectation that the state of the atmosphere would allow them to ascend its top; but, during that space, it was constantly enveloped in clouds, except for a few minutes only. The following lines are copied from a frame of glass, at the inn



inn of Tarbat, and deserve a less perishable station. They are subscribed with the initials J. R.

### ON BEN LOMOND.

Stranger, if o'er this pane of glass, perchance,  
Thy roving eye should cast a casual glance,  
If taste for grandeur, and the dread sublime,  
Prompt thee Ben Lomond's fearful height to climb,  
Here gaze attentive: nor with scorn refuse  
The friendly rhymings of a tavern muse.  
For thee, that muse this rude inscription plann'd,  
Prompted for thee, her humble poet's hand.  
Heed thou the poet, he thy steps shall lead  
Safe o'er yon towering hill's aspiring head;  
Attentive, then, to this informing lay,  
Read how he dictates, as he points the way.  
Trust not at first a quick advent'rous pace,  
Six miles its top points gradual from the base.  
Up the high rise with panting haste I pass'd,  
And gain'd the long laborious steep at last.  
More prudent thou, when once you pass the deep,  
With measur'd pace, and slow, ascend the lengthen'd steep,  
Oft stay thy steps, oft taste the cordial drop,  
And rest, O rest, long, long, upon the top.  
There hail the breezes, nor with toilsome haste,  
Down the rough slope thy precious vigour waste.  
So shall thy wondering sight at once survey  
Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks, and sea;  
Huge hills that, heap'd, in crowded order stand,  
Stretch'd o'er the northern and the western land;  
Vast lumpy groups, while Ben, who often shrouds  
His loftier summit in a veil of clouds,  
High o'er the rest displays superior state,  
In proud pre-eminence sublimely great.  
One side, all awful to the gazing eye,  
Presents a steep three hundred fathoms high.  
The scene, tremendous, shocks the startled sense,  
With all the pomp of dread magnificence:  
All these, and more, shalt thou transported see,  
And own a faithful monitor in me.

Leaving



Leaving Tarbat, ride to the top of Loch Long, on the north-east side of which is a small house, embosomed in firs, the residence of the Laird of Macfarlane, "renowned," says Mr. Newte, "among other good qualities, for his knowledge of Scottish antiquities, and for his taste and proficiency in the ancient Scottish music.

At some distance is another mansion of the same kind, belonging to a Campbell, with a river, multiplied by a thousand cascades, from the summits of craggy mountains, which discharge themselves, close by the house, into the lake.

Here they entered Glencroe, which is six miles long, and so narrow, that, in some places, the road has been made by blowing up the solid rock, which overhangs the river. The sides of the mountains, on each hand, are formed of black and almost perpendicular, craggy rocks.

At the time of their passing this glen, a thick fog rendered this gloomy avenue still more solemn and awful. Near its extremity is a stone, with the following inscription: "Rest and be thankful." This road was a military work, performed by the twenty-third regiment.

From the top of the hill look down on a small lake, passing by the side of which, enter another glen, much wider at the bottom, and bounded by pastoral mountains, of more gradual ascent. Reach Cairndow at its extremity, a small village on the north-east side of Loch Fine. From hence ride eleven miles along a very pleasant road, on the side of the loch to Inverary.

Loch Fine is properly an arm of the sea, in which the tide rises six feet. The mountains on each side are so high, that their tops are generally shrouded in clouds. Near the water is a good  
deal



deal of underwood, while, higher up, the land produces some corn and grafs for hay. Sea-weed is beneficially applied for manure; but such deluges of rain fall here, that the poor labourer is seldom compensated for his toil in cultivation. Potatoes, however, answer extremely well, and they are justly an object of great care and attention.

The arm of the sea produces herrings in great abundance, cod, ling, haddocks, whittings, and various other kinds of fish; but it seems the fisheries are not carried on to that extent which they would admit of.

“Whoever,” says our sensible author, “has travelled over the west coast of Scotland, and viewed the various lochs and arms of the sea, must naturally reflect on the great advantages, which the inhabitants and nation at large may derive from a wise and liberal encouragement of the fisheries, more especially when it is considered, that thousands of the poor natives are without employment of any sort.”

His mind occupied with those patriotic ideas, it occurred to him, that the most feasible plan to raise a nursery of seamen, and to promote individual comfort and general wealth, would be to purchase a number of large, old ships, and station them in different places, under the command of some intelligent marine officers, with a certain number of men, used to the fisheries, and boys apprenticed to the trade, in each; and to provide them with boats and proper fishing-tackle. The fish to be salted, and kept on board the vessels, till ready to carry to market; proper premiums to be allowed; and the apprentices, after serving their term, to have such encouragement allowed



as would enable them to establish themselves in life.

To his plan, he is sensible, there may be some objections; but when it is considered, that to promote general industry, is to increase national wealth, and that the existence of this island depends on its maritime power, it certainly appears patriotic, and deserving the attention of the legislature.

The Duke of Argyle's castle, at Inverary, is pleasantly situated amidst this alpine scenery. Its construction is singular; but it contains many good apartments, some of them elegantly furnished, and the ceilings beautifully painted and gilded. They are decorated with some excellent portraits, which bring to mind those patriots and heroes, the splendor of whose actions has raised the family of Argyle to distinguished eminence and celebrity.

The surrounding woods are extensive, and some of them planted with abundant taste. A lawn, of about three hundred acres, is laid down for grazing and hay; for corn can seldom be brought to due perfection in this rainy climate.

On the top of the lofty hill of Dunaquaick, stands a square tower, from which is an immense view of Loch Fine and its vicinity, with a bird's eye prospect of the castle and plantations. This hill is chiefly planted with fir and birch, and has a tolerable horse-road to its very top. Indeed, in different directions from the castle, there are beautiful rides, and every embellishment which the rank and munificence of the owner can command.

The town, or village of Inverary, stands about half a mile from the castle, and contains nearly a thousand



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thousand inhabitants, who are principally employed in fishing. "Though the herrings are certainly migratory, I must contradict," says Mr. Newte, "the report of their having, in a great measure, forsaken Loch Fine. The whole appearance of the castle, town, and environs of Inverary," continues our tourist, "is such as be-seems the head of a great clan, in a strong and mountainous country, who, without losing sight of the origin of his family, in rude and warlike times, adopts the improvements of the present period."

After leaving the Duke of Argyle's woods, the road is quite open and dreary, amidst steril mountains. At Clandish, about eight miles from Inverary, is a beautiful view of Loch Awe, sprinkled with islands. The borders are partially in a state of cultivation, but grazing seems to prevail, and many black cattle and sheep are reared in this track.

On the east side of the loch stands Hay-field, a modern, well-built house; and at its northern extremity is the large, old castle of the Earl of Braedalbane, which, in ancient times, was the den, or strong hold of the family; but the present possessor, living in a milder age, and in one more suited to the natural benignity of his disposition, has abandoned this fortress of his remote ancestors, for his elegant residence at Loch Tay.

Reach Dalmally, a large village, pleasantly situated on a river that falls into Loch Awe. In a neighbouring mountain, called Chruachan, a lead-mine has been opened, which promises good success.

From Dalmally to Bun Awe, the road winds round the loch, on the side of a mountain, in



some places a thousand feet almost perpendicular above the water, which has a very awful appearance to travellers. After proceeding about eight miles, a river of most astonishing rapidity bursts from the loch, and roaring over stones and rocks, finally loses itself in Loch Etive, at the upper end of which stands Bun Awe. Here is a manufactory of charcoal from the oak and birch, with which this track abounds.

Not far from this is Dunstaffnage Castle, and a little farther Dunolly Castle, said to have been the residence of the early kings of Scotland.

At the bottom of a small bay, about a mile from the last, stands the village of Oban, where the herring fishery is carried on; but the inhabitants, in general, either want a spirit of enterprise, or they are too poor, without encouragement, to avail themselves of their native advantages.

Proceed to Appin, about twelve miles distant, in the course of which ride they were obliged to pass two ferries. The road is pretty good, and they enjoyed some fine views of Mull, Lismore, and other smaller islands, which it was originally their intention to visit, as well as to examine Staffa; but found that, without proper introductions, this would have been attended with difficulties.

Lismore is one of the most fertile of all the Hebrides, though the soil is extremely shallow. Opposite to it is the village of Appin. Mr. Seaton's residence, in this vicinity, commands one of the most romantic and extensive views of the islands, and over to the Sound of Mull, and of the mountains which run up to Fort William, that can possibly be conceived. The grounds

are



are well laid out, and the plantations occupy a great space. Corn also grows in this district more abundantly than in most parts of the Highlands, and the natives seem to be in comparatively more comfortable circumstances.

Ride by the water-side to Ballyhuish Ferry, where there is a small house of entertainment; and then proceed by Glenco, bounded by the most terrific precipices our author had ever seen, from which numerous torrents falling, form a river at the bottom.

As they passed this glen, it blew a storm. Sometimes the craggy mountains were hid in clouds, at others visible through the mist, which seemed to aggravate the gloom of this awful place. "Altogether," observes Mr. Newte, "this appeared a fit scene for the massacre of 1691, which leaves a stain on the memory of King William, or that of his ministers, or, perhaps, on both."

At the foot of these precipitous mountains is much verdure, and about its middle are a few huts. Trees are not very numerous, but there are sufficient vestiges of its formerly having been a forest.

Beyond this is the King's House, as it is called, a lonely hut, in the vicinity of which there seems neither to be habitation for man, nor food for beast.

Ride from hence, twenty-four miles, to Fort William, built in the reign of the prince from whom it derives its name. It is a triangle, with two bastions, and capable of containing eight hundred men; but it is commanded by several adjacent hills.

About a mile from this lies Inverlochy, an old castle, supposed to have been built by Edward I.



and on the river Lochy is a good salmon fishery, the joint property of Lochiel and the Duke of Gordon.

The estate of Lochiel, in this neighbourhood, is of great extent, and a considerable part of it is well adapted for cultivation; but is chiefly devoted to pasturage. Considerable quantities of kelp are made on the coast.

Our author here makes some very sensible reflections on the impolicy of extensive sheep-walks, from its tendency to depopulation; as one family is capable of attending as many sheep as several miles will graze.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
When wealth accumulates, and men decay;  
Princes and peers may flourish and may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

Some of Mr. Newte's suggestions respecting the mode of bettering the situation of the Highlanders well deserve the attention of the proprietors of estates; but, however benevolent and judicious his recommendations may be, they can be little interesting to those who have no local attachments, and therefore we pass them over.

On the banks of the river Lochy is a great extent of champaign, covered with a sort of moss, which, by means of sea-weed or lime, might be converted to good land, in the course of two or three years. Those manures, it is said, destroy the moss in one year; the next, potatoes may be raised; and the third, oats or barley. But notwithstanding such facilities, the spirit of improvement is but slowly gaining ground here:  
there



there is neither energy in the land-owner nor the occupier.

Maryborough, adjoining Fort William, is a small town, containing some tolerable houses, and a population of about five hundred souls. The chief employment is fishing; yet, from the quantities of wool produced in this district, and other corresponding advantages, a woollen manufactory bids fair to be attended with the most beneficial effects, if any person had a sufficient capital, and spirit of enterprise to establish one in this place.

On the 14th of July, leave Fort William, and take the road to Letter Findlay. Pass over High Bridge, on the river Spean, two of the arches of which are ninety-five feet high. The Spean is a very rapid river, running between lofty, perpendicular rocks into Loch Lochy, which empties itself into the Western Sea at Fort William.

The mountains on the north of the loch are of vast height, and barren, except towards their bases: on the south they furnish good sheepwalks, or are clothed with wood.

For some miles the road follows the trendings of this fine expanse of water, sometimes conducting through beautiful woods of alder and birch.

Soon after passing Loch Lochy, Loch Oich opens to the view, a narrow sheet of water, prettily indented and adorned with small sylvan islands. On the north shore stands Glengary, the seat of Macdonald, a modern edifice, and near it the ruins of an old castle, of eminence in days of yore.

Four miles beyond this lake, reach Fort Augustus, situated on a plain at the head of Loch Ness, between the rivers Tarff and Oich.

This



This fortress is formed by four bastions, and is capable of containing about four hundred men, but seems ill adapted for its destination, being commanded by several adjacent places. Near it is a small village and a tolerable inn, and below it a little pier, for small craft and boats. The surrounding mountains are rocky and barren, nor is there much vegetation in the bottom.

Proceeding on their tour, ascended a very high hill, to the south of the fort, and, on reaching its summit, were presented with a romantic landscape of hills and rocks, with small glens between, that produce a few acres of grazing land, intermixed with patches of grain.

After riding nine miles over this inhospitable track, arrive at the celebrated Fall of Foyers, at the upper end of a glen, beautifully shaded with birch trees. Above the fall is a very lofty arch, springing from two perpendicular rocks, and in the immediate vicinity, the whole body of the Tarff falls near fifty feet into the glen.

The largest cascade, however, is about a quarter of a mile below the bridge, and here the water rolls with horrid impetuosity down rocks two hundred feet high, foaming along, till it joins the tranquil Loch Ness. On a promontory, close by this river, is a gentleman's seat most romantically placed.

Proceed from the Fall of Foyers through a beautiful birch wood, to the General's Hut, a house of very ordinary accommodation, from whence the road goes by the side of Loch Ness, for twelve miles together, through charming northern woods.

Loch



Loch Ness is twenty-four miles long, and in some places a mile wide. Its bounding mountains are covered with heath, or feathered down with trees. Extensive plantations of fir continue the whole way to Inverness, which is about five miles distant from the lower extremity of Loch Ness.

On the north side of this great expanse of water, on a promontory of solid rock, stands Castle Urquhart, once the seat of the potent clan of the Cummins, "This lake," says Mr. Newte, "with its sylvan borders, and the lofty mountains, in which it is embosomed, together with its various other appendages and accompaniments, render it one of the most delightful scenes that imagination can conceive."

The soil towards Inverness is sandy, but productive in corn. In the river Ness much salmon is caught.

Inverness is a town of considerable magnitude, and its population is estimated at eleven thousand souls. It contains some tolerably built houses, but the streets are narrow and dirty. Ships of great burthen can ride within a mile of the town, and at high water, those of two hundred tons can come up to the quay.

Spinning thread and making linen cloth for domestic consumption, and sacking for exportation, is the principal business of the place.

On the north, are the remains of Oliver's Mud Fort, three of the bastions of which are still remaining. It was extremely well situated, and is now converted into factories, one part of it forms the basin for the reception of vessels. On the opposite side stood old Fort George, which was blown up by the rebels, in 1746.

The



The environs of Inverness are very picturesque. From the hill of Tomnaheurich is a fine view of the town, the Murray Frith, the river Ness, and the circumambient mountains.

Much grain is produced here, and so different is the climate from that at Fort William, that drought is frequently complained of. It seems that the mountains on the south-west, from which the rain generally comes, are so very high, that the clouds are arrested in their passage, and shed among them the greatest part of their moisture. By this means the eastern part of Scotland, which lies in their direction, is prevented from having its proportion of rain, while every part of the Highlands receives it in superabundance.

"The island of Great Britain," remarks Mr. Newte, "between Inverness and Fort William, assumes a very extraordinary and curious form. It is deeply indented on either side, and nearly divided by water, which might easily be made navigable all the way; but a considerable commerce alone would make a suitable return for the expence of such an undertaking."

Leaving Inverness, pass over Culloden Moor, and have an excellent view of Fort George, a strong and regular fortress, situated on a narrow neck of land, running into the Murry Frith. The barracks are very handsome, and form several good streets.

Reach Nairn, a small town, situated on an eminence, near the sea. The houses are generally built of stone, and are pretty good, except that quarter which is occupied by Highland huts. The principal employment of the men is fishing. The soil in the vicinity is fertile in corn.

Ride



Ride principally along the beach to Forres, a small, well-built town, pleasantly situated on an eminence. The environs have a cheerful appearance, and are dotted with some gentlemen's seats. The chief manufactures are coarse linen and sewing thread. On a hill, west of the town, are the remains of a castle, and a dreary view of a number of sand hills, covering a track of land, formerly in cultivation.

About a mile from the town, stands King Sweno's Stone, erected by the Scotch, in memory of the final retreat of the Danes; and, on a moor, about four miles farther, Shakespeare places the rencounter between Macbeth and the wierd sisters; and our author thinks very judiciously, as the women in this track are not remarkable for their beauty.

Pass the ruins of Kinlofs Abbey, near which Duffus, king of Scotland, is said to have been murdered by thieves.

Between Forres and Elgin, the soil is mostly sand, mixed with gravel. In some places, however, there is a tolerable crop of beare \* and oats.

Elgin is a pretty large town, and contains some good houses. The cathedral here still shews, from its ruins, what splendor it once possessed; and its demolition will ever reflect disgrace on the fanatical reformers. On the west of the town stood a castle, in a commanding situation; but little of it now remains.

The people here, as in all the little towns on this coast from Inverness, are employed in making thread and linen cloth.

Proceed to Fochabers, through several miles

\* A kind of barley.



of a sandy country, but fertile in corn. About five miles from Elgin, is a gentleman's seat, with very extensive plantations of fir, which our tourist thinks, occupy a track that had better been appropriated for raising corn. He seems to be of opinion, that the Scotch proprietors of land, anxious to obviate the imputed charge of their country being destitute of trees, are running into the other extreme, and planting where they ought to be cultivating. Perhaps, there is some justice in this remark; yet it must be confessed that, in Scotland, there are many thousands of acres which defy cultivation, and alone can be productive and beautiful, when covered with wood.

Cross the rapid Spey, at Fochabers, near which stands Gordon Castle, a very large and elegant building, the front of which extends near three hundred and fifty feet, and contains more than a hundred and twenty windows. The situation, however, is low, but the park contains some fine old trees, while the circumjacent hills are dotted with firs.

Old Fochabers consists only of miserable huts, but the new town has some good houses, and two tolerable inns. At this place is a manufactory for sewing thread.

Towards Cullen, the country is all the way rich in corn. On this road are a number of small seats, belonging to the Gordons, who have settled in the vicinity of their chief.

Cullen is a poor town, though pleasantly situated. Its principal ornament is Cullen House, the seat of the Earl of Finlater, standing on the edge of a glen, with extensive plantations round it. This mansion is very ancient, and large. A  
3 bridge



bridge of one arch is thrown over the glen, just by the house, at the bottom of which runs a rapid stream.

Pais, the little fishing town of Portsoy, standing on a small promontory, running into the sea; and the same night arrive at Bamff. The country between Cullen and this place is in a high state of cultivation, and the soil is good. Most of the cottages, and particularly the farm houses, are built of stone, covered with slates or tiles; a pleasing contrast with the miserable huts of the Highlands.

Bamff is a considerable town, and is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, close to the sea. It contains several streets, and many good houses. The salmon fishery in the river Deveron lets for 1000*l.* a year. The harbour, however, is very indifferent.

Near the town stands Duff-house, the seat of the Earl of Fife, a magnificent pile, with a square tower at each end, surrounded by plantations and walks, laid out with great taste. A bridge of nine arches is thrown across the river. Opposite to Bamff is the little town of Macduff, which is rising under the patronage of the Earl of Fife, who is expending considerable sums on its improvement.

Bidding adieu to Bamff, they pass through the village of New Deer, pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, watered by a small stream, and four miles farther reach Old Deer, once famous for its abbey. Between Bamff and New Deer, a great part of the land is in a high state of improvement, and fertile in corn and grass. Many of the bullocks fattened here are worth 25*l.* In the vicinity of Old Deer is held a large annual



fair for cattle, in July, for which they were preparing as our tourist passed. From this place to Peterhead, a distance of several miles, the soil is a stiff, cold clay; and the crops not very luxuriant.

Peterhead is a neat, well-built town, situated on a peninsula, and contains near three thousand people. A new pier has been erected here, of granite, at a considerable expence. The commerce carried on at this place, is chiefly to the Baltic and Dantzic. Near twenty vessels are employed in this and the coasting trade, besides some large sloops annually sent to fish among the western islands.

About two thousand barrels of cod-fish are annually caught in the immediate vicinity of Peterhead. The mineral well, however, at this place, standing near the verge of the tide, is the principal cause of its prosperity. The water operates as a strong diuretic, and is considered as very efficacious in removing obstructions in the bowels. Near the well is a very good ball-room, under which are two salt-water baths; and in summer much genteel company resort to the town. Not fewer than eight hundred persons are employed in a factory for sewing thread, at which girls can earn from 5d. to 1s. 3d. a day. Fish are so cheap, that a turbot, weighing twenty pounds, is sometimes sold for 4d.

Proceed to Bowness, near which are the celebrated Bulters of Buchan, and about two miles farther stands Slane's Castle, a very old seat of the Earl of Errol, built almost perpendicular on a cliff, which is constantly washed by the spray of the sea. In former times it must have been a very secure retreat.

Near



Near the house are some remarkable rocks, on which thousands of marine fowls build their nests.

From Slanes proceed to Ellon, a small village, near which the Earl of Aberdeen has a seat, surrounded by some tolerable plantations. From thence to Aberdeen the country is uninviting, full of heath and rocks, so that the plough cannot be used, except in a few spots.

At the northern extremity of Old Aberdeen, cross the Don by a lofty arch, and enter the town, consisting of one long street, indifferently built. King's College here, founded by James IV. has about a hundred and fifty students belonging to it, a majority of whom are lodged in it, the rest find apartments in the town. This building is not remarkably elegant, except the tower. The library, however, is a good room, and is well filled with books and manuscripts. The hall contains some good portraits.

The professors have but small salaries, and hence they are obliged to pay the greater attention to their different departments. "If a person," says Mr. Newte, "has a disposition to obtain learning and information, he may acquire them here, at a small expence; and without this disposition he will acquire them no where."

New Aberdeen adjoins to the old town of that name, and is an elegant city, bounded by the Dee. The streets are spacious, and the houses are lofty and built of granite, the same kind of stone with which the streets of London are paved. The college here was founded by Earl Marischall, and has about the same number of students as King's, but more of those live in it. The hall is a handsome room, with some fine portraits, and



the museum is well furnished with excellent instruments for experimental philosophy. The town-hall is spacious and elegant, as indeed are some of the public structures. The two cities of Aberdeen, including the suburbs, contain nearly twenty thousand inhabitants.

The foreign trade is chiefly to Holland and the Baltic. Its manufactures are woollen, thread, and cotton stockings, but principally the former, in which this place has gained great celebrity. Great quantities of salmon are caught both in the Dee and Don; besides other kinds of fish on the coast.

The pier of Aberdeen is one thousand two hundred feet long, strongly built of granite, at the expence of 16,000*l*. Meat, vegetables, and fish are very cheap, and the inns are good.

Cross the Dee, and proceed towards Stonehaven, over a country in general destitute of trees, except a few plantations of fir. Stonehaven is a small village, situated in a rocky bay. The inhabitants chiefly subsist by the fisheries.

About a mile to the south, on a high, perpendicular rock, almost surrounded by the sea, stands Dunotter Castle, the ancient seat of the Earls Marischall, a place, which before the invention of artillery, must have been quite impregnable.

Continue their route to Inverbervie, the road running on the cliffs by the sea-side. This is also a small village, but romantically situated between two hills, which terminate in high cliffs towards the sea.

From Inverbervie to Montrose, the land is highly cultivated, and produces excellent wheat, beare, and oats. The buildings are generally comfortable



comfortable and neat, and some gentlemen's seats have tolerable plantations round them

Two miles from Montrose, cross the North Esk, by a handsome bridge of seven arches. Montrose is a considerable town, well built, and situated on a sandy plain, washed by the river South Esk, which is navigable for ships of three or four hundred tons burden quite up to the town. A great deal of coarse linen cloth, canvases, and sewing thread is manufactured here; and the salmon fisheries turn to good account. The town-house is a handsome building, on porticos; and the English chapel is furnished with an organ. The environs are beautified with several seats, some of them belong to the merchants of this place; and the power of cultivation every where smiles around.

Pass through the small town of Brechin, where there is an old seat of Lord Panmure's, well surrounded by trees; and reach Forfar at night. This is a small town, but the country, as far as the eye can reach, is rich in corn. Near Forfar, in the bottom of a small piece of water, marl is found, and is reckoned so valuable for a manure, as to have produced 1800*l.* per annum.

Ride six miles to Glamis Castle, the seat of Lord Strathmore, an ancient pile, of great height, surrounded with curious conical turrets. In the centre is a spacious hall, with a cove ceiling, which, with its furniture, seems to be in its original state. The whole of the castle, in the opinion of our author, appears well calculated for the perpetration of the horrid deed which Shakespeare has recorded.

Beyond Forfar, the road is frequently bounded by hedge-rows, a sight not very common in this country,



country, except near gentlemen's seats. Refresh at Coupar, and afterwards make a digression from the road, to visit the old palace of Scone, now the property of Lord Stormont\*, who has made many modern additions. This palace, where the king's of Scotland were formerly crowned, is delightfully situated on the banks of the Tay, and commands some every picturesque views.

Cross the Tay, by a bridge of eleven arches, and arrive at Perth, in whose environs are some of the most extensive bleacheries in Scotland, and where the linen manufacture, in all its branches, flourishes to an uncommon degree. Here too the cotton manufacture begins to thrive, under the auspices of some patriotic noblemen and gentlemen. The river, which is navigable for ships of two hundred tons, conspires with an inland situation, and that vast extent of country, washed by different streams, which communicate with it, to render Perth one of the most prosperous places in the north. It has long been celebrated in Scottish history, as the frequent seat of parliament and the residence of kings, from whose bounty it derived, and now enjoys, a valuable domain, as well as many immunities, rights, and privileges.

The ancient Bertha, or Perth, was situated on the northern banks of the Almon, near its junction with the Tay; but in the year 1200, the town, with the very soil on which it stood, was swept off in one night, by a dreadful inundation. In this calamity many lives were lost, and among the rest an infant son of the king's, with his nurse and fourteen domestics.

\* Earl of Mansfield.

After



After this dreadful visitation, a new town was built on a fertile plain, two miles below, which has since flourished to an extraordinary degree, and is become no less famous for the elegance of its buildings, and the value of its manufactures, than for the politeness of its natives.

"The kings of Scotland," remarks Mr. Newte, "in the choice of a place of residence, naturally wished to unite, as much as possible, amenity, safety, and central situation. It would be difficult to find, in the whole kingdom, a spot which combined those advantages more happily than some in this vicinity, from which Perth derived no inconsiderable advantage. The greatest plain in Scotland, the Carse of Gowry, bounded by the highest ridge of mountains, enhanced the magnificence of each, by the light of contrast, while the Tay rolling, with impetuous majesty, through fertile fields, suddenly hides his head between the hills of Moncrieff and Kinnoul. This rapid river formed a strong barrier against any sudden attack of the Picts and the English: personal safety was secured by the sanctity of the place; and no spot in Scotland could be more desirable for a royal residence.

Leaving Perth, and passing through South Inch, ascend a gentle eminence, formed by the sloping base of the hill of Moncrieff, over which the great road is carried to Edinburgh. Here the traveller from the south is struck with the sudden appearance of Strathmore, the Grampians, the Tay, and the town and bridge of Perth; while the traveller from the north contemplates with pleasure the charming valley of Strathern, through which a river, of considerable magnitude, meanders in the most romantic and pleasing style. Beyond



Beyond it rise the Ochills, green and softly swelling, while gentle acclivities rise from the northern banks.

Strathern, it is remarked, is fuller of gentlemen's seats than any district of equal extent in Scotland; the lower part of the valley, a continuation, as it were, of the Carse of Gowry, from which it is separated by the Tay, is extremely fertile, and here stands Abernethy, the capital of the Picts.

Among the delightful places of residence which decorate Strathern, are Lawers, on a shelf of mountains, about four miles below Loch Ern; Auchtertyre, also on the side of a mountain, embosomed in a natural wood; Dollerie, the seat of the Laird of Crieff, who has forced the cold and barren moor to wear the verdant livery of the lawn; Abercarnie, and Pitkellenie, with others of less note; but all deserving the attention of the traveller, from the amenity of situation, or the elegance of improvement.

On a wing of the lofty mountain of Benvoirloch, which gradually rises from Loch Ern, till its precipitous, south-western front is seen from Stirling Castle, in a line with those of Ben Lomond, Ben More, and Ben Liddia, stands Castle Drummond, which commands a delightful, varied view, as far as the town of Dundee.

"Machany," says our tourist, "the ancient seat of the noble family of Strathallan, would have convinced Dr. Johnson, had he happened to visit it, that timber trees grow in Scotland; and that a veneration for the ancient ceremonies and orders of the church, is not banished wholly from the main land, to the western isles."

Innapaffray,



Innapaffray, the ancient seat of the Lords of Maudert, with its accompaniments, forcibly carries the mind back to the pristine situation and genius of this country. Passing along the banks of the Ern, on the remains of a Roman causeway, reach Dupplin, the residence of the Earls of Kinnoul. This mansion is sweetly embosomed in trees of vast growth, and enjoys every local advantage. About a mile westward is the house and wood of Invermay, the subject of a beautiful ballad, through which the river May precipitates itself, in many a fantastic form, till it discharges itself into the Ern, at the bridge of Forteviot. At the last named place, once stood a monastery, of which not a vestige is now left.

“It would be tedious,” says Mr. Newte, “to enumerate all the mansions, with accompanying pleasure grounds, which are in a continued chain, from the influx of the Ern and the May, to that of the former of those rivers with the Tay, a course of ten miles, and form one spacious and beautiful inclosure.”

In the Lower Strathern, is a famous cathartic spring, of eminent use in scorbutic and other cases, called Pitkethly Wells. The Upper Strathern has been denominated the Montpellier of Scotland, and is annually resorted to, during the summer, for the purity of the air, its goat whey, and its rural charms, by the inhabitants of the principal cities of the north. Woods, mountains, lakes, a dry soil, and flowing streams, conspire to render this one of the most charming spots that imagination can conceive. Here Erse and English are indiscriminately spoken.

About seventeen miles from Perth, and the same distance nearly from Stirling, stands the  
long



long, straggling village of Auchterarder, once a royal burgh, but now chiefly known as the seat of a presbytery, distinguished by a singular union of popish and antinomian principles. "The dark heath of the moors of Ochill and Tullibardin," says our author, "the naked summits of the Grampians, and the frequent visitations of the presbytery, who are eternally recommending fast days, and destroying the peace of society, by prying into little slips of life, together with the desolation of the place, render Auchterarder a melancholy scene."

About a mile south-west from this place, in a glen, stands Kincardine, the ancient seat of the Grahams; and directly opposite to this, at the southern foot of the Ochills, is Castle Campbell, the residence of the Argyle family. Between two such powerful neighbouring chiefs, in former days, it was impossible there could be lasting peace: they continually burnt each other's castles, and, as opportunity served, attacked or defended their respective domains.

In this vicinity runs the Devan, a truly pastoral stream, which rises in the Ochills. The scenery here is every where delightful; the verdure is luxuriant, and the variegated nature of the ground feasts the eye, at every step, with the novelty of prospect. In one part of the valley, through which the Devan winds, it has been obliged to force its way through obstructing rocks, and, in the lapse of ages, has worn away their softer parts, and formed immense pits, into which the water falls with tremendous fury and noise. Just below this awful scene, the whole river is precipitated, in one sheet, from the height of forty feet, upon huge stones, torn from the face



face of the rock. This fall, from the boiling appearance it exhibits, is called the Cauldron Linn. There is something in this scene, and its concomitant circumstances, which makes a solemn impression on the most giddy mind, and invites the most dissipated to serious reflection and sublime contemplation. Two or three hundred yards beyond this cataract, the river sinks into a placid calm, and quietly steals along its banks.

At Auchterarder, the country changes from corn to pasturage. In the Ochills, many black cattle are raised, and a few sheep, which are annually sold at Crieff and Blackford. As the country becomes improved, this species of traffic must decay. It is only while the people are poor, that they rear cattle for distant consumption, without retaining some for their own use.

Between Auchterarder and Dunblane, the country is, for the most part, barren, thinly inhabited, and ill cultivated. Pass the northern skirts of Sheriff Muir, the scene of action between the king's troops, in 1715, and those of the Pretender, under the Earl of Mar; and proceeding through Dunblane, formerly a bishop's see, travel through the most beautiful and fertile part of Strathallan, and, crossing the Forth, arrive at Stirling.

This town is built on the south side of a rock; the houses are old, and the streets narrow. The castle is founded on a cliff, whose perpendicular height, on the west side, is a hundred feet. Within the walls is the parliament-house, now unroofed, and falling to ruin. The palace, which is very large, is converted into barracks for soldiers.



"As the Scottish nation," well remarks our author, "extended their authority southward, by their conquests over the Picts and Danes, and their intermarriages with England, the usual places of their residence became more and more southerly also. Dunstaffnage was exchanged for Scone, Scone for Dunfermline and Falkland, Falkland for Stirling, Stirling for Linlithgow and Edinburgh, and at last Edinburgh for London. But amidst these changes, after the establishment of the monarchy of Scotland, the natural boundaries, which marked the land, confined, on the whole, the choice of a place of residence to that track which is bounded by the courses of the Forth and the Tay, on the south and the north; on the west by the mountains; and on the east by the ocean. From the lofty battlements," continues he, "of Stirling Castle, the royal eye surveyed, with pride, the bold outlines of an unconquered kingdom. The Grampians, the Ochills, and the Pentland Hills, conveyed a just idea of its natural strength; and the whole course of the Forth, with its tributary streams, exhibited a pleasing prospect of its natural resources in fishing, and in a soil which would repay the hand of diligent cultivation."

Leaving Stirling, they pursued their journey, by Bannockburn, the scene of a signal victory, gained by the Scots, in 1314, to Carron. Here the Carron Company have established a very large foundery for casting all sorts of warlike and domestic implements, in which they consume a hundred tons of coal per day. The bellows used here are of immense dimensions, and are worked by water. Four cylinders, of three feet diameter, are moved by one wheel, and the united  
wind,



wind, created by this force passes through a tube about a foot diameter, which is conveyed to the mouth of the furnace, where it is reduced to the size of an inch and a half. Such a quantity of air, compressed into so small a compass, must naturally act with great violence, and indeed it is sufficient to convert the iron into a fluid mass. Here they have four of those blast furnaces; and a pump for raising water, in dry weather, worked by four pistons, which throws up four tons of water at a stroke, or a hundred tons in a minute. It is almost needless to remark, that this amazing hydraulic engine is worked by steam.

About a thousand men are usually employed here. "To a person," says Mr. Newte, "who has not been accustomed to sights of this sort, the place would appear like Pandemonium; for liquid iron is running into the moulds of sand in all directions; and the men, who look like devils, are driving it about in iron wheelbarrows, through every part of the foundery. At night the whole place appears in a blaze, and by the assistance of a large piece of water, which makes a fine reflection, forms an exhibition indescribably awful."

Near Carron, the navigable canal from Glasgow communicates with the sea. This grand undertaking, which unites the Atlantic with the German Ocean, is forty miles long, and near fifty feet wide. Vessels come from Glasgow to the sea, by this communication in ten hours, amidst all the obstructions of locks, which were found necessary to be multiplied to a great degree in the course of the work. It appears, notwithstanding the trade carried on here, that this navigation



does not very liberally repay the undertakers, or, at least, did not at first.

Proceed through Falkirk to Linlithgow, through a pleasant, fertile country, studded with fine seats. The palace at Linlithgow is now a ruin; being wholly destroyed in the last rebellion. Here Mary, queen of Scots, was born, and the walls of her natal room are still pointed out to the curious. The town is large, and beautifully situated.

In the evening of the 28th of July reach Edinburgh\*. The castle, it is well known, is the most striking object in the old town, and it is built in such a situation, that it must have been impregnable before the invention of gunpowder; but is incapable of withstanding a regular siege for a few days. On the very summit of the rock, on which it stands, is a large square, consisting of ancient and modern buildings. In the former are shewn the room in which James I. of England was born, and an apartment, close bolted, said to contain the regalia of Scotland. It does not appear, however, that those ensigns of power have ever been seen by any person since the Union. The new buildings consist of barracks and an armory, and the square serves as a parade for the garrison, which consists of a regular establishment.

On the lower part of the rock, towards the north, stand the houses of the governor and fort-major. From this rock runs a steep ridge, about three quarters of a mile long, on which the old city of Edinburgh stands, forming a very wide

\* For a more particular description of the metropolis of the North, see Pennant, &c.



street, to the termination of the ridge at Holyrood House.

On each side of the ridge, that forms the base of the Scotch metropolis, is a very deep valley. The northern one was once filled with water, which is now drained off, and a lofty bridge thrown over the dry land, to form a more easy communication with the North, or New Town, which contains some spacious squares and elegant modern buildings. On the south side of the castle are several public structures, including the college and two hospitals. In this part of the city likewise lies St. George's Square.

"We were present," says Mr. Newte, "at the laying of the first stone of a new bridge, which is to form a communication from the south to the centre part of the city, in a straight line with the bridge already built to the north. To enumerate all the public buildings, which are intended to be erected in Edinburgh, would astonish any person who reflects, that this is not a commercial city."

The Parliament-house, where the Court of Session now sits, is about half as large as Westminster Hall. Under it is a public library, in which the public records are kept. Here they were shewn the Articles of Union, on twenty pages of folio parchment, each page containing about twenty lines only; "though, at this period," remarks our author, "more words are thought necessary in the marriage settlement of a Highland laird, or to convey an acre of land from one person to another."

Holyrood House, a large, quadrangular palace, has a number of spacious rooms, but those destined for royal state are unfurnished. The other



apartments are occupied by the Duke of Hamilton, who is hereditary keeper, or let to other noblemen. In the gallery are all the portraits of the kings of Scotland, many of them well executed.

The chapel, adjoining to the palace, is a handsome, Gothic structure, but the roof is tumbled in, from its excessive weight, and it now lies in ruins. Here they were shewn the bones of Henry Darnley, who appears to have been a very large man; and a kind of mummy, said to have been a Countess of Roxburgh, remarkably well preserved, but too indelicate to be exhibited.

In this place our author makes some judicious reflections on the spirit of adventure, which possesses the youth of this country, particularly the younger sons of honourable families, and those who have acquired a learned education. This spirit of adventure has introduced many improvements, and some wealth into their native country. "A great part of the Scottish youth," says he, "quit their native land, from about fifteen to twenty years of age, and pass through London, but without being naturalized in it, and enervated by its vices, to various countries, in pursuit of fame and fortune. Their hearts are by this time impressed with an attachment to their kindred, their acquaintances, and their native soil; and many of them, particularly the Highlanders, are well known to be subject to that *maladie du pais*, or desire of revisiting the place that gave them birth, which still more strongly affects the natives of Swisserland.

"Soldiers, sailors, merchants, physicians, and others, in whose imaginations Scotland has still been uppermost, amidst all their peregrinations, and



and all the vicissitudes of life, returning home with the earnings of industry and the favours of fortune, augment the general wealth of the nation. Scotland," adds he, "though barren in many things, is yet fruitful in men; and men are unquestionably the most important articles in any country."

As far as written memorials carry back our views, we find that a lettered education was very general in Scotland. In every parish, the clerk, who was also precenter and schoolmaster, was acquainted with the learning of the times, and capable of communicating it to others. Even at this time, the sons of mechanics and small farmers, after spending the summer and autumn in various rural occupations, go to the parish-school in winter, to learn writing, arithmetic, and sometimes Latin; for they are generally taught by their mother to read the Bible, and to repeat the articles of the Christian faith, as soon as they are capable of instruction. And a more delightful picture cannot be conceived, by human imagination, than that of a fond mother, plying her domestic toils, yet, at the same time, teaching the lisping infant the rudiments of learning, and the first principles of religion. To the early religious education of the Scotch, is to be ascribed that general taste for literature which pervades all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. But to return from this digression.

If the New Town of Edinburgh excels the Old in beauty, elegance, and commodiousness, the Old excels the New in variety, boldness, and grandeur of aspect. Both of them bear marks, and are emblematical of the ages in which they received their complexion and form. The New



Town is only remarkable for elegance and beauty; but the Old is romantic to a high degree. It is boldly terminated by the castle towards the west, and still more nobly bounded by Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat on the east; the last derives its name from the British prince, Arthur, who defeated the Saxons in this vicinity, and the former from an Earl of Salisbury, who accompanied Edward III. in an expedition against the Scots.

Arthur's Seat rises in a bold, abrupt manner, till its rocky summit reaches five hundred feet from the base. On the west side of this hill lie Salisbury Crags, a vast assemblage of basaltic rocks. These furnish numerous curiosities to the mineralogist and naturalist, and afford an inexhaustible supply of paving and building stones. The quarrymen have worn down part of the Crags into a spacious terrace, about half way from the bottom; and from this there is a near, but beautiful prospect of Edinburgh and its environs.

The view from the top of Arthur's Seat is much more noble and extensive. The German Ocean, the course of the Forth, the distant Grampians, and an intervening track, rich in population and culture, form altogether a varied landscape of sublimity and beauty.

"The silence, solitude, and rugged aspect of these neighbouring hills, elegantly observes Mr. Newte, "with the adjacent morasses and lakes, form a striking contrast with the hurry, the din, and the artificial embellishments of the city; while the bustle, the anxiety, and the constraint of a city life, on the other hand, set off and endear the charms of these rural haunts, whose genius, from the wild heights of nature, looks down  
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with pity at the vain cares, and with contempt on the proudest edifices of toiling mortals. This romantic ground," continues he, "this assemblage of hills, rocks, precipices, morasses, and lakes, was inclosed by James V. and formed into a park, belonging to the palace of Holyrood House, with which it communicates. Both park and palace, with certain portions of land adjoining to the latter, afford an asylum for insolvent debtors, who, in this spacious prison, have, at least, what few furnish—abundant air and exercise."

Arthur's Seat, on the south, is in many parts a perpendicular rock, composed of basaltic pillars, regularly pentagonal or hexagonal, about three feet in diameter, and from forty to fifty feet high. At the bottom of these columns is a lake of considerable extent, on the other side of which stands Duddinston, the charming, sequestered seat of the Marquis of Abercorn. Though within two miles of the city, this villa is totally concealed from it, and has all the rural scenery which could be expected in remote situations.

On the north-east side of Edinburgh, rises Calton Hill, crowned with an observatory. A pleasant, serpentine walk runs round this eminence, from which there is a commanding view of Edinburgh, and of a great extent of the circumjacent country.

Leith, lying upwards of a mile from Edinburgh, is the sea-port of that city, and has about a hundred vessels belonging to it. There is a tolerable pier at this place, and the harbour is formed by the conflux of the river Leith with the sea.

This town contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and, being situated on the very brink of  
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the Forth, is certainly much more commodious for trade than Edinburgh. Hence the inhabitants of the latter have always been jealous of its prosperity; and have by influence obtained the superiority, which in all probability they will ever retain.

Between Edinburgh and Leith is a botanical garden, of five acres, well stocked with plants of various kinds. The soil is, in general, light, sandy, or gravelly; yet trees, as well as more tender plants, thrive extremely. Here botanical lectures are read every day in the summer season. To promote this useful and elegant institution, the British parliament granted about 2000*l.* and the city of Edinburgh 25*l.* annually, for paying the rent of the ground.

The clear revenue of the city of Edinburgh, after deducting the regular, annual payments, is 12,000*l.* sterling, and it certainly would have amounted to much more, had not the introduction of tea, and the progressive use of that infernal spirit, whisky, lessened the consumption of malt liquor, from the sale of every pint of which, within its royalty and jurisdiction, it has a duty of two-pence Scotch\*, or two-thirds of one-half-penny English.

This duty in Edinburgh, about a hundred years ago, amounted to 4000*l.* per annum; in the year 1724, it reached the sum of 7939*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; but in 1776, it had dwindled away to 2197*l.* Such are the fatal effects, not only to individuals, but the public, from dram-drinking, and the discontinuance of that wholesome beverage, beer. To

\* Most, or all of the royal boroughs in Scotland, enjoy the same grant.



raise a revenue from ardent spirits, unless one so high as to be almost prohibitory, is to sport with the morals, the property, and the lives of the people. No casual-encouragement to agriculture from distilleries, no paltry compensation in exchequer returns, can be put in the balance against national dissipation, depopulation, corruption, and ruin.

“It would be good policy,” remarks our author, “to raise, by all means, the duty on spirits and malt, and to lower it on ale and beer.” This commutation would contribute greatly to the health and population of the country, and have a happy influence on the national wealth and morals.

“Whisky,” as a lively writer observes, “is ill qualified to quench the thirst of a palate spiced, salted, and peppered with a red herring, an oaten cake, and an onion. In former days, when people were at liberty, without restraint, to turn their barley into wholesome ale, men of all ranks would meet together, either at home or in some house of entertainment, and enjoy the tale or song in favour of Caledonia, over a cup of native ale, and the produce of the fishing hook and net, stretched out by cheerful hands on their native shores; but where is the salamander that can now make a comfortable repast on a gill of whisky and a pickled herring?”

Every writer and traveller, from the south part of this island, takes occasion to remark the happy exemption which the Scotch enjoy from poor's rates, and the consequent independence of their characters. “Though there is no poor's tax in Scotland,” says our author, “there is not a people in the world, among whom real objects of compassion



passion find readier protection and assistance. To the honour of the lower class of the Scotch, they think it disgraceful to beg, and even to accept the smallest charitable donation. They therefore, for the most part, pursue their different paths of industry, as long as they are able to crawl about, and subsist rather on the private bounty, however scanty, of their nearest relations, than make their wants known to the parish. It is only real and urgent necessity that obliges the humbled Scot to accept of the eleemosynary contributions of his countrymen, which are not compulsory but voluntary." When the late Lord Kin-noul retired from public life in England, to his paternal estate in Perthshire, he was astonished to find there was not one pauper in the parish. The collection at the church door on Sundays was either sent to other parishes, or laid out at interest, as a growing fund for contingencies. His lordship, the sole proprietor of the parish, struck with this circumstance, recommended to the kirk-session to distribute the weekly contribution among poor cottagers. Of these, however, there was not one who would accept a shilling; and at last, when it was offered in the form of flax to poor, but industrious, women, they did not accept of it without hesitation and reluctance.

This sense of honour, among the lowest people in Scotland, is a powerful restraint on dissipation, and an incentive to industry; while, it is justly remarked, that the parliamentary provision for the poor in England, encourages idleness, insolence, and debauchery, and increases the load of taxation on the industrious and sober part of the nation.

The principal hospitals in Edinburgh, are Herriot's



riot's Hospital, Watſon's Hospital, the Charity Workhouſe, the Infirmary, the Merchant's Hoſpital, the Trade's Hoſpital, the Orphan Hoſpital, and the Trinity Hoſpital; all which have conſiderable revenues, and, in general, are well directed to the objects of their institution.

The University, though not the moſt ancient, is certainly the moſt reſpectable in this part of the kingdom. It enjoys many immunities and privileges, and the town-council of Edinburgh, its abſolute patrons and governors, can not only inſtitute new profeſſorſhips and elect profeſſors, but depoſe them alſo.

At the reſtoration, the ſtudents at this University appear to have been much tainted with the fanatical principles of the Covenanters; but ſince the reign of King William, the ſole object of conteſt and ambition, has been the advancement of ſcience. Cherished by the munificence of the ſovereign, and the faithful attention of the magiſtrates, the University has been gradually advancing in reputation. New profeſſorſhips have been inſtituted, as men of eminence appeared to be candidates for the chairs; and in every branch of ſcience, connected with medicine, Edinburgh may fairly be allowed to take the lead, not only in Britain, but in Europe. Out of a thouſand ſtudents, who are reckoned to reſort annually to this ſeminary of learning, not leſs than four hundred are purſuing the ſtudy of medicine.

The different profeſſors are claſſed into four faculties, thoſe of theology, law, medicine, and the arts.

The Grammar, or High School, is a moſt reſpectable ſeminary of learning, of conſiderable extent, and is under very able maſters.

People



People resort to Edinburgh on business, amusement, or education. The characters of men of business are, in all countries, nearly the same. The Highlanders generally perform the lower offices of drudgery and labour; and of this order of men, the town-guard is chiefly composed. A chapel has been allotted to their use, in which divine service is performed in Erse.

Genteel families live a good deal in Edinburgh, not only for the pleasure of society and amusement, but for the education of their children. This practice grows every day more and more frequent; and occasions a more equal balance between people of fortune and trade, than is to be found in any other city that is destitute of a court.

Indeed, the number of lawyers alone is sufficient to distinguish the Scotch metropolis, and to give a tone to its manners. No profession is so much followed as that of the law; nor is any thing of equal dignity and importance as the Court of Session. Hence the bar is the grand ladder of ambition; and among the young men in particular, there is said to be a turn for disputation which, to a stranger, is not always agreeable, but which gives them a logical acuteness, no where more generally diffused.

In fact, the two branches of science that are studied with the greatest ardor in Edinburgh, are metaphysics and medicine; and the professors in the various branches of learning, dependent on each, have gained a celebrity which it would be uncandid to deny, and idle to conceal. The names of Smith, Robertson, Black, Cullen, Munro, and many others, who have flourished here, will descend to posterity with eclat. Of  
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some living honours to the University and to learning itself, it is unnecessary to speak.

“The grand incentive,” says Mr. Newte, “to those admirable efforts that are made by the professors of Edinburgh, for the instruction of youth and the advancement of knowledge, is necessity. Their salaries are, on the whole, insignificant; they depend chiefly on the fees given by their pupils. The students here, and indeed at the other universities in Scotland, are called upon to give an account of the lectures they receive in the public class, like scholars in classical schools. Thus the industry of the young gentlemen is excited by a principle of honour and ambition.”

Religion in Edinburgh, and indeed throughout Scotland, has lost much of the austerity with which its lustre was once obscured; yet still there is a party among the ministers, as well as the people, who study to raise the ecclesiastical above the civil power, in every thing that has the most distant relation to the church. They contend, not only that the people have an inherent right of choosing their own pastors, but also that to them belong the temporalities formerly annexed to livings by the zeal or bigotry of their popish ancestors. Thus, though they reject the doctrine, they have no objection to the funds by which it was propagated and supported.

This doctrine of the right of disposing the patrimony of the church, were it generally adopted, would be extremely dangerous to the civil government. Were the people permitted to govern the church, they would soon think they had a right to control the state. The magistrates of boroughs in Scotland have frequent occasion to observe, how fond the popular clergy are, not



only of conducting spiritual, but also temporal affairs. A magistrate of Edinburgh, reflecting on this pragmatical turn in a clergyman, observed, "I ventured my life, in a storm, to bring him across the Frith, and I would now venture it a second time to carry him back again."

Mr. Newte remarks, that in Edinburgh there is a variety of clubs among the men, in which hard drinking is still kept up, though not to such an excess as formerly; and that the young women are not quite so domestic as their grandmothers were, but more fond of strolling in the streets.

The people of Edinburgh, as well as the Scotch nation in general, are commonly observed to possess great presence of mind, as well as great resolution, in situations of difficulty and danger. Even mobs have often conducted their designs with all the address and perseverance of legitimate assemblies. A striking example of this occurred in 1736, in the murder of Captain Porteus, commandant of the city guard, who had ordered his men to fire on the riotous populace, by which some of them were killed; and who, being tried for this act of necessary or wanton severity, was condemned, but reprieved. The Edinburghers considered this royal exercise of mercy as an insult to the dignity of their city; and fired with resentment, they dragged the unhappy officer from his prison, and hanged him in public; after which they dispersed in perfect tranquillity to their respective places of residence. The principal agents in this outrage were well known, yet no one would impeach them, and they escaped the vengeful enquiries of government, by the fidelity and favour of their fellow citizens.

Having



Having spent a few days very agreeably at Edinburgh, our tourist and friends left it on the 5th of August, and proceeded to Kelso, through Dalkeith, where the Duke of Buccleugh has an elegant seat; beyond which the country gradually becomes more mountainous, barren, and thinly inhabited.

Kelso is one of the most beautiful spots in Scotland. The town, though small, is well built, and is delightfully situated on the banks of the Tweed, over which is an elegant bridge, just below the conflux of the Teviot and the Tweed. From this bridge is a charming view of the town of Fleurs, the elegant residence of the Duke of Roxburgh, and of some other handsome seats. The surrounding country is sylvan, and highly improved; and the ruins of the abbey give a mellow tint to the scene.

At the distance of two miles, however, from Kelso, on either side, the country, though more open, is much less diversified, and is too naked for imagination to dwell on; yet there are evident traces of great pains having been taken to improve it, and the success has been in some measure commensurate to the labour and expence that have been bestowed.

Ride by the side of the Tweed to Coldstream; and crossing an elegant bridge of five arches, enter England, and soon after pass Flouden Field, where the Scotch were routed with signal loss, and James IV. was killed.

Millfield Plain, where this battle was fought, extends about five miles each way, and is wholly surrounded with mountains of sterile aspect, among which the Cheviot Hills form the southern boundary.



Pass through Wollerhaugh-head, a poor town; and from thence to Alnwick, through a wild and uncultivated country.

Alnwick Castle\*, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, is a very large, octagonal pile of building, the inner court forming a circle, and in it are the principal state apartments and bed-chambers. The library is very spacious; and the chapel, which is fitted up in the Gothic style, is lighted by a large window, painted with great taste. The Gothic genius prevails over the whole edifice. On the battlements are numerous statues of warriors, in various attitudes of defence, which give the idea of their being actually engaged in repelling some hostile attack. On the right of the inner gate is still to be seen a dungeon, with an iron grate, the Gothic emblem of lawless and arbitrary power.

The grounds round Alnwick are of great extent, and reach to the sea. Most of the improvements, both in the castle and its accompaniments, are modern; and the plantations, in general, want the venerable appearance of age.

The town of Alnwick is not very extensive, but neat and well built. The east and west gates are very ancient; and, towards the north, the duke has erected an elegant gateway, surmounted with a handsome tower.

"Were the dukes of Northumberland," observes Mr. Newte, "in these peaceable times, disposed to exercise the same ardor in the promotion of arts and commerce, which their ancestors formerly displayed in arms, Alnwick, and the adjacent country, might be rendered as fa-

\* See Pennant, &c.



mous for manufactures, as they were formerly renowned for bloody battles. There is not in any part of Britain better wool than that which is produced in the hilly tracks, in the south of Scotland and the north of England. This circumstance, with abundance of fuel and vicinity to the sea, is sufficient to prove this position."

Our author having now got on ground often beaten, discontinues his journal; but we subjoin some of his concluding reflections, which, in general, are equally honourable to his head and his heart.

"It appears," says he, "that in former times much emulation and great animosities prevailed between the people of England, living on the south side of the Trent, and those living on the north. The famous Roger Ascham, a North Trentian, and preceptor to Queen Elizabeth, condescended to write a book, to vindicate the dignity of the northern counties of England from the aspersions of their southern neighbours. We are somewhat at a loss, at this day, to account for the disputes, and even the hostilities that prevailed a few centuries ago, between the people on this side and beyond the Trent. The time will come, when we will, in like manner, wonder at the animosities which still, in some degree, take place among the vulgar, on this side and beyond the Tweed.

"That the people of England and Scotland may be still more effectually united, I would propose, that in all the sheriff's courts in Great Britain, trials should be determined by juries: and that the Bishop of Durham should be diocesan of all the qualified Episcopalians in Scotland. It were also to be wished, that the royal



burghs were restored to their original freedom of constitution, by which the inhabitants enjoyed, as they ought, the right of chusing their own magistrates, and demanding an account of the common revenue or estate.

“Farther still, it were to be wished, though not yet to be expected, that the right of voting in the election of representatives in parliament were extended, as in England, to all who possess freeholds of 40s. annual rent.—I say, not yet to be expected; because it is not improbable, that this may one day be effected by the progressive and mutual influence of industry, wealth, and a spirit of liberty, which may break entails, split aristocratical domains into a thousand pieces, and assert the rights of freemen\*. If this shall not be the case, the political importance of the people of Scotland, instead of being increased, must be diminished; for nothing human is absolutely stationary. But there is a spirit in Scotland, at the present moment, that presages a brighter prospect, and which may repay to the sister kingdom, and that perhaps in a time of need, the generous fire which was kindled by her example and laws.

“If any of the foregoing observations,” continues our tourist, “may be deemed, in any de-

\* We hesitate very much in our belief, that to increase the popular influence in the Scotch boroughs, or to extend the elective franchise for counties, would be for the happiness or interest of the country. Put an end to feasting in corporations, and treating of every kind at elections, and, depend upon it, democratic turbulence would be speedily composed. It is less the exercise of power that is wished for, than the right to riot in occasional intemperance. This hint is intended for politicians. It originates from deep reflection and attentive observation.

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gree, useful or instructive, it will be matter of great satisfaction to the author, whose principal intention, in taking the liberty of publishing them, is to induce men of learning and genius, of property and patriotism, to visit a part of this island, which has hitherto been too much neglected, and where there is an ample field for improvement.

“Expanded and cultivated minds may, by ocular demonstration, be convinced of the truth of this assertion; and while they are preserving health by exercise, and enjoying the beautiful and romantic scenery which will every where be presented to their view, they may derive the first of all gratifications, that of giving additional stability to the united kingdom of Great Britain, by promoting agriculture, encouraging its manufactures and fisheries, and by emancipating a great part of the inhabitants of this island from sloth and idleness, make them active and useful members of society.

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It was originally our intention to have again made the tour of Scotland, under one or two other guides, but on comparing what we had already done in that part of the island, with what remained to be done in other directions, we have at last resolved to conclude with Mr. Newte. It is some satisfaction, however, to reflect that, after accompanying a Pennant, & Johnson, and our present author, little but gleanings can remain for the most penetrating and industrious; and consequently our readers had nothing farther of any importance to expect. Improvements in arts and manu-



manufactures, in agriculture, building, and local embellishment, we are sensible are rapidly going forward in the sister kingdom, and that a very few years are making a constant change in those respects; but the grand outline, and leading circumstances of the country, must long remain the same. The manners indeed are less subject to variation, yet the manners have undergone a complete revolution, within the present century. Whatever can adorn, or give a new charm to social or private life, is now diligently studied and pursued; and there is greater reason to fear, that luxurious refinements, arising from increasing opulence, will too suddenly strike and expand, than that the natives of the North will be behind hand in elegance and improvement with the more southern division of the island.

TOUR



TOUR  
TO THE  
WEST OF ENGLAND,

BY THE  
REV. STEBBING SHAW, M. A.

FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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IT is a common remark, that the prevailing taste of every writer is indicated in his earliest works; and tourists, of all others, have certainly the greatest facilities of displaying their native predilections. Whether fond of picturesque description, or of retracing scenes that are past; whether attached to commercial or political enquiries, or animated with the nobler ambition of investigating the moral science of man, as he falls under review, each taste may exercise its propensity to advantage in travels; and from the same objects, embody the representation most strongly impressed on the mind. In Mr. Shaw, we have a confirmation of this position. The antiquarian researches, in which he indulged during his tour, one of his first publications, were but an earnest of those labours and minute enquiries, which were to shine with distinguished lustre, in the future historian of Staffordshire.

As



As it does not, however, fall within our plan to enter into deep investigations, respecting antiquities, or to give a detail of the transfers of property, we shall lightly skim the surface with this agreeable writer, and refer those, who wish for more particular information, to the fountain head, from whence we have derived our present supplies.

"That the human mind is happiest," remarks Mr. Shaw, at his commencement, "when its powers are in a progressive state of improvement, will not, I believe, be denied. Employment, concordant with its high nature and exalted wishes, is absolutely necessary, to enable it to enjoy that blissful state, of which it is capable, even in this world. He, therefore, who can exercise his intellectual faculties in a manner worthy of them, promotes materially his own happiness at least; and if he can add any thing instructive or entertaining to the knowledge of others, deserves no mean praise from the public."

"It was," continues he, "with this conviction, that last summer, when the town began to grow dull and empty, and all nature was in its most beautiful state, we determined to undertake a tour through some part of England. To mark the varying face of countries; to view the beautiful and stupendous buildings, which ages, so unlike our own, either awed by fear, or inspired by religion, have erected; or to examine the modern ornaments of architecture, to tread on the ground where heroes and sages have been nursed, or have resided; to behold, with pensive regret, the decay of ancient families; to trace and to observe the rise and fall of cities, are intellectual



telleetual exertions, that surely may delight the most cultivated minds."

Reflecting that there had been numerous descriptions of the north of England and Scotland, while the western beauties of the island had been little noticed, they determined to take their route in that direction.

The summer of 1788, had been dry and backward, but in August the rains had at last fallen, which gave a fresh appearance to the face of nature, and invited them abroad. They were, however, some days in deliberation about the exact course they should pursue; during which they visited several places in the environs of London; but our author makes, in the first place, a few observations and reflections on the metropolis itself, which is replete with all that is wonderful in art, or gratifying to the philosopher.

Without adverting to the early ages of its foundation, if we compare its present appearance with that only in Queen Elizabeth's time, the difference is almost incredible. It is certain, that the greater part of the space from Temple Bar, westward, was quite in the country, except a few houses and gardens of the nobility, on the banks of the Thames. Covent Garden, was literally a garden, and Holborn and St. Giles exhibited only a few scattered buildings.

The rapidity with which the west end of the metropolis has risen, is well illustrated by the following anecdote. Lord Burlington, being asked why he built his house in Piccadilly, so far out of the town; replied, because he was determined to have no building beyond him. In little more than half a century, however, Burlington

House



House has been deeply embosomed in streets on all sides.

Towards the east and north, the city was also much circumscribed to what it is at present. The Tower was quite detached. Whitechapel had but few buildings, and Spitalfields exhibited nothing but trees and hedge-rows.

The villages that surround London on every side, greatly partake of its influence, and the yearly increase of buildings in them is most astonishing. The citizens, anxious to breathe a little fresh air, had lodgings or houses in the immediate suburbs; these they were obliged to relinquish, from the great increase of buildings; and thus those, who wish to be free from the smoke and din of the metropolis, have made successive removes, till at last they are under the necessity of travelling some miles from the centre, before they can feel, or fancy themselves to be in the country.

One of the first excursions Mr. Shaw took from London, was along the Edgware Road, which presented them with a prospect of fertile fields, well fringed with woods. Near Edgware is Cannons, once celebrated, and still remembered for the magnificent seat built here by the splendid Duke of Chandos, who lived in a style, and exercised an hospitality that almost eclipsed royalty itself. Munificence, however, rather than vanity, seems to have prompted his expences: he was the patron of literature and the arts, and possessed a most generous and feeling heart. It is with indignation, therefore, that our author, and indeed every person of moral honesty and honour, reflects on the unmerited abuse of Pope, in his description of Timon's Villa; particularly when



when it is known, that he could have no other place but Cannons in view, and that he had previously been considerably indebted to this liberal nobleman, for a benefaction of 1000*l.* as well as for inferior marks of attention. Pope indeed was ashamed of what he had done, and tried to shift the obloquy from him, by strenuously denying the application that had been made to Cannons, on which subject he wrote to the duke. His grace, with a magnanimity which must have abashed the satiric poet, returned an answer to this effect. "That to have ridiculed his taste or his buildings would have been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Mr. Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had passed between them, it had been less easily excused."

The prophecy of the poet, in these concluding lines of his description of Timon's Villa, has received a remarkable completion:

Another eye shall see the golden ear  
Imbrown the slope, and nod in the parterre,  
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,  
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

The duke died in 1744, and three years after, "this large and costly palace, by a fate as transient as its owner's," says Mr. Walpole, "as if in mockery of sublunary grandeur, fell by public auction to Hallet, the cabinet-maker."

The bargain it seems was a good one; and the descendants of Mr. Hallet have since realized considerable landed property in Berkshire, which supported two ancient families at the head of their country, during a long and important period of our history. The present villa at Cannons was built out of some of the materials of the palace,



and sold to O'Kelly, the champion of the turf. Part of the grand avenue is still remaining, and the grounds on each side retain, to this day, some traces of a park.

More northward and nearer London, are the beautiful hills of Hampstead and Highgate, which for the salubrity of the air, and the command of prospects, are justly admired.

From Hampstead Heath is a circular view, of great extent and beauty, not only over the metropolis and its suburbs, but also over a vast range of rich and varied country.

In the vicinity lie Caen Wood, the noble seat of the Earl of Mansfield, and Fitzroy Farm, the elegant villa of Lord Southampton. The former, besides the fine architectural designs, which do honour to the taste of Mr. Adam, has all the charms of scenery and accompaniment that can render a country seat delightful.

They next made an excursion through the east parts of Middlesex, to Wanstead House, on the verge of Epping Forest, passing through Islington, and a succession of streets; and where they are discontinued, the road is lined on each side with handsome villas, that bespeak the opulence of the country.

Wanstead House was built by Sir Josiah Child, a merchant in London, whose family were ennobled under the title of Lords Tilney; but the peerage becoming extinct, the property here fell to Sir James Tilney Long, of Wiltshire.

Entering the park by iron gates, the road winds circularly on each side of a large piece of water, in a shade of beautiful elms. Advancing, the beauties of the front became more and more conspicuous.



conspicuous. The whole is of Portland stone, and the style of architecture is most striking.

The entrance to the principal front is by a fine flight of steps on each side, under a portico of eight Corinthian pillars, supporting a rich pediment, sculptured with the Tilney arms. There are twenty windows on a floor, which convey an idea of great length; but such is the justness of proportion between the parts and the lightness of the design, that a person must be destitute of taste, to view this noble structure without admiration. The architect was Mr. Colin Campbell, who has furnished hints to succeeding artists, but has never been rivalled by any imitations of his manner.

The elegance of the interior corresponds with the first impression the exterior is sure to give. The hall is a very magnificent apartment, finely painted with historical subjects; and the gallery, or ball-room, whose dimensions are seventy-five feet by twenty-seven, is singularly grand. The furniture and decorations are of a piece with the splendor of the apartments.

The gardens and pleasure grounds are extensive and beautiful, delightfully shaded with trees, and enlivened by water. The grotto is a splendid and expensive specimen of shell-work, intermixed with fossils and petrifications.

Crossing the Thames to the east of London, rode over Blackheath, and visited Greenwich Park and Hospital. The former is attractive for its beautiful and varied views; the latter makes an impression on every heart of sensibility, not only by its beauty, but from the benevolent purpose to which it is assigned.



Having now finally settled their route, on the 26th of August they left London, by the Oxford road, and on their left had a view for some time of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. The next object of attention was Gunnesbury House, which was built by Inigo Jones, and exhibits some of the bold but simple graces of that great architect.

About two miles farther, they made a digression from the road, a little to the left, to see Osterley House, a magnificent pile, originally built by Sir Thomas Gresham; but afterwards came into the possession of the Childs, in whose family it still remains.

The park is nearly five miles round, well watered and planted, but by no means picturesque. The house stands nearly in the centre, and is built in the form of a half H, with an immense portico in front, under which you enter the hall, a magnificent room, sixty-three feet long, and in other respects proportionable. The collection of paintings at Osterley, is of the first estimation. The gallery is no less than a hundred and thirty-six feet long, by twenty-seven wide; and its sides are hung with some of the finest productions of the pencil. The views from some of the windows of this house are eminently beautiful, as they command scenes, which the flat situation of the park denies.

From hence to Uxbridge, the country is champaign and unvarying. The distant view of Harrow-on-the-Hill alone relieves the eye, that is fond of the picturesque; but whoever delights in fertility, will have no reason to complain of gratification in this ride.

Between



Between Hillingdon and Uxbridge, on the right, is a white house, pleasantly situated, and well adorned with wood, the residence of the Marchioness of Rockingham. Farther on, they left Harefield, once famous for its being the seat of the Countess of Derby, before whom Milton's *Arcades* was there presented.

Uxbridge is a considerable market town, which, in Leland's time, consisted of one long street, built of timber. The church is only a chapel of ease to Hillingdon. In Camden's time it was full of inns; but considering its proximity to London, our author thinks they are at present very indifferent.

Crossing the Coln, they now entered the county of Bucks, and pursued their way for a few miles along the Oxford road, but soon took that which leads to Amersham. Passed at a distance, on their left, Bulstrode Park, the seat of the Duke of Portland. The park is extensive, tastefully planted, and varied with perpetual swells and slopes, though the environs are generally champaign.

Still proceeding through a continued beautiful vale, on the same hand, they left Beaconsfield, made immortal by the birth and residence of Waller the poet, whose descendants still remain, and in later times, by being the country retreat of Edmund Burke.

Leave Cheneys on the right, formerly the seat of a family of that name; but afterwards the residence of the Russels, earls of Bedford, from the time that family rose to distinction, till Woburn Abbey supplanted it.

Amersham is an ancient town, and sends two members to parliament; but, at present, it can



neither boast of elegance nor extent. Here they rested a night, and next morning resumed their journey up the same delightful valley, and soon passed Shardeloes, the seat of Mr. Drake, who has, with much taste, and at a considerable expence, improved the mansion, park, and grounds. The latter are beautifully waved and planted.

Farther on, passed Chesham Boys, once the seat of the ancient family of the Cheneys, of whom William was created, by Charles II. Viscount Newhaven of Scotland. Behind Chesham is Latimers, the seat of Lord George Cavendish.

Continuing their progress through the same charming vale, whose bounding hills are sometimes feathered down with trees, particularly beech, they came to Missenden. The prevailing soil is chalk, and the whole track is called Chiltern, from the Saxon word chilt.

At Missenden saw the remains of the abbey, now converted into a farm house. It was founded, according to Camden, by the D'Oyleys, but according to others, by the Missendens.

Three miles on the left of this place, they had a view of Great Hampden, the seat of the Hampdens, an ancient and distinguished family. In the reign of Edward III. they were mulcted, according to the following couplet :

Tring, Wing, and Ivingo did go,  
For striking the Black Prince a blow.

In the last century, the blow they struck was longer felt, though the event to them was different. Misfortune seems to have attended the race. The patriot, Hampden, it is said, was killed by the bursting of his own pistol in action; his grandson put a period to his own existence; and



and his son, while paymaster, speculated with the public money, in the infamous South-sea scheme, and lost nearly 100,000*l.* which swallowed up the greatest part of his estate. He died without issue, and the name and estate soon passed to the Trevors, now Viscounts Hampden.

Reach Wendover, a small, ordinary, market-town, which, however, has the privilege of sending two members to parliament. The houses are very indifferent, and the inhabitants are chiefly supported by the manual industry of lace-making, the principal manufacture of the county. Here the hills swell into mountains, and the woods become extensive.

They now descended into the rich vale of Aylesbury, a fine champaign track, famous for its pastures, and not less for its grain.

Aylesbury is a considerable market-town, situated on an eminence, overlooking the surrounding level country. In the time of the Saxons, it was a place of strength, and William the Conqueror disposed of some of the lands here, under the singular tenure, of finding him litter and straw for his bed-chamber, when in that vicinity, and of furnishing his table with eels in winter, and green geese in summer.

To the munificence of Lord Chief Justice Baldwin, this town owes much. He not only erected several public buildings, but raised a causeway, three miles long, over a foundering road. The town hall is a handsome, modern structure, where the assizes are annually held. The church is cruciform, with a small spire rising out of a low tower, and has evident marks of antiquity.

On the left of Aylesbury stands Eythorp, belonging to the Stanhopes, and beyond this Upper Winchenden,



Winchenden, once the residence of the eccentric and dissipated Duke of Wharton, whose character Pope has delineated in such a masterly manner; and now the property of the Duke of Marlborough.

In the vicinity of Aylesbury lie also Chilton, famous for giving birth to that great and respectable lawyer, Sir George Croke; Woothin, the seat of the Grenvilles for many ages; and Quarendon, the ancient residence of the Lees, afterwards Earls of Litchfield. In the manor of Quarendon, land, it is said, has let at 8l. an acre; such is the general fertility of this vale.

Proceeding forward through an unpleasant country, with bad roads, they passed Wing on their right, and soon after arrived at Winslow, a small town.

From hence went on towards Buckingham, through a country, rich indeed, but possessing few picturesque features, though not quite destitute of gentlemen's seats.

Buckingham is, in a great measure, surrounded by the Ouse; but the church, a modern and elegant pile, is detached, and occupies an eminence, on which a castle once stood, so as to form a striking object from Stowe Gardens. Except the church and the town-hall, the buildings here deserve little notice. Lace is the principal manufacture of the place, and indeed of Buckinghamshire in general.

From the Cobham Arms they set out for Stowe, the great ornament of the county, and a principal support of the place, from the resort of visitors.

The great Lord Cobham first displayed his taste here, and brought Stowe into notice. His nephew, Earl Temple, pursued the improvements



ments with equal zeal, but purer taste, for which he was indebted to the spirit of the times. Stowe was the delight of the age in which it was first formed, and by gradual alterations, it still continues to charm the present. The grounds, originally laid out in the stiff and artificial style, have been moulded by the hand of Brown\*, and under his nurturing care, the woods have risen in such a manner, as to conceal one building from another, and to make every object a distinct scene. The genius of Wyatt, too, has been called in to improve the house, and a superb suit of apartments has been added, in a style of beauty and magnificence corresponding to the surrounding accompaniments. The gardens consist of nearly four hundred acres, and their whole extent is replete with groves, temples, and meandering streams, that successively open like visionary enchantment.

“Though some of the buildings,” says Walpole, “are far from beautiful, yet the rich landscapes, occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and obelisks, and the various pictures that present themselves, as we shift our situation, occasion surprise and pleasure; sometimes recalling Albano’s landscapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy, the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe. It is just to add, that the improvements made by Lord Temple have profited by the present perfect style of architecture and gardening. The temple of Concord and Victory presiding over so noble a valley, the great arch, designed by Mr. T. Pitt, and a

\* This father of modern gardening was brought up in the service of the Temple family,

smaller,



smaller, in honour of Princess Amelia, disclosing a wonderfully beautiful perspective over the Elysian Fields, to the Palladian Bridge, and up to the castle on the hill, are monuments of taste, and scenes that I much question if Tempe or Daphne exhibited."

Having viewed the principal objects and external beauties of this delightful place, they proceeded to inspect the interior, replete with the choicest works of art. Almost every apartment has its appropriate beauties; but we cannot enter on the detail\*.

From Stowe they proceeded through Middleton Stoney towards Woodstock. The country was neither interesting, nor the roads good. About four miles from Middleton, caught a view of Tusmore, the fine seat of Mr. Fermor, well embosomed in groves.

Beyond Middleton lie the seat and park of Lord Jersey, and three miles farther, on their left, stands Kirtlington House, in a beautiful park, the seat of Sir Henry Dashwood, bart.

Arrived at Woodstock, where they slept; and next day visited Blenheim. Woodstock is an ancient borough town, extremely neat and pleasantly situated, and contains about one thousand three hundred inhabitants. The houses are chiefly built of stone. The town-hall and the front and tower of the church, are elegant, modern erections. The inhabitants are much employed in the stove and steel manufactures. The latter has been brought to the highest perfection by a

\* For a farther account of Stowe, see Bray's Tour, in Vol. II. but particularly the Local Guide, which does full justice to the subject, both in description and engraving.



singular brilliancy of polish peculiar to this place, for which it is indebted to the ingenuity of a Mr. Medcalfe, who settled here since the commencement of the present century\*. This being a great thoroughfare, and Blenheim proving a powerful attraction to visitors, the inns furnish excellent accommodations, and are adapted to such a constant resort of genteel company.

Woodstock Park has been a royal seat from very remote ages. Ethelred held an assembly of the states, and enacted several laws here; and the immortal Alfred not only graced it with his residence, but it appears that this luminary of his time translated, at this same place, Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ.

Henry I. inclosed the park with a stone wall; said to have been the first of the kind in England. Henry II. was quite enamoured of the spot, and built the celebrated bower for the fair Rosamond, with a labyrinth to communicate with the palace. Of the bower there are no vestiges; but the spring still remains which furnished her bath, and bears the name of this unfortunate beauty. Of the labyrinth some traces were discovered in levelling the ground, after the erection of the present palace on the opposite hill.

At Woodstock manor-house, as it was called, Edmund, second son of Edward I. and Thomas, third son of Edward III. were born, and thence surnamed, of Woodstock. Here the Princess Elizabeth was confined during the reign of her cruel sister Mary, under the conduct of Sir Henry

\* A steel chain, of the Woodstock manufacture, weighing two ounces, has been sold for 170l.



Beddingfield. The bells rung and the people rejoiced at the first sight of a princess so dear to them, which provoked her keepers to such a degree, that they put the ringers in the stocks. This severity excited the suspicions of Elizabeth, and she exclaimed, "as a sheep to the slaughter, so am I led." While guarded here, a fire broke out under the flooring of her apartment, supposed to have been purposely kindled; but, the boards being removed, she was saved from the most horrible of all deaths. Pensively looking out of her prison window, she one day saw a milk-maid in the park, merrily singing over her pail, when, in the anguish of her heart, she observed to her attendants, "that liberty and security were more valuable than all the grandeur in the world;" and expressed her wish, "that she had been a milk-maid, rather than a princess."

The palace and park continued in the crown, and was the occasional residence of royalty, till the reign of Queen Anne; when, with the concurrence of parliament, it was granted, together with the honour and manor of Woodstock, and hundred of Wootton, to the illustrious John, duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, as a reward for his signal services, and more particularly for his victory at Blenheim, from which the place afterwards took its appellation.

The new palace, which is an ornament to the kingdom at large, is a vast and magnificent pile, for which parliament appropriated half a million sterling; but which sum, large as it is, was found very inadequate to the completion of the work.

The entrance into the park is by a spacious Corinthian arch, in the triumphal style, adjoining to Woodstock; and from thence is one of  
the



the most enchanting views that imagination can conceive : it commands the palace, the vast expanse of water, the sylvan, deep-swelling banks, the grand bridge, and the pillar to the memory of the immortal John Churchill ; in short, this coup d'œil is almost unrivalled in this kingdom, and embraces every object that the refined taste of Brown could combine in the same landscape.

Vanburgh was the architect of Blenheim. His taste for the massy has been much censured ; but such is the extent of this pile, that his prevailing style is not to be perceived ; or, if it is, it only contributes to the beauty and propriety of the design. The light ornaments of an ornamented cottage would be ill adapted for a palace ; and the massy splendor of a palace would be as improperly transferred to a cottage. Every species of architecture derives a discriminating character from the mode and the situation to which it is applied. At Blenheim, Vanburgh was consistent with himself, and with the unity of the design.

The front is about three hundred and forty-eight feet in extent, and highly ornamented. Over the eastern gate, which forms the usual entrance, is a reservoir of five hundred hogsheads of water, thrown up by an engine at some distance. This gate leads into the first quadrangle of offices ; from which pass into the area, and through the superb portico to the hall, a magnificent apartment, sixty-seven feet high, sixty long, and of a breadth proportionable. The ceiling is painted by Sir James Thornhill, and allegorically represents Victory crowning the great duke, while she points to the battle of Blenheim.



The saloon is sixty feet high, by fifty and forty, and magnificently lined in the lower part with marble, in the Italian taste. Above this marble basement are six compartments, in which different nations of the world are depicted in their characteristic dresses and expressions, by La Guerre; by whom also the ceiling is painted. It emblematically represents John, duke of Marlborough, in the career of victory, arrested by the hands of PEACE, while TIME reminds him of the rapidity of its own flight.

The apartments of this palace are furnished with princely magnificence: the tapestry and paintings attract universal and deserved attention; but, as it is impossible to do them adequate justice in any general description, or to enumerate them all, and particularize their beauties in a work of this nature, we shall only briefly observe, that Blenheim contains some of the most capital performances of Rubens, Titian, and other great masters; and that the tapestry, which represents the Cardinal Virtues, with their proper accompaniments, in vivid beauty of colours, is scarcely to be equalled. That too, in which are portrayed the most signal achievements of the first Duke of Marlborough, will not pass without notice; but to the charming collection of paintings the eye of taste will perpetually recur, amidst all the lustre that surrounds it\*.

After

\* To the NEW DESCRIPTION of BLENHEIM, with a Picturesque Tour of the Gardens and Park, by the Editor of these volumes, we are obliged to refer our Readers for a full and satisfactory account of this magnificent place. We are convinced of the general accuracy of Mr. Shaw's remarks on  
Blenheim,



After passing through the splendid suit of rooms, usually open to public inspection, the eye is both charmed and relieved, on entering the library, a singularly spacious room, which occupies the entire west front. It is one hundred and eighty-three feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and forty high. It is impossible to conceive any thing more superb, than the solid columns of marble which support a rich entablature, and the stuccoed compartments of the lofty-vaulted ceiling.

This noble room was originally intended as a gallery for paintings; but has since been furnished with the grand SUNDERLAND collection of books, comprising upwards of twenty thousand volumes, in various languages, arts, and sciences; all arranged in commodious cases, with latticed doors, on the east side, throughout its whole extent, and at the two ends.

At the upper end of the library stands a superb statue of Queen Anne, in her coronation robes, by Ryſbrack, with the following inscription on the pedestal:

To the memory of Queen Anne!  
Under whose auspices  
John Duke of Marlborough  
conquered,  
And to whose munificence  
He and his posterity  
With gratitude  
Owe the possession of BLENHEIM.  
A. D. MDCCXXVI.

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Blenheim, but they cannot be supposed to be very ample; nor could a transient view be sufficient to catch every thing worthy of notice. On a subject so familiar to the editor, it was impossible for him to walk in the trammels of authority, and on this occasion he has only partially followed the tourist.



The gardens, or pleasure-grounds, occupy an area of two hundred acres and upwards, and are separated from the park, on one side, by a sunk fence, but in general by the windings of the lake. To describe their various beauties would be impossible; here art and nature have joined hands to produce the most charming scenery.

Under the present duke's auspices, and in numerous instances, owing to his taste, Blenheim has become one of the most captivating spots on earth. The river, or lake, which covers the whole extent of a capacious valley, bending in the happiest style, and affording the most profuse variety of picturesque features, in the sublime, the beautiful, and the tranquil; when viewed with its accompaniments, is indisputably the most superb piece of water, in which art has any share, in this kingdom. It is chiefly supplied by the river Glyme, which still, in a great measure, retains its original direction; its channel being expanded rather than altered\*, so favourable has nature been to the operations of art.

The whole park, which is upwards of twelve miles in circumference, and contains about two thousand seven hundred acres, is one continued gallery of charming prospects, and agreeable diversified scenery. It combines the *ferme ornée* with the magnificent park: it is stocked with cattle and deer; it waves with corn; it is highly decorated with plantations.

The weather being unpropitious, our tourist was prevented from seeing much of the beauties of the park and pleasure-grounds; and after

\* The water at Blenheim covers two hundred and fifty acres.



going through the apartments, returned to the inn; passing the square stone-house\*, near the park gate, unquestionably the site of Chaucer's mansion, though scarcely any vestiges of the ancient building remain. Woodstock is among the places which contend for the honour of giving birth to this great and original poet. Here he resided much, when disengaged from public business. The park was the scene of his favourite perambulations, and many of the rural descriptions in his poems are evidently copied from thence. In the poem, entitled the Cuckow and the Nightingale, he gives a local delineation, which is interesting to every person, whose mind is capable of enjoying the elegant delight that results from a comparison of past with present scenes. In short, Chaucer has rendered this spot classic ground.

In the evening they proceeded to Oxford, that sacred seat of the muses; the antiquity and particulars of which, says Mr. Shaw, I shall not attempt to describe. The two universities are places so well known, and so full of matter for contemplation and description, that nothing less than a separate work can give an adequate account of their respective merits. I shall therefore pass this place over in silent veneration, and only insert a few common observations on recent improvements in that noble city, and its environs. Besides the wonderful improvements that have been made within a few years, by widening and paving the streets, some new buildings, connected with police, deserve great praise, and are a credit, as well as ornament, to the place.

\* The residence and property of Mr. Prior.



From Oxford they proceeded to visit Nuneham, the seat of the Earl of Harcourt, distant about six miles. It stands not far from the London road, on the side of a rich hill, the bottom of which is laved by the softly-flowing Isis. The park is extensive and well wooded; and a more charming spot for a residence could not have been found. Lord Chancellor Harcourt, in 1764, raised the pile; and Brown laid out the grounds. "Here," says Mr. Walpole, "are scenes worthy of the bold pencil of Rubens, or to become subjects for the tranquil sunshines of Claude Lorrain."

The usual approach, however, in the opinion of Mr. Shaw, does not convey any idea of extraordinary grandeur; but a nearer examination gave a higher impression of its beauties. The furniture is elegant, and the apartments are decorated with many capital paintings, particularly of the landscape kind.

Having viewed the interior, they were struck with admiration at the beauties of the park and the pleasure-grounds, which present some delightful views over Oxford, the windings of the Isis and Abingdon, with a distant perspective of the Berkshire hills.

Ascending towards the church, the landscapes were exquisite. This structure is built in imitation of a Roman temple. In front are six large pillars, supporting a plain pediment, and from the top rises a lofty dome. The inside is extremely neat, and over the parish-door are the names of those who have gained the annual prize of MERIT, which is always disposed of to the most honest, sober, and industrious, candidate, by the suffrages of the rest of the parishioners.



rishioners. This institution does true honour to Lord Harcourt, and deserves universal imitation\*.

In the garden is an excellent conservatory; and on the margin of the walks are placed various buildings and busts, inscribed with some of the finest verses of our most admired poets. To characterize the whole, the words of Milton are applicable.

—————“ Here universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours in dance,  
Leads on th’ eternal spring.

Infinitely delighted with this excursion, they returned by the neat and uniform village of Nuneham; and as they approached the University, its towers and richly-shaded groves again won their admiration and astonishment. “From this road,” says Mr. Shaw, “the effect of the whole is indisputably striking, and may challenge the universe to shew its equal.

See Oxford lifts her head sublime,  
Majestic in the moss of time,  
Nor wants there Grecia’s better part,  
’Mid the proud piles of ancient art,  
Nor decent Doric, to dispense  
New charms ’mid old magnificence;  
And here and there soft Corinth weaves  
Her dædal coronet of leaves;  
Whilst, as with rival pride, her towers invade the sky.”

WARTON.

Next

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\* Little do the great in general think, while they are squandering away thousands on caparicious follies, or ignoble vices, what exquisite gratification they might give and receive, in the wise and benevolent expenditure of a few pounds.

1 Harcourt seems to make a true estimate of rank and fortune.



Next day they crossed the Isis, and visited Abingdon, in Berkshire, about five miles from Oxford. The intermediate distance is often picturesque, and part of the road lies through agreeable woods. At a small distance, on their left, had a view of Radley\*, a modern mansion; and beyond, caught a view of the delightful seat of Earl Harcourt, which they had seen the preceeding day.

The first entrance into Abingdon is not calculated to give any impression of its elegance; nor indeed has it much to boast of, in point of buildings, except its beautiful town-hall, and the square in which it is situated.

Abingdon, however, was once celebrated for its abbey, founded by Hein, a noble Saxon, nephew to Cissa, king of the West Saxons, about 675, and in it the king himself was afterwards interred. This abbey, in process of time, grew to great eminence; but experienced various revolutions. The famous Geoffery of Monmouth had his monument here. Two synods are said to have been held at this place, and according to Leland, the revenues, at one time, were nearly 2000l a year.

From the celebrity of the abbey, the town rose to some consequence, became incorporated, and at this time is the second in Berkshire. The chief trade is malting and the manufacture of sack. Its barges navigate the Thames to London.

tune, and he employs both to the most honourable purposes. He is a friend to the former, and learning and merit have felt and confessed his patronage.

\* Now the seat of Admiral Bowyer.

The



The following day, as it was vacation time in the University, and society of consequence scarce, they made another excursion to Ensham, about four miles distant, in their way crossing several bridges, thrown over the intervening streams. For nearly a mile, there is one continued causeway over the rich irriguous meadows, which lie on this side.

Gaining the top of Botley Hill, they had a distant perspective of Blenheim, with its noble groves, and a near view of Witham, an old mansion belonging to the Earl of Abingdon.

Ensham, it seems, was formerly a royal vill, and here Ethelred, in 1005, signed the privilege of liberty with the sign of the holy cross. It had a famous abbey which, after the dissolution, became the property of the Earls of Derby, but has been long alienated.

Returning again to Oxford, on the 3d of September, they ascended Heddington Hill, celebrated for the salubrity of its air, in consequence of which, several neat villas are built here. From the brow of Shotover, in the vicinity, there is almost a boundless view of the adjacent country.

Next morning they bade adieu to Oxford, and pursued the direct road to Worcester, through Woodstock, taking Ditchley in their way, the seat of Lord Dillon. It stands about a mile on the left of the turnpike road, and was formerly the residence of the Lees, earls of Litchfield.

The present mansion was built by one of them, and is esteemed the best specimen of Gibbs's architecture. The surrounding domain is extremely sylvan, and of considerable extent. Several of the apartments are very noble, and are decorated



decorated with numerous pictures, in which portraits bear a large proportion, most of them representing eminent personages.

Slept at Chapel House, a most excellent inn, and fitted up in the first style of accommodation.

Near this stands Heythrop, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, a noble mansion, with suitable accompaniments.

The next day pursued their journey through Chipping Norton, a place of note in the Saxon times, as its name imports. It stands on the side of a pleasant hill, and makes a good appearance.

Four miles to the right of this place is an ancient monument, called Rollrich-stones, of smaller dimensions than Stonehenge, but set up in the same figure.

Passed through the pleasant village of Salford, beautifully surrounded with woods, and, a little on the left, saw Cornwell House, the seat of Mr. Penystone. More to the left is Dailsford, the residence of Governor Hastings\*.

Ascending a hill, they had an extensive view over part of several counties. Near Chastleton, on the left, are vestiges of the spot where Edward Ironside defeated Canute, after a long and bloody battle.

The Fourshire Stone, a square pillar, by the road side, next attracted their attention. On its sides are engraven, Worcester, Gloucester, Warwick, and Oxford; which several counties meet at this point.

Pass through the town of Morton-in-Marsh, and ascend Burton-on-the-Hill, a delightful

\* This seat has been fitted up, in a style of oriental magnificence, by Mr. Hastings, who was born in the vicinity, and whose ancestors possessed property here for many ages.



village, adorned with some seats. Beyond this is a dreary country for several miles, but not destitute of distant picturesque views. Catch a view of Blockley, where there are several silk mills, and reaching the Fish, on Broadway Hill, enjoy a prospect of almost boundless variety, commanding the rich vale of Evesham, and numerous seats of note.

Descending the hill by a serpentine road, pass through Broadway, and dine at Bengworth, separated from Evesham only by the river Avon, over which a bridge of six arches is thrown. The river here is navigable for barges, and the fertility of the surrounding country is almost proverbial.

Evesham is a place of considerable antiquity, and had once a famous abbey. It has been the scene of some memorable exploits, which adorn the historic page, particularly for the overthrow of the barons; in the reign of Henry III. The town is a borough, and enjoys many privileges by prescription, and divers charters.

On the right of this place lie the three Lyttletons, from one of which the distinguished family of that name derived their origin and name.

From hence they continued their progress along the south side of the river, which they crossed at Pershore, and had some romantic views of the Bredon and Malvern Hills. Pershore was once a town of some distinction, and had a Benedictine monastery, founded by Egelward, duke of Dorset.

The remainder of their drive to Worcester was extremely pleasant, through a country rich in the harvest of Pomona.

Worcester



Worcester is a city of great antiquity, and is still pre-eminent overmost in this part of the kingdom. It has undergone many revolutions, in a long succession of ages; but still risen superior to calamity. The streets in general, particularly the High-street and Fore-gate, are remarkably fine. Of the parish churches, St. Helen's is reckoned the most ancient.

The cathedral is very ancient, about three hundred and ninety-four feet long, and a hundred and twenty broad. Its architecture, however, is less to be commended, than the neatness in which it is kept. At the upper end of the choir is a noble monument of King John, whose body was conveyed hither from Newark \*. The tomb of that virtuous and firm prelate, Dr. John Hough, is one of the finest performances of Roubilliac, and attracts universal admiration.

In the chapter-house, a large decagon, supported by a central pillar, some curious musical MSS. and valuable books are preserved.

The public buildings are excellent, and the manufactures of gloves, carpets, and porcelain, very considerable. The latter is here brought to great perfection.

Being market-day, they had an opportunity of seeing the principal commodities for sale, and the public repositories and rooms of traffic, particularly the Guildhall and the Hophouse. Of hops, amazing quantities are sold here.

Taking leave of this fine city, they crossed the Severn, for Hereford. The road at first was stony and disagreeable; but they were gratified by the sight of abundance of variegated fruit,

\* For farther particulars of Worcester, see Mr. Sullivan's Tour



depending from the trees that lined its sides. At this season, the apple and pear trees exhibit their richest attire, their fruit being in the greatest perfection.

Reached Malvern, a village, at the foot of those immense hills, that had been their principal object for several miles, and soon after ascended their summits. The day being very favourable, this excursion was truly delightful; and the rich landscape they enjoyed, the beautiful and varied scenery that fell under their view, are scarcely to be paralleled from any other heights in this kingdom. There are indeed prospects more extensive and more romantic, but few, or none, that take in so many capital objects, so fine a country, and so fertile a soil. "In short," says Mr. Shaw, "nothing is here wanting to constitute the beautiful; but there is a deficiency of rock and lakes, to constitute the sublime."

Descending from this noble, velvet mountain, the former scene diminishing in soft gradation, through the perspective confines of the hills, afforded new and infinite delight. Visited the Gothic church, the external appearance of which is very striking, but light and pleasing, and gives a high idea of its antiquity. Within is the tomb of a Saxon knight, with his battle ax, and other accoutrements, supposed to be the only one of this kind in England. Part of this church was a religious cell, for hermits, before the conquest, and the greater part of the tower was built by one of them, during the reign of the first Norman.

Pursue their route to Ledbury, on a smooth, winding road, by the wells, at Little Malvern,



famous for their salubrious qualities and the purity of the air.

About six miles west of Ledbury, stands Mar-  
cley Hill, which, in 1575, after three days agi-  
tation and noise, began to move, and was eight  
hours before it became stationary again, having  
carried along with it all the trees that grew  
upon it, the sheepfolds, and flocks. The spot, on  
which this hill stood, contained about twenty  
acres, and in its place was left a considerable  
funken area.

Ledbury is but a mean town; but it stands in a fertile, pleasant vale. The land in the vicinity lets for three pounds an acre,—a proof of its goodness.

Next day they reached Hereford, through a continuation of country rendered picturesque by hop-grounds and ruddy orchards, intermixed with pasturage and corn-fields. In their way hither, passed the village of Tarrington, and farther on the beautiful place of Stoke Edith, belonging to the Foleys. The house is large, and wears an antique aspect, but the views are pleasing and picturesque.

Descending towards Hereford, the distant prospects are very attractive, particularly the rich scenes of Foxley and Hampton Court to the right, and the fine vale in front, terminated by the Monmouthshire and Brecknock hills.

On a nearer approach to the city, a dulness seemed to pervade the whole. The tower of the cathedral, once a beautiful piece of architecture, having been lately taken down, through an apprehension of danger, rendered that pile quite oppressive to the eye, and diffused a heaviness over the adjacent buildings. This cathedral,



whose length is about four hundred feet, and its height and breadth in proportion, was originally built by Bishop Reinelm, in the reign of Henry I. and enlarged by succeeding prelates\*. Besides this, there are four parish churches.

This city is by no means superb, though it contains some good houses, and many local advantages. The environs are truly delightful, particularly towards the beautiful meandering Wye, which washes one side of it. The antiquity of this place is unquestionable, and being situated in a frontier country, it was liable to many inroads. It appears from old writers, that the castle was of immense extent and strength; even as late as the civil wars it was tenable; but scarcely a vestige of it is now remaining. Its site is converted into walks, kept in excellent repair, called the Castle Green; and instead of the din of war, the voice of beauty, or the sighs of love alone make vocal the precincts.

The neighbouring hills and mountains bear evident traces of the Romans. Their castrametations are visible on the summits of Creden Hill and Dindermore. An adjacent hill also bears the name of Oister, generally supposed to be a corruption from Ostorius Scapula, who commanded in these parts.

On the 9th of September, they made an excursion northward, chiefly with a view of visiting Mr. Price's fine grounds at Foxley, and the enchanting scene in their vicinity, from a hill call-

\* This cathedral has been some time improving and repairing, by the liberal attention of the venerable and truly respectable Dr. Butler, bishop of the diocese, under the direction of the celebrated Mr. Wyatt.



ed Lady Lift. About a mile from the city, they passed a large, antique, stone pillar, called Whitecross, much carved, with steps round the base; supposed to have been erected in the time of a plague, for the purpose of holding a market. Proceeding through a village, they entered Foxley domains, between hills nobly clothed with wood. The external appearance of the house is not in unison with the magnificence of the accompaniments, and they neglected to see its internal decorations, but were permitted to drive through the beautiful gardens and grounds, which soon brought them to a most charming terrace, between the two vales, bounded by woods, which continued till they reached Lady Lift, where they gazed with rapture and admiration.

Make a digression through Little Mansel to Bradwardine, situated on the opposite side of the Wye, the original place of the family of Thomas Bradwardine, archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Edward III. who, for his deep learning, was called Dr. Profundus. From hence they viewed that sweet scene, the Golden Vale, remarkable for its luxuriant vegetation and yellow, vernal flowers.

The evening advancing, they again directed their course to Hereford, passing in sight of Ganston, a neat mansion, and of Moccas Court, the seat of Sir George Amyand Cornwall, bart. Onward, on the right, they saw Mr. Parry's of the Ware, fronting Creden Hill, about a mile from which lies Kenchester, supposed to have been the Ariconium of antiquity, said to have been destroyed by an earthquake. Roman bricks, coins, and other remains of that people, are still found



found on the spot. Near this, in 1669, was discovered in a wood, a great, paved vault, with some tables of plaster; and the following year, a bath, with the brick flues entire.

Next day they visited the Duke of Norfolk's fine old mansion at Holme, about five miles south of the city. The road along the banks of the Wye is extremely pleasant.

Holme Lacy is an ancient seat of the Scudamores, but came by marriage to the present Duke of Norfolk. The approach is through the park, to the west front, a plain, stone structure, with corresponding wings. The hall is spacious and magnificent, and contains some charming portraits. In one of the apartments is some exquisite carved work, by the celebrated Gibbons, who, in the words of Mr. Walpole, gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements, with a free disorder natural to each species. Among the paintings are some works of Vandyke, Jansen, and Holbein.

The gardens are in the style of King William's reign. The view from the lawn is beyond expression picturesque.

Ascending the hill into the park, the scenery becomes more noble, the landscape more expanded. From the upper end of it are commanding views of the Gloucestershire hills, the black mountains in Monmouthshire and Brecknock, those over Hereford and Bradwardine, together with Robin-Hood's Butts, and the Clay Hills in Shropshire.

Other places in the neighbourhood of Hereford deserve notice, particularly Lord Malden's noble



seat at Hampton Court; but Mr. Shaw had not time to visit them all.

Pursued their journey towards Ross, which was very picturesque for some miles. Near Harewood, the seat of the Hoskins, baronets, must have been the site of the Castle of Ethelwold, the scene of Mason's charming dramatic poem of *Elfrida*.

Hence the road is rough, but the country still continues to captivate with all the variety of rural imagery. Visited the ruins of Wilton Castle, on the river Wye, opposite to Ross, the chief seat of the Greys, a name illustrious in history. It afterwards became the property of the Chandos. Nothing now remains of the castle except a low, square wall, inclosing a garden, with the appearance of a turret in one angle.

They now crossed a bridge of six large arches, and proceeded along a causeway to the town. This causeway owes its origin to the celebrated Man of Ross, immortalized by Pope, but more so by his own liberal and charitable deeds. From the church-yard of Ross is one of the finest prospects in the kingdom, after enjoying which, they dined at the King's Arms, the residence of the benevolent John Kyrle, and whose picture is here still shewn.

Scenery, of such unrivalled beauty as that of the Wye, no traveller of taste could pass without notice\*. Accordingly, they took a boat from Ross to Monmouth, and the weather being ex-

\* This has been so well described by Gilpin, with every addition from the pencil and the graver, that we forbear to attempt it with our author, particularly as it has been partially noticed in the *Tours of Wyndham and Sullivan*.



tremely favourable, they had an opportunity of viewing this romantic river, with its accompaniments, in the most propitious light; but no words, nor even the most animated productions of the pencil, can do adequate justice to the steepness of the banks, the mazy course, the ground, wood, and rocks, with every other native and artificial ornament in its course.

After passing the new Wier, they saw the busy cyclops working on the opposite shore, and, as the evening was far advanced and rather overcast, the scene became more awful and sublime.

Landing at the first convenient place, after passing a lock, they walked two miles to Monmouth, and next morning took a cursory view of this ancient town, which is situated at the conflux of the Wye and the Munnow. The general white complexion of the houses gives it an animated appearance; but the only buildings deserving attention, are the church and the town-hall, which are both very handsome. In the middle of the place are the ruins of the castle, which was a fortress of importance, as early as the era of the conquest.

From Monmouth they proceeded by land to Tintern Abbey, passing Troy House, a fine, old seat of the Dukes of Beaufort; and having gained the summit of a hill, they made a diversion to the right, to observe the distant ruins of Ragland Castle, once a powerful and glorious place.

Beyond this the aspect of the country became more dreary, till, deserting the road, they entered a profound dell, which continued for several miles, watered by a gurgling brook, that supplies a number of large iron-works, above the village of Abbey Tintern. Here they inspected the principal



cipal furnace, and saw the ore, which is principally brought from Furness, in Lancashire, dissolved by the blast of immense bellows, worked on the modern construction of cylinder pumps, with other processes in this important manufacture.

Having gratified their curiosity here, they approached Tintern Abbey, hid in the most sequestered spot by the river Wye. "On this perfect skeleton of Gothic architecture," says Mr. Shaw, "one might gaze, for hours, with undiminished delight and admiration." The internal dimensions, from east to west, are seventy-seven yards; from north to south, fifty-three. The east, west, north, and south windows, and centre arches, are of equal height, upwards of sixty feet."

After a difficult access, which leads to Chepstow, the contrast was most wonderful. From the narrow confines of the wildest dell, and the secluded haunts of monastic solitude, to the vast expanse that here bursts on the view, the effect is truly sublime. Here towns, villages, seats, and woody lawns, with the noble Severn rolling to the ocean, are the constituent parts of this magnificent scenery.

Between this and Chepstow stands Piercefield, whose romantic situation and elegant improvements have been so much admired and so often described.

Chepstow appears to be a place of no great antiquity itself, but rose from the ruins of the ancient Venta, about four miles distant, and which still goes by the name of Caerwent. The wooden bridge at Chepstow, and the castle, are the principal objects of attraction.

They



They now took the Gloucester road, and from the first hill had a delightful view of the town and castle. Continuing through several villages, the wide Severn flowing on their right, they came to Lydney Park, an ancient seat of the Bathursts. A little beyond, they passed the village of the same name as the park, and a considerable iron-furnace.

Newnham soon after received them, an ancient town, pleasantly situated near the river, from whence the landscapes are most delightful.

In the evening they pursued their course through Westbury, and arrived at Gloucester the same night.

This city was built by the Romans, and became a station to curb the Silures, the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons. It derives its name from *Caer Glow*, which signifies a fair city and it is not inaptly applied, as its four principal streets, meeting in the centre, are both spacious and well-built. It stands on an elevation in one of the richest vales in England, a continuation of that of Evesham.

This city was once strongly walled, and on the south part William the Conqueror erected a castle. It was made a free borough by King John, who granted it a charter of incorporation, and many immunities and privileges. There are several beautiful churches and public buildings; but the cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter, outstrips them all. It stands on the site of an ancient monastery, and was begun in 1318, but has since received many splendid additions. The whole length, from east to west, is four hundred and twenty feet, and from north to south a hundred and forty-four. The tower is an admirable piece  
of



of architecture, two hundred and forty feet high, and from the battlements only a hundred and ninety-eight. The pillars are of the ponderous Saxon construction; but the screens, the choir, and the Lady's Chapel, are charmingly light. There is a whispering gallery from one side of the choir to the other, built in an octagonal form, of eighty-four feet, but it is much inferior in effect to that of St. Paul's.

The new county-gaol, on the west side of the town, near the Severn and quay, is an extensive and superb building, designed on the plan of the philanthropic Howard.

From hence they made an excursion, of ten miles, to Cheltenham, situated in a sandy vale, on the north side of some rocky hills, some of which are quite bare. This place is risen to great celebrity, on account of its salubrious spa, which was discovered since the commencement of the present century. The modern improvements that have taken place here, the elegance of the entertainments, and the excellent accommodations for visitors, render Cheltenham a favourite summer retreat, both for the sick and the gay.

From Cheltenham they proceeded to visit Sudely Castle, in their way passing Southam, a seat of the Delaberes, and soon after ascending high hills, got upon the Cotswolds, which are generally champaign. Evening approaching, and the roads being both intricate and bad, they were glad to reach Winchcomb, to sleep.

Next morning they walked to Sudely Castle, in the vicinity, a place memorable in history, which has undergone many revolutions. It is now the property of Lord Rivers, with an ample estate belonging to it. Originally it had two  
quadrangles,



quadrangles, the inner one built of stone, and the outer principally of wood. Part of this alone is now habitable. The shell of the church remains, and divine service is performed monthly in a little chapel adjoining. Here Queen Catharine Parr lies buried. After the death of Henry VIII. she married Lord Seymour, of this place, and lord high admiral of England. "I was informed," says our tourist, "that some curious people took up the body some time since, and found it in perfect preservation."

Returning to Gloucester, next day they made another excursion into the Cotswolds, and enjoyed the various scenery of this romantic track, with some of the Gloucestershire Bottoms, as they are called, where the clothing manufacture is carried on to an extent and perfection unequalled.

Dine near Minching Hampton, from whence the road is flat and unpleasant, and proceeded to view the Great Tunnel, which forms part of the communication between the Severn and the Thames. The Stroud Canal enters the Severn at Framilode, and is eight miles in length; the Isis Canal is thirty-one miles long, and empties itself into the Thames at Lechlade.

From hence, in their way to Cirencester, they passed through the noble woods of Oakly, belonging to Earl Bathurst, whose seat is adjacent to that ancient town. The woods, park, and pleasure grounds occupy an area of not less than fifteen miles. Near the centre is a grand circular point, from which, like so many radii, issue ten spacious vistas, each with its appropriate scenery. Besides which are innumerable other roads and walks, intersecting the woods in various directions.

Cirencester,



Cirencester, the ancient Corinum, is situated on the small river Churn. The multiplicity of coins, chequered pavements, inscriptions, and other Roman antiquities, prove its former consequence. It is a large market-town and borough, with two weekly markets. The quantity of wool fold here is almost incredible.

The church is a handsome fabric, with rich painted windows, and its tower is extremely majestic.

Return through another part of Oakly Woods, and pass a handsome alcove, dedicated to the immortal Pope, where, it is said, he used to retire, to indulge the creative fallies of his genius, when on a visit to his noble friend and patron.

Soon after, they entered the great Gloucester road, and, proceeding in this line, reached the immense verge of Birdlip, whose summit is computed to be one thousand three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Severn. Here the lovely and delicious vale of Gloucester again bursts on their view, with its fair city, to which they were glad to return, amidst clouds and rain.

Next afternoon, the weather clearing up, they travelled sixteen miles to Newport, in the Bristol road, and the following morning visited Berkeley Castle, more admirable for its antiquity than its beauty. On its history we cannot enter. Some of the principal scenes, which have been acted here, are well known, particularly the dreadful catastrophe of the weak but unfortunate Edward II.

Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,  
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkeley's roof that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing king.

GRAY'S BARD.

The



This noble castle, with one short alienation only, has been the baronial residence of the Berkeleys for more than six hundred years. The surrounding track is famous for producing the double Gloucester cheese, as it is called. The meadows here are uncommonly rich and fertile.

From hence drove to Thornbury, a decent, old town, with a beautiful church and tower. Adjacent to this are the noble remains of a castle, begun on a most extensive plan by the Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Henry VIII. The whole circumference of the walls measures twelve acres. "In one corner," says our tourist, "is a remarkably fine echo, which, with a shrill voice and clear air, will repeat sixteen or eighteen times; and with a laughing voice, the repetition is wonderfully pleasing."

In the evening, after a delightful ride, arrive at Bristol. This whole city, standing on an uneven vale, partly in Somerset and Gloucestershire, though now a county of itself, is washed by the Avon and the Frome. Its origin is uncertain, nor is it mentioned in very early history; though it is now one of the largest and most wealthy in Great Britain, and only inferior to London. The merchants trade very largely to Guinea and the West Indies, besides carrying on a commerce with every part of Europe. Its situation for trade is most excellent, and its inhabitants avail themselves of their local advantages. The masts of ships along the quay, on the Avon, appear like a forest of trees.

In this city are eighteen churches, with numerous public edifices and charitable institutions. The cathedral was founded in the reign of King Stephen, but possesses nothing very attractive. St.



Mary Redcliff, however, is a most magnificent, Gothic pile. It was built by William Canning, a very rich merchant, who, to avoid marrying the mistress of King Edward IV. entered into holy orders, and lies buried here. He has two monuments, one in his magistratal, the other in his sacerdotal robes.

"We ascended," says Mr Shaw, "about forty steps up the tower, to see the refuse of old chests, from whence poor Chatterton is reported to have taken the manuscripts of Rowley's poems: no atom of this kind remaining, our curiosity was satisfied, and we came down."

Bristol contains several good parades and squares. The Custom-house is a fine building, with a piazza of Ionic pillars in front. The Exchange is an elegant pile, worthy of this great, commercial place.

During a short interval of fair weather, they made a pleasant excursion to the Hot Wells, distant about a mile and a half from the city. St. Vincent's Rocks here, which overhang the Avon, are really tremendous\*. At the delightful village of Clifton, on the hill above, are numerous and elegant lodgings for invalids, in the purest air, which no doubt contributes, as much as the waters, to restore their health.

From Bristol, they proceeded through Keinton to Bath, a city of incomparable beauty, but too well known to require description. Here they staid for a few days, in ceaseless admiration of its elegance and amusements. The baths, the rooms, the public edifices, the private habita-

\* Here the Bristol stones are found, which, in hardness and transparency, almost rival diamonds.



tions, are all alike entitled to applause, and render this the finest city in the world.

Various are the gentlemen's seats in the environs, so that amusement can never be wanting to the active, during a few weeks residence at this place; and invalids may constantly be gratified by scenes under their immediate view. The rides on Claverton and Lansdown are as picturesque as the air is salubrious.

On the 24th of September, left Bath, and ascended the hill on the Wells road, from the summit of which had a noble, retrospective view of the whole city. Made a digression, to inspect the free-stone quarries on Comb Down, adjoining Prior Park, the beautiful seat of the late amiable Mr. Allen. The cavern, from whence the stone is taken, is nearly three hundred yards long, and is wrought out into various spacious and lofty apartments, regularly supported by strong pillars, left for that purpose. The whole has a grand effect.

After dining at Old Down, a single house, in a bleak situation, they crossed the extensive range of Mendip Hills. These run in a confused manner, but mostly from east to west. The soil is generally barren, or, at best, produces only heath and fern; but the minerals below amply compensate for this poverty of vegetation. The lead found here is said to be harder than that of other countries, and is mostly converted into shot and bullets. On the western side of these hills is found abundance of lapis calaminaris, which, when calcined and cemented with copper, makes brass. Before the reign of Elizabeth, this mineral was held in very little estimation, and ships for foreign parts sailed with it for bal-



last. Its value, however, is now ascertained, and it is applied to more beneficial purposes.

They now approached the ancient city of Wells, situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills, in a stony, springy soil, from whence it receives its appellation. The most famous and remarkable structures here are the cathedral and the bishop's palace. The western front of the former has long been admired, for its complete display of Gothic imagery. The titles of Bath and Wells were united in the reign of King Stephen. Before that period; indeed, Wells was the episcopal seat; but a dispute arising between the two cities about election and residence, it was then settled by a union.

In the morning, went about three miles of bad road, to see the celebrated cavern, called Okey Hole, one of the greatest curiosities in the island; and which our author thinks is as well worthy of a traveller's notice as that of Castleton, in Derbyshire\*. About five miles north-west of this, near the small town of Cheddar, are large cliffs; and a stupendous chasm, as if split asunder by some violent convulsion of nature; and near the entrance is a remarkable spring of water, so large and rapid, that it turns a mill within a few yards of its source.

Returning to Wells, they pursued their course to Glastonbury, along a pleasant champaign, passing over East Sedgemore, a green marsh of vast extent. They now ascended the hill, and came upon Glastonbury, situated on the other side, with the vast Torr hanging almost over it, on

\* For farther particulars of Wells and Okey Hole, see Sullivan's Tour.



whose summit is a tower, which is seen at a great distance from the sea.

The venerable remains of the abbey at this place still evince the former magnificence of the structure; but nothing belonging to it is perfect, except the kitchen, an octagon, with its roof terminating in a point. Mr. Shaw, in common with other travellers, laments that so little care is taken to preserve the ruins from farther dilapidation. The property of the place is now vested in the Earl of Essex.

In the adjacent orchard they were delighted to see the vast abundance of apples, which loaded the trees. Here too stands the trunk of the famous hawthorn, which, in more superstitious times, was believed to blow at Christmas. The fact is, it flowers twice a year, and is of a variety not common in this country.

Ascending the hill beyond, they rode along a fine terrace, commanding some charming landscapes, among the rest, the verdant plains of Sedgemore, containing about twenty-two thousand acres of land, which might easily be brought into cultivation. "There are the strongest proofs," observes Mr. Shaw, "that the sea was once in full possession of these moors." It was in them the Cangi took refuge from the Romans; and in those parts the Britons made their last efforts against the Saxons. To these places of refuge the Saxons, in their turn, also fled, when the fury of the Danes had converted the greatest part of the kingdom into a desert. At the conflux of the Thone and the Parret stands the Island of Athelney, famous in history for being the spot where Alfred found an asylum from those barbarians,



rians, which place was then inaccessible, by standing pools and inundations.

Descending into the flat, soon reached the ancient town and port of Bridgewater, a populous and busy place, situated on the river Parret. This town was regularly fortified in the civil wars, and sustained several sieges. It had the honour of giving birth to the illustrious Admiral Blake, the chief glory of the English maritime power under the Commonwealth. In the church is a fine altar-piece of our Saviour taken from the Cross, by Guido, which cost 700*l.* a present from one of the Pawlett family.

Made a digression from the great road to Enmore Castle, the noble seat of Lord Egmont; built in the ancient style of a baronial residence, with a foss and drawbridge. The hall is a well-adapted room, adorned with family busts and coats of arms. A curious geometric staircase conducts to the upper apartments, some of which are very spacious, and profusely decorated with paintings.

From hence they crossed into the Taunton road, passing a pleasant seat and park belonging to Lady Tynte, who keeps a fine aviary. The farms and small cottages in this vicinity are surrounded with orchards, filled with delicious fruit.

Reach North Petherton, a village ornamented with a fine Gothic tower, so frequent in the west; and after a transient view of some gentlemen's seats, arrive at Taunton.

This is a large and opulent town, built on the river Tone, and environed by that rich track of land, commonly called Taunton Dean. The market place is remarkably spacious and neat. Here are two parish churches, one with a very  
beautiful



beautiful Gothic tower. The woollen manufacture is still carried on here; but is in a less flourishing state than in former times, when Taunton was reputed "one of the eyes of this country." The castle was once of great strength, and was an object of great contention during the civil wars. The townsmen taking a very active part in favour of the parliament, Charles II. at the restoration, demolished the castle, and took away the charter of incorporation, which was not restored till seventeen years afterwards. The electors for this borough are all pot-wabblers, so that fires are frequently lighted in the streets, on the eve of an election, to give publicity to the right the voters have to exercise their franchise.

In the evening proceeded to Wellington, a poor market-town, chiefly distinguished for having been the residence and place of sepulture of Lord Chief Justice Popham.

Early next morning, under a very favourable sky and bright sunshine, they reached Colampton, a tolerable town, where the woollen manufacture is carried on to a considerable extent. The soil in this track is various: on the hills, which prevail, it is barren; in the lower grounds, fruitful.

From hence to Exeter, they traversed much hilly ground, and enjoyed many picturesque views of the country, particularly from the summit of Stoke Hill, which affords a glorious, circular prospect, the ground gradually falling, every way, from this centre, into a deep and beautiful vale, enriched with various seats, villages, and the fair city of Exeter, the vast circumference rising again into a noble range of verdant mountains, crowned with sea-mark towers.

The



The common traffic and business of this county are done by horses, with panniers and crooks. The former are well known, but the latter seem to be peculiar to the west. They are simply four bent, heavy sticks, in the shape of panniers, but the ends project over the rider's head. In these awkward vehicles they carry large loads of hay, or garden vegetables. The country people frequently ride in a prodigious large boot of wood and leather, hung, instead of a stirrup, to the horse's side, which they call *gambades*\*.

Exeter, the capital of this county, is a very ancient city, built on a gradual descent, on the east side of the river Ex. It was the *Isa Danmoniorum* of the Itinerary; and the *Pen-Caer* of the Britons. During the lapse of many centuries, it has undergone numerous revolutions, which our limits will not permit us to record.

On the highest part of the hill, on which this city is built, and on the north east extremity, stand the remains of Rougemont Castle, so called from the redness of the soil. It was built before the conquest, and held out some time against the Norman invader. Its terrace and walls afford a delightful prospect of the city and circumjacent country.

The streets and buildings, in general, wear the venerable aspect of antiquity. The principal street is very long and spacious, terminated on the west by an elegant bridge over the river. In the eastern part stands the cathedral, originally a monastery, founded by King Athelstan for Bene-

\* Our author very properly makes a query, if Bunbury did not take the idea of his burlesque horsemanship of Geoffrey Gambado, from this circumstance.



diocese, monks, and converted into an episcopal see by Edward the Confessor. Various were the additions made to the pile for nearly four hundred years; yet our tourist observes, "the uniformity is so congruous, as to appear like the workmanship of one architect." The external appearance, however, is heavy and unpleasant; the interior is in every respect magnificent and attractive. The whole length, including the library beyond the altar, is three hundred and ninety feet, the breadth seventy, and the transept a hundred and thirty-five. The whole has undergone recent and judicious repairs. The west window is finely adorned with painted glass, by the celebrated Mr. Picket of York. The screen displays much fancy and magnificence. The throne is of curious workmanship, and the carvings of the canopy are sixty feet high. Several persons of note lie here under splendid tombs.

The only other public building we shall mention, is the Devon and Exeter Hospital, standing at a small distance to the eastward of the city. It was founded by Dr. Alured Clarke, dean of this church, in 1740, and is a most benevolent and useful institution.

The woollen business, though less flourishing than formerly, still employs a great number of hands in the environs. Dyehouses and drying-frames cover the banks of the river.

Leaving Exeter, they ascend the immense hill of Halldown, and, half way up, had a charming view of Halldown House, the elegant seat of Sir Robert Palke, bart. built after the manner of Buckingham House, and well surrounded with plantations.

Gaining



Gaining the barren, flinty summit of the mountain, they had one of the noblest and most extensive landscapes which this kingdom affords, including objects too numerous to particularize, but which well repaid them for the labour of the ascent. Evening closing in, they hastened to the town of Chudleigh, in the immediate vicinity of which stands Ugbrook, a seat of the Cliffords.

Early next morning, they proceeded to Ashburton, one of the four stannary towns of the county. It is a neat, well-built place, of one street, with a large, handsome church, and claims the privilege of a borough by prescription.

Arrive at Ivy Bridge, in their way to Plymouth; but the weather was too unfavourable to allow them to examine the beauties of this romantic place. They now approached Plymouth, in the vicinity of which are some capital seats, particularly Mount Edgecumb and Saltram.

Plymouth is situated between two large inlets, formed by the union of the Plym and the Tamar, with the Channel, which constitute a noble bay, for ships of the largest burden.

The inlet of the sea, which runs up many miles to the Tamar, is called Hamoaze, and divides Devon from Cornwall. The other, which receives the Plym, is called Catwater, a harbour principally devoted to trading vessels.

The docks at Plymouth were begun in the reign of King William, and are now brought to the highest perfection. The fort was built by Charles II. The streets and buildings of the Old Town are narrow and disagreeable; but there are two handsome churches.

After a cursory survey of Plymouth, they set out for Mount Edgecumb, the noble seat of the earl



earl of the same title, situated on the opposite side of Hamoaze, proceeding through Stonehouse, a populous place, to the Dock, which surprised them with a display of spacious streets, intersecting each other at right angles, in an elegant style.

Quitting their carriage, they crossed the passage, which is three quarters of a mile over; and ringing a bell, a person attended to shew the charming residence of Lord Mount Edgecumbe.

A gradual ascent up a lawn brought them to the mansion, an ancient Gothic structure, with three fronts: the east looking full on the Sound. The internal improvements, then in hand, prevented them from viewing the pictures and apartments, which are correspondent to the magnificence of the situation; but they found enough to gratify curiosity, and to delight the eye in the pleasure-grounds and plantations.

They now proceeded along a terrace, lately gravelled, which commands a fine view of the harbour, and many other capital scenes; among the rest, Lord Borringdon's charming residence at Saltram, embosomed in woods, and backed by the Devon-Hills.

South-east, in the Sound, at a small distance from the shore, rises a high crag, called Mewstone, to which, some years ago, a poor fellow was transported for seven years, and quietly remained here during that period, without setting his foot on other land.

After being hid in foliage, they reached the large terrace beyond the park, when the watery expanse burst on their view in all its majesty; and, with a glass, they could plainly discern the Eddystone Light House, four leagues distant, where the ingenious Mr. Winstanley, the architect,



test, lost his life, in a terrible hurricane, November 27, 1703, and the whole fabric, since rebuilt by Mr. Smeaton, was plunged into the sea.

From this terrace they descended through serpentine bowers of evergreens, to what is called Lady Damer's Garden; and again mounting the hill, by similar zig-zags, to the terrace, enjoyed a fine view of Cawsand Bay and the vicinity. Winding round, they next came to the Gothic alcove, with its appropriate scenery.

Entering the deer park, on the summit of the hill, they saw a lofty parish-church, from the tower of which signals are hoisted, as it commands an immense circular prospect.

Descending the common walk to the house, they reached the white alcove, so placed as to embrace new and charming prospects, and crossing the grounds in the front of the mansion, soon reached a battery of twenty-two guns, for the purpose of salutes.

Last of all, they visited the Orangery, a capital building, where the fruit ripens in almost equal perfection with that in more southern climates.

Leaving those enchanting scenes, they refreshed themselves at the passage-house, called Cremil, and returned across, to examine the docks, which it is difficult to obtain permission to do, without some introduction. The whole space contains about seventy acres, in which are houses for the proper officers, and every convenience for building and equipping ships of the first magnitude.

Having visited the most striking features of this place, they determined to proceed about forty miles into Cornwall, to gain some knowledge of its valuable mines,



By Leskeard, is the best and easiest road to St. Austle and Truro; but in order to enjoy as much as possible of the marine prospects, they again crossed the passage at Dock, and leaving Mount Edgecumb on the left, passed on the sands to Milbrook, where they saw the king's brewery; and then ascended through steep and rough roads to Craftshole, a mean village. The farmers here were busy manuring their land with a peculiar kind of sand, drawn mostly by bullocks, which they coax along by an unpleasant monotony of language; "a custom," says Mr. Shaw, "that seems more efficacious than the more violent persuasion of blows and whips."

Their object was now to reach Loo, without losing sight of the sea. With a carriage, it was deemed almost impracticable; however, they set out, and during the narrow zig-zag descent, the few inhabitants they passed gazed on their vehicle as a kind of raree-show, from being so little accustomed to see one on this perilous road.

After much fatigue, they descended in safety, and proceeded to the Bay of White Sand. From hence the road was so narrow and difficult, that they deviated a little to the right, and soon came to East Loo, a small town, separated only by the river of that name from West Loo. The scene here is truly picturesque. Opposite the mouth of the river is a small island, on which lives the man who had formerly been banished to Mewstone, and who, by his diligence, gains a comfortable subsistence. At the proper season of the year, it is a grand resort for sea-fowl, for the purpose of incubation.

After dinner, they crossed a bridge of thirteen arches, and passed through West Loo, in their



way to Lostwithiel; but the road became so intricate, and the evening so dark and rainy, that they were glad to hire a guide with a lanthorn. The wind blew hard, and before they reached the place, extinguished their only light; however, after being five hours in travelling eleven miles, they safely reached Lostwithiel.

When they arrived at the hotel, as the inns in this country are generally denominated, all was mirth and gladness, as it was the night of the election of the mayor.

In the morning of October 1st, they proceeded eight miles farther to St. Austle, over a smooth but hilly road, and began to find themselves within the precincts of the mines.

St. Austle is a pleasant, little, town on the west side of a hill, about two miles from the shore. The streets and buildings were superior to any thing they had lately seen.

"This happy spot," remarks Mr. Shaw, "is blest by a peculiar favour, with all the comforts and riches of life, without feeling the inconveniences and troublesome broils of a borough; and from being the capital of those inestimable mines, so peculiar to this county, may justly be called the Peru of Great Britain."

About two miles south-west of this place, begin the mines, consisting of three principal works; the largest, which they now visited, is called Polgonth, and belongs to the Earl of Arundel. Without the inconvenience of descending one hundred and fourteen fathoms, they saw every process on the surface. Whems and engines perform their operations here on a large scale; and the mines are kept dry by Bolton's  
1 fire



fire engines. One of them evacuates a hogthead in a minute.

In undermining and propping the pits, great art and ingenuity are used, and every six hours there is a relief of men. The ore is brought up in various sizes and mixture; which they pound, wash, and then separate the mundic by fire; this inflexible substance evaporating in poisonous smoke.

After dinner, at St. Austle, they walked a short way, to inspect the smelting-houses of Messrs. Fox and Co. which are excessively curious, particularly the blowing-house, for making what is called grain tin, which can only be obtained from the purest ore, called shoad, mostly collected on the surface, or among the sands, by stream works. This valuable process is about one hundred and fifty years old, and is entirely confined to this place and its immediate vicinity. The grain tin is produced from the strongest heat of charcoal; whereas the other, called lode, is smelted and separated from its alloy by common sea-coal. The flux is greatly improved, by adding iron to its ore, and is then laded into stone troughs, containing about three hundred pounds weight of metal, called slabs or blocks. A block of common tin is worth 12l. the other will fetch 14l.

The profits of these mines are thus divided: The proprietor has a fifteenth of the net produce, the bounderer the same, and the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, receives 4s. per cwt. amounting to upwards of 10,000l. per annum. The whole produce of the country is about ten thousand blocks annually, to the value of nearly 200,000l. Each miner undertakes what share of the work he pleases; but the produce



of his labour is a mere lottery. They may earn 20l. per month, per week, per day, or even not twenty farthings. Some, therefore, make ample fortunes; others sink into the lowest abyss of poverty.

The sample tryer examines the specimens brought to market, and fixes the price, according to the purity of the metal, with the utmost precision. Tin grains will yield five parts in eight of metal, whereas tin stones, or ore, will produce only one in thirty, or even in double or quadruple that number.

Through the sample tryer's hands all the weekly payments pass, at the rate of nearly 1400l. a week.

From an intelligent miner at this place, they obtained very accurate information respecting the copper mines in the neighbourhood of Truro, which time would not permit them to visit. The principal are, Huel Busy, Powldice, and Huel Virgin consolidated; and Ale Cakes and Powl-dorey also united. The expences of those mines are about 4700l. a month; and the highest possible returns 10,000l. Since the discovery of the rich Paris mountain mines, the flourishing condition of the Cornish copper works has been much depressed.

The principal copper, lead, and tin mines, in Cornwall and Devonshire, all direct their courses from the north-east to the east points, parallel to each other, dipping to the north or south, according to the inclination of the hill in which they are found. The same, we are told, is observed in other mines in England, Scotland, and Wales, except that belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, at Ecton Hill in Staffordshire, which,  
contrary



contrary to all, hitherto known in the universe, sinks perpendicularly down, widening at the bottom, in the form of a bell.

It is computed that there are not fewer than forty thousand miners daily under ground in the tin mines of Cornwall; yet those people, amidst darkness and confinement, seem as happy as others who possess a wider range of action. Throughout the whole world, it is probable, millions of souls are doomed to this kind of subterraneous employment, and many live and die without ever seeing the light of the sun. This reflection to us is a melancholy one; yet we must not estimate the enjoyment or the misery of others by our own feelings.

The five coinage towns, or stannary courts, are Liskeard, Lostwithiel, Truro, Helston, and Penzance, to one of which all tin must be carried, to be weighed, coined, and pay the impost to the Duke of Cornwall. The courts are held before the lord warden and his substitutes, and here the miners can only sue and be sued. St. Austle, though not an ancient stannary town, has now more business than all the rest; and a court is held here every six weeks.

Before courts were instituted for settling differences and disputes, the whole was a scene of confusion and bloodshed between the proprietors of the land and the miners. Now each knows his respective rights, or if they are questioned, the means of appeal are at hand.

"All ranks in this county," says Mr. Shaw, "are very sociable, generous, and kind to each other; and as they have little intercourse with the rest of the island, according to the proverb, *All Cornish gentlemen are cousins*," It is the same



with the Welch, between whom and the Cornish there is a great conformity of manners and customs. "I was greatly pleased," continues our author, "to see the respect and veneration which the lower class have for the gentlemen round them, from whose assistance and protection they seem to derive a great share of happiness."

Besides the various other sorts of stones, spars, &c. with which this county abounds, there is a curious one, called the Warming Stone, frequently found here, which, once heated, will continue warm for eight or ten hours. The swimming stone is also peculiar to this track. It is composed of rectilinear lamina, as thin as paper, intersecting each other in all directions, and leaving unequal cavities between them, which structure renders it so cellular, as to swim on water. The asbestos, or amianthus, of which the ancients made incombustible linen, is also a native of Cornwall.

Returned to Lostwithiel, the Uzeila of Ptolemy. It is a small town, in a valley, washed by the river Foway; but supposed to have been formerly of considerable extent; and indeed vestiges of this are frequently discovered in digging.

Here the Earl of Essex, who commanded the parliament army, was so hemmed in by the king's forces, that his men were almost starved; and himself, with a few others, escaped by water to Fowey, and afterwards to Plymouth. In this siege, the fine steeple of the church was much damaged.

The Fowey, which was formerly navigable to this town, produces abundance of fish; among other species, some excellent trout and salmon. Like the rest of the rivers in this peninsula, its  
course



course is very short; but at the town of Fowey, six miles below, it is large enough to form a spacious harbour.

Returning eastward again, towards Leskeard, they made a deviation from the road, to view Raistormal Castle, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Cornwall, situated on a large eminence behind Mr. Gregor's pleasant house and plantations. Its base court only presents a few ruins: the inner court, founded on an intrenched rock, was round, and extremely strong.

Re-entering the turnpike-road, on a wild, extensive heath, no pleasing object attracted the eye, except a lofty pyramid on their right, belonging to Lord Camelford, at Boconnock; while to their left, the hills reared their heads in alpine nakedness.

Approaching Leskeard, they ascended a vast hill, through Lady Park, the property of Lord Elliott, whose residence is at St. German's, about six miles eastward.

Leskeard is a large borough town, situated on two hills. It has a fine old church, near which formerly stood a strong castle, now totally demolished. This place was once an episcopal see.

Being one of the great annual fairs, the streets were chiefly crowded with sheep and oxen. The interest of this borough is vested in Lord Elliott.

From hence they passed over a hilly country, interspersed with rich valleys, and soon reach Kellington, a very ancient borough, with some tolerable buildings. Here they found the choice of a new mayor joyfully expressed by ringing and festivity.

In the evening proceeded over extensive heaths to Tavistock, crossing the Tamar, by an excellent bridge,



bridge of six arches. About three miles below, at Beeralstone, are some rich lead and silver mines; and this is no doubt the place where, in the reign of Edward I. near sixteen hundred weight of silver was obtained in the course of three years. For a long time they lay dormant; but have lately produced three or four plates of silver per month.

Tavistock is lonely situated, on the river Tave, on a sandy soil, not destitute of cultivation or fertility. It is a pretty large place, consisting of several tolerable streets, with a spacious old church, which has the singular appearance of the naves of three common churches united.

This town, in former times, derived much splendor from its abbey, founded by Ordulph, son of Ordgar, earl of Devon, in the reign of Edgar, about 961. This Ordulph, we are told by Malmesbury, was a man of such a gigantic stature, that he could stride over a river ten feet wide, and of such amazing strength, that he could break bars of iron.

Of the abbey, founded by him, little now remains, save a few unconnected walls. On the dissolution, the site of the monastery, with the borough, and the advowson of the church, were given by Henry VIII. to Russell, afterwards created Earl of Bedford, and in his descendants they still remain vested. The borough is governed by a portrieve, annually chosen by the freeholders at the lord's court.

Instead of taking the direct road to Exeter, over Dartmore Forest, by Moreton, they made a digression, in order to visit Lydford waterfall. In their way pass over an extensive down, with fine prospects on their left, and Dartmore on their right.



right. This track, which gives rise to the River Dart, is a mountainous forest made by King John, and was formerly noted for its tin mines. It is about twenty miles long, and fourteen broad, affording pasture for many thousands of sheep and cattle.

When the tin mines were in a flourishing state, the miners were obliged, by charter, to assemble their court on a noted hill, in the forest, called Crokern Torr. In this desolate spot, without shelter, refreshment, or even a seat, except a moor stone, they sometimes met to the number of two hundred or more; but immediately after were adjourned by their steward, to one of the stannary towns, where the price of metal was fixed, and all differences adjusted.

A few miles farther, they pass an immense rock, on the summit of which stands Brent Torr Church, a noted sea mark, though twenty miles from the coast. At the foot of the next descent, approach the vicinity of the waterfall, which they viewed with pleasure and satisfaction.

This remarkable cataract, is formed by a small stream running into the river Lyd, over a romantic rock, sweetly clothed with wood. Winding about half way down this crag, you are presented with a continued, silvery chain of water, for two hundred feet, neither too perpendicular to be one confused heap, nor too much divided to be too ungraceful. Towards the bottom, the rock projects so favourably, as to imitate the effect of a real fountain, while the water falls softly in a silver shower. Descending below, the upward view is most enchanting. The late rains had given it the greatest degree of perfection, and being almost unique in this part  
of



of the island, it appeared to our tourist more striking than any waterfall he had seen in the north.

Lydford, now reduced to a small village, was formerly a town of note, and sent burgesses to parliament. The ruins of its castle are still visible.

Approaching Oakehampton, they had some forest scenery, chiefly the sylvan remains of the old park, where once the Earls of Devonshire had a noble castle, now in ruins, and long since alienated. Part of the keep, and some fragments of the high walls remain, to attest the former solidity and strength of this pile.

Oakehampton is an ancient borough, standing in a vale, washed by the river Oke, at the distance of a mile from the parish church, which is charmingly, but inconveniently, situated on a hill amidst a thick grove. Here is a small cloth manufacture, which was once very considerable.

After dinner, they were served with the usual dessert in this country, of tarts and clotted cream; "a composition," says Mr. Shaw, "to me more pleasing than any thing I had ever tasted." This essence of milk is formed by scalding the whole, as it comes from the cow, and letting it stand about a day. The top is then skimmed off, which makes the clotted cream.

In the evening proceeded to Crockern Well, the half-way house to Exeter, and after a night's repose, by the assistance of an additional post-horse, they overcame the difficulties of the hills, and moved expeditionly through delightful scenery, to the fair city which they had only left a week before.

"It



“It occurs to me,” says our tourist, “to mention an idea of grandeur and opulence, not to be found elsewhere in Great Britain, if on the whole face of the globe—that by a more rapid abbreviation of this western tour, a person might sleep twelve nights at twelve different cities, viz. London, Oxford, Winchester, Hereford, Gloucester, Bristol, Bath, Wells, Exeter, Salisbury, Winchester, and Westminster. This idea,” continues he, “is still more enlarged, when we consider the superiority of our English roads, and every accommodation to facilitate travelling. When we hear of the comparative difficulties our forefathers had to struggle with, even within the last half century, we are astonished at the difference. What was then deemed a journey of some days, and not to be attempted without the utmost precaution and deliberation, is now accomplished with the greatest ease, in a few hours.”

In order to complete the remainder of their tour, much resembling, in its outlines, the figure of eight; they now direct their course south-east, towards Dorchester. The roads became more level, and the bounding inclosures, of arable and pasture, glowed with fertility, while the happy seedsman, scattering round his showers of grain, hailed the smiling season with the voice of melody.

Thus they journied, till they came to the brow of a hill, within six miles of Honiton, when one of the sweetest scenes of cultivation they had ever beheld, burst on their sight. This beauteous vale may be styled the Garden of Devon. In it stands Escott, the seat of Sir George Young, a fine old pile, most delightfully situated.

A little



A little farther, the river Otter meanders, in the most picturesque style, between its banks, studded with cots, which compose the village of Veniton, famous for a battle fought against the Cornish rebels, in the reign of Edward VI.

Honiton is a neat, borough town, situated on the Otter, in a charming country. It sends two members to parliament, and is governed by a portrieve, annually chosen at the court of the lord of the manor. In consequence of a dreadful fire, in 1747, which burnt down the greatest part of the old houses, this town now wears a pleasing, modern aspect. The principal street has a clear stream running through it; with a square dipping place opposite to each door.

The first manufacture of serges was introduced into Devonshire, at this town; but at present the inhabitants are chiefly employed in lace making. It may be worthy of remark, that the market was held here before the reign of King John on Sundays; but was changed by his directions to Saturdays.

Reached Axminster at night, a considerable market-town, situated on the river Axe, from which, and a minster, erected by King Athelstan, it derives its name. The manufacture of this place is chiefly carpets, which are in high estimation, and by some reputed superior to those fabricated at Wilton. The lowest price is 13s. per yard, and from thence their value may be increased, according to the fineness, to almost any sum.

Leaving this town, they soon entered Dorsetshire, and the stratum changes to sand and flint.

For several miles, travel on a noble terrace, commanding



commanding the sea and Portland Island, with various other striking or picturesque objects.

They now came opposite to Lyme Regis, a borough town, governed by a mayor and burgeses, with a pier and harbour, of singular ingenuity. Having neither creek nor bay to form a port, the inhabitants, with great cost and labour, constructed a massy pile of building, composed of vast rocks washed up from the sea. The principal mound extends some distance into the main sea, and is so wide as to admit of various buildings and warehouses, with a street for carriages. Opposite to this is a similar pile, which crosses the end of the first, and then forms a parallel to it. Ships enter by the point of the first wall, while the second, breaking the violence of the sea, they pass into the basin, and ride with as much security as if in a wet dock. This curious work is called a Cobb, and is firm enough to carry any number of guns.

At this place the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth landed June 11, 1685. So popular was his name, that the imprudence of his enterprise did not at first appear. He found numbers flock to his standard; but on Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, all his hopes were blasted. His troops, after a gallant combat of three hours, were forced to fly; and soon after he lost his head on the scaffold.

They now descended to the agreeable village of Charmouth, close to the sea, where the piratical Danes beat the English in two engagements: the first time in 831, the second in 839. Here the children ran after them, offering prawns and other marine productions for sale. Visited the curious fossil collection of a labourer, of the



name of Lloyd, who has accumulated many rare articles, and sells them on moderate terms.

In this vicinity a remarkable phenomenon was observed in August 1751. After very hot weather, followed by sudden rain, the cliffs near Charmouth began to smoke, and soon after to burn with a visible but subtle flame, which continued to be the case at intervals for some weeks, especially after rain.

On examining those cliffs, a great quantity of martial pyrites was found, with marcasites, that yielded near a tenth of common sulphur, of cornua ammonis, and other shells, all crusted with pyritical matter. These substances were interspersed in large masses through the earth, which consisted of a dark coloured loam, impregnated with bitumen, to the depth of forty feet. There was also found a dark-coloured substance, which appeared to be a martial vitriol. A gentleman on the spot, having laid about a hundred pounds of all these substances in a heap, exposed to the air, and sprinkled them daily with water; in the course of little more than a week, they grew hot, soon after caught fire, and burnt till they were consumed.

Ascending the hills again, they enjoyed a continuation of the same beautiful scenery. In this track much flax is raised, and abundance of apples. The soil, though not very rich, is much improved by lime and other manures.

Dine at Bridport, a very neat town, with a spacious, principal street, about the centre of which stands an excellent modern market-house.

In former times, this town was much more considerable than it is at present. It was first  
created



created into a borough by Henry III.; is governed by two bailiffs and a recorder, and sends two members to parliament.

The piers and harbour, which once added greatly to its opulence, are now gone to decay; nor is there any longer security for ships, which are driven by stress of weather into this deep and perilous bay. Abundance of hemp is cultivated in the environs, which the natives are very expert in twisting into ropes and lines of all sizes.

After dinner, proceed to Weymouth, over a country delightfully varied and highly picturesque. In their way they passed Winterburn, Upway, and Broadway, and soon after Melcombe Regis, to Weymouth. These two places are only separated by the river Wey, and were formerly distinct boroughs; but incessant variance existing between them, respecting their privileges, Elizabeth formed them into one corporation, by which union they enjoy their common rights, and flourish together.

A wooden bridge of many arches, forms a communication between them; but Melcombe possesses neither elegance nor extent, while Weymouth is improved by all the advantages of good building and spacious streets.

Being one of the most fashionable marine bathing places, there are excellent lodgings and accommodations. The range of buildings, called Gloucester Row, York Buildings, and the Esplanade, are truly elegant and desirable, from their contiguity to the sands. The bay is a beautiful semicircle of two miles, happily protected from winds and tempests, by the surrounding hills; and, in short, every circumstance con-



spires to render this the best and most convenient bathing place in the kingdom.

In the morning they were confined within doors, for some hours by the rain; but clearing up after noon, they drove to the Isle of Portland, a peninsula, joined to the main land by a prodigious beach or ridge of pebbles, parallel to which runs a narrow creek; which must be ferried over. "To contemplate," says our author, "this wonderful wall, it is necessary to ride or walk along its summit, where the extent and security of this immoveable bulwark will more fully appear." Its materials, at the edge of the water, are about the size of a walnut, gradually diminishing to common gravel; yet, small and inadhesive as such substances are, they are capable of resisting the most violent storms, and of preserving the adjacent country from inundation.

The two castles, on the opposite shores, named Portland and Sandsfoot, were built in the reign of Henry VIII. but possess nothing now to attract notice.

Portland is about nine miles round, and is divided into seven villages, all belonging to one parish. The first they arrived at is called Chiswell, the next Fortune's Well, on the hill stands Rayfourth and Wakeham, to the west, Westown, and to the south, Southwell. The population is computed at one thousand seven hundred souls.

Having procured saddle-horses, they mounted the vast hill of Fortune-well, and had a perspective view of the whole island, divided into large inclosures by stone walls. The whole has a dreary aspect, being entirely destitute of wood and fuel. In almost every part of the island are  
seen



seen those immense quarries, from which our best buildings are formed.

Crossing the island, they reached the ruins of the old castle, which must have been very strong, before the invention of ordnance; yet it was forced and won, by Robert, earl of Gloucester, in 1143, in behalf of his sister Maude, the empress. At this place, in 1588, the Spanish armada attempted to land, but was repulsed with great loss, and two of the large ships belonging to it were carried into Weymouth.

From hence is a noble view of the Race of Portland, so called from the striving of two currents, midway between this and the French coast. This agitation of the waves is so dangerous, that even in calm weather, it is unsafe to pass it.

The cliffs on this side are rent in a very awful form, as if occasioned by some convulsion of nature. From hence too, they plainly discerned Peverell Point, a vast heap of undermined rocks, at the angle of the Isle of Purbeck. On this spot the Halsewell East Indiaman, and her unfortunate crew, met with their untimely fate. "The wind," observes Mr. Shaw, "blowing hard, and the waves rolling high, recalled that shocking scene more warmly to our imagination."

Returning to the inn, their landlord shewed them a very curious relic of Saxon antiquity, called the Reve poll, on which staff every acre of land in the island is marked, and by which the bailiff collects the king's dues, as lord of the manor, at the rate of 3d. per acre. The sum to be paid is distinguished by notches of different sizes, from a farthing, to 10s. 7¼d. the highest rent paid.



On their departure, the natives flocked round them, offering various curiosities for sale, such as ore, spar, fossils, and a sea-weed, called plocamon, or isis hair, not unlike coral.

Arriving at Weymouth to dinner, from this excursion, next morning early they attended the bathing. The machines for this purpose are pretty numerous, and busily employed, and dancing on the surface of the gently-agitated water, illumined with a rising sun, presented one of the prettiest moving pictures, that imagination can conceive.

Bidding adieu to Weymouth, they ascended Ridgeway Hill, from whence there is a charming prospect of the sea, and the adjacent country. Beyond this, on the right, is the old mansion of Reringston; and on the left, immediately behind the village of Monckton, they surveyed Maiden Castle, one of the most ancient fortifications in the kingdom, which, according to tradition, was never lost or won. Antiquaries consider it as a summer station of the Romans. It consists of a treble foss and rampart, each very deep and high, surrounding an area of nearly forty acres, to which there are only two places of access.

Numerous tumuli are dispersed on the neighbouring downs, which, from time to time, have been opened, but nothing more than bones or a few coins, have been discovered. The prospect from hence is very extensive, and takes in some of the hills of the Isle of Wight.

About half a mile from Dorchester, close on the right, is another curious antiquity, called Mambury, inclosing an acre of ground, and raised in form of a Roman amphitheatre.

Dorchester,



Dorchester, the capital of Dorset, is a place of great antiquity, the Durnovaria of Antonine. The Frome here makes a kind of island, and passing Wareham, afterwards empties itself into the sea at Pool.

This is a handsome town, and in a flourishing condition. A dreadful fire in 1631, which consumed almost the whole, except the large church of St. Peter, gave rise to its present regularity. It consists of three spacious, principal streets, which meet in the centre, contains three churches, a good market-place, and a town-hall, and is under the government of a mayor, bailiffs, and burgeses. It had anciently a castle, out of the ruins of which, and on the same site, the Grey Friars afterwards built their convent.

The walks, that circumscribe nearly two-thirds of the town, are very pleasant, and the circumjacent country is fertile and champaign. It is computed, that six or seven hundred thousand sheep are fed within a circle of six miles, and the quantity of corn produced here is proportionable.

Passing through the eastern street, which leads to Blandford, a handsome, new gaol, on the plan of Howard, presents itself. The road in this direction, which was formerly very bad and subject to floods, is now made perfectly safe and agreeable.

The seats in this vicinity are numerous, and highly worthy of a traveller's attention, particularly Milton Abbey, the residence of Lord Milton, whose improvements have greatly heightened the natural beauties of the situation; but they were so unfortunate as not to have leisure to visit them.

In their progress, several other seats agreeably caught their attention, among the rest, Stinsford,  
and



and about a mile farther, on the same side, Kingston, a large mansion, surrounded with fine lawns and extensive plantations, belonging to a branch of the Rivers' family. The country onwards is mostly open, and appropriated to the breeding of sheep and the growth of corn.

Pass through Piddleton, once a market-town, near which the Earl of Orford has an agreeable seat.

Milborn St. Andrew, the next village, had the honour of giving birth to the famous John Morton, who afterwards became archbishop of Canterbury, and was very instrumental in uniting the houses of York and Lancaster. A little beyond this, had a view of the noble seat of Mr. E. Morton Pleydell, descended from the same family as the archbishop.

Leaving the village of Whitchurch, they entered on a long range of bleak hills and downs, which continued to Blandford, a pleasant town on the river Stour, from whence there is a delightful view of Brianston, the noble mansion of Mr. Portman, and of other inferior places. A beautiful sweep of various-tinted foliage, called the Cliff, impending over the river, leads the eye to this superb pile, which is newly erected, of Portland stone. This domain was anciently held by the following, singular tenure: "That the owner should find a man, to go before the king's army forty days, bare headed and bare footed, in his shirt and linen drawers, holding in one hand a bow without a string, and in the other an arrow without feathers."

Blandford is a borough-town, and gives the title of Marquis to the dukes of Marlborough.  
Being



Being burnt down in 1731, it arose like another phoenix from its ashes, but with fresh lustre.

Instead of continuing their route to Salisbury, the direct road, they made a deviation to Winborn, in order to visit the Isle of Wight. On Bradbury Down, about two miles from Winborn, on their left, they saw a hill, now crowned with firs, where once stood a castle, by tradition assigned as a seat of the West-Saxon kings. A treble rampart alone marks the spot; but, from some Roman antiquities being dug up here, there is a probability of its being a summer station of the Romans, who had a winter one at Winborn.

Winborn, the ancient Vindogladia, had formerly a monastery, built by Cuth Burga, sister to Ina, king of the West Saxons. The minster, or church, attached to it, being decayed, a handsome, new fabric, with a lofty spire, was erected in its stead. This spire, one of the greatest ornaments of the place, was blown down, in 1600, during divine service, without injuring any of the congregation, though it shattered the roof of the church. It was again repaired out of the revenues of the church, and by the liberality of the Hanhams.

In this sacred edifice are several ancient monuments, particularly that of King Ethelred, who being slain in a battle against the Danes, at Wittingham, in the cause of religion and his country, obtained the title of martyr.

Near this is the tomb of Gertrude Blunt, the great marchioness of Exeter, and another of Edward Courtenay, the last earl of Devonshire, of that family. On the other side of the choir lies John de Beaufort, duke of Somerset, with his wife Margaret, whose daughter was Countess of Richmond,



Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. The only cathedral remains, now in use here, are four singing men, six singing boys, and an organ.

From hence proceeded to Christchurch, and from a gradual decrease of hills, came now into a perfect flat of deep sands. The soil is but indifferent, though principally arable; and they observed several crops of buck-wheat, intended to be plowed in for manure, a mode of cultivation highly recommended in such a country. Turnips thrive here extremely.

They now entered the rich and delightful county of Hants, and cross again the famous river Stour, at Ivy Bridge. Variety of excellent fish are caught here, and they had some small turbot for dinner at a cheap rate.

Christchurch is a neat and pleasant old town. In the time of the Saxons it was defended by a castle, and adorned with an ancient church of prebendaries, which continued in great repute, till the general wreck of monasteries. "We visited," says our tourist, "these venerable walls; on the outside a lofty, stupendous pile, that bespoke a former magnificence within. As we entered, the devastations of time and the iron hand of Cromwell were too evident. The roof is in a deplorable state. The choir is small, but very handsome, particularly the altar-piece of stone, richly carved, with the genealogy of our Saviour traced down from Jesse; the Virgin and Child, with the three wise men; and the shepherds, to whom the angels brought glad tidings."

Only niches now remain where once stood large images of silver; and the beautiful cenotaph, built for the Countess of Salisbury, is despoiled of some of its finest ornaments. Still, however, it



it is an eminently-beautiful specimen of the Gothic taste.

Ascending the top of the town, they enjoyed a most delightful view of the Isle of Wight and the Needles, immense rocks of chalk, which appear as if hurled at some distance into the water.

Mr. Gilpin says, that nature never colours in offensive white; that the chalky cliff is the only permanent object of this kind, which she allows to be hers; and that this seems rather forced upon her by the boisterous action of a furious element. But even here, it is her constant endeavour to correct this offensive tint. She hangs her cliffs with samphire and other marine plants; or she stains them with various hues, so as to remove, in part at least, the disgusting glare. The western end of the Isle of Wight, called the Needle Cliffs, is a remarkable instance of this. These rocks are of a substance nearly resembling chalk; but nature has so reduced their unpleasant lustre, by a variety of chastising tints, that in most lights they have even a beautiful effect.

From hence they pursued their course to Lymington\*. The general aspect of the country is flat and unpleasant, and the only striking object is the large, modern mansion of Earl Bute, called High Cliff, which, at a distance, has a pleasing effect. The front towards the sea is esteemed beautiful, and the inside, though not often displayed, is classically elegant.

\* As we intend, in the subsequent volume, to make the tour of the Isle of Wight under another guide, who has well displayed its picturesque beauties, and that of its environs, we have shortened our present author's description as much as possible.



Lymington is a small town, situated on the river opposite the Isle of Wight, and has become populous and thriving, from the resort of company to bathe. The rides and objects are sufficiently alluring and attractive; but as they were eager to cross over to the island, they had not an opportunity of minutely observing them.

The weather being tempestuous, they waited till noon in vain expectation of a packet from Yarmouth, and as they could not procure a safe and agreeable substitute, they resolved to proceed to Southampton.

They soon entered New Forest, formed by the tyranny and oppression of William the Conqueror, who, more merciful to beasts than to men, laid the most severe penalties on those who should trespass on his game. "But the divine vengeance," says Mr. Shaw, "seemed strongly to mark his impious projects; for Richard, his second son, was killed by a pestilential blast in this forest, and William Rufus, his third son, was casually shot here; while his grandson, Henry, was, like Absalom, caught by the hair in the boughs, and left hanging till he perished." On the north side of this forest, near Malwood Castle, is shewn the oak, in which Tyrrel's arrow glanced, when he shot William Rufus. The spot was ordered by Charles II. to be inclosed with pales. "The story," observes Mr. Shaw, "of its putting forth buds on Christmas Day, which wither again before night, may appear idle and superstitious to those who have not had ocular demonstration; the latter part, indeed, I will not vouch for, but the former is unquestionably true; and I have seen as extraordinary an effect on the Glastonbury thorn. The oak I have not seen, but I am satis-



fied with the evidence of a friend, whose veracity is, in my mind, equal to self fight. This gentleman was, a few years ago, called upon to determine a wager, that a leaf should be produced on Christmas Day, to the size of a filbert, which he then gathered to the satisfactory decision of the bet \*."

The forest is divided into nine walks, to each of which there is a keeper. There are also two rangers, or bow-bearers, and a lord warden.

Passed through Lyndhurst, a small town, surrounded with villas. The Duke of Gloucester, as lord warden of the forest, has a pleasant seat here; and a little beyond is the mansion and pleasure-grounds of Lady Jennings.

Proceeding some time through delightful avenues of noble trees, they again came on the plain, and the wind blowing hard, they were enveloped in dust on every side.

Again they entered inclosures, which led them through Eling, and round the head of Southampton river; and passing through a track rich in rural scenery and gentlemen's seats, arrive at that delightful town.

The antiquity of Southampton is unquestionable, though the era of its foundation is unknown. Various Roman coins and vestiges of old walls have been discovered here. Being a frontier town on the coast, it was of consequence exposed to hostile attacks, and did not escape its full share of calamity. It was destroyed by the Danes in 980, and burnt by the French in the reign of Edward III. The less important vicissitudes it

\* We are sorry to remain sceptics, after our author has confessed his belief; but we really are not convinced.



has undergone are numerous. The strong castle, built by Richard II. is now converted into a pleasure-house, whose windows and top command views of singular beauty.

It was at this place that Canute, king of England and Denmark, gave that fine lesson of humility, which ought to be written on the heart of every monarch on earth. When a court sycophant thought to please him, by insinuating that his royal will and pleasure were absolute and boundless, he thus checked the insolence of his attendant's flattery, and gave an example of wisdom and piety, which every age will revere.

"Arriving on the beach," says Henry of Huntingdon, "he commanded a chair to be set for him, and thus addressed the flowing tide: 'Thou art under my dominion, and the ground on which I sit is mine; nor did ever any disobey my commands with impunity, therefore, I enjoin thee not to come upon my ground, nor to wet the clothes or the feet of me, thy lord and master.' The waves, regardless of his sovereign voice, rolled over his feet, and wetted them. This was the moment to apply his moral. He stepped back, and exclaimed, 'Let all the inhabitants of the world know, that the power of monarchs is a vain and empty thing; and that no one deserves the name of king, but he whose will, by an eternal law, the heaven, earth, and sea obey.' After this, Canute never wore a crown, but caused it to be placed on the statue of our Saviour at Winchester."

Southampton is a very flourishing place, not so much from its manufactures, as from its foreign traffic, and its being the residence of many genteel and respectable families.

Its



Its buildings are elegant and numerous, and its situation, in point of natural beauty and artificial embellishment, can scarcely be excelled in this kingdom. The High Street is remarkably handsome; the public edifices and amusements are equal to those of any other place of the same description.

This town contains five parishes. In Holyrood Church, the most frequented, is a monument to the memory of Miss Stanley, by Ryfbrack, with an inscription by Thomson, who also bewails her loss in the Summer of his Seasons.

St. Mary's is a modern edifice, the living of which is worth 1000*l.* per annum; the other churches are old, or not very remarkable.

Among the venerable remains of former days, which are still to be seen in this vicinity, Netley Abbey is one of the most striking. It stands on the eastern banks of Southampton Water, about two miles below the town; and the ruins are now so overgrown with ivy, and interspersed with trees, as to form a scene at once melancholy and soothing.

The following letter from the inimitable Gray, well deserves a place here, as it contains much description in a few words. It is dated from Southampton, November 19, 1764, and addressed to Mr. Nichols. "The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window. The town, clean and well built, surrounded by its old, stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which having formed



two beautiful bays, on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel. It is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight, at a distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of these woods, concealed from prophane eyes, lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey. There may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees, that bend into a semicircle about it, he is walking slowly, good man, and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it, the meadow still descending, nods a thicket of oaks, that masks the building, and has excluded a view, too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only, on either side, they leave an opening for the blue, glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by, and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter from him, that had thrown that distinction in his way? I should tell you, the ferryman, who rowed me, a lusty, young fellow, observed, 'that he would not, for all the world, pass a night at the abbey, there were such things seen in it, though there was a power of money hid there.'

As modern objects of sight, Bellevue and Bevis Mount, close adjacent on the road to Winchester, merit the first attention. South and North Stoneham are likewise deserving notice.

Having at last found a steady, auspicious gale, and the morning fine, they embarked in a mail-packet for the Isle of Wight. No aquatic excursion



sion can be more pleasant, more charming than this. It presents all the diversity of rural and marine scenery, that could be seen in a voyage of much longer duration and greater extent.

About eight miles down, they were delighted with the view of Cadlands; and still lower is Hook, built after a singular plan. Below this, to the right, on a narrow neck of land, which stretches out into the river, stands Calshot Castle, founded by Henry VIII. to secure the entrance of the river. Adjacent to this, the Honourable Temple Luttrell has erected a lofty tower, denominated his *Folly*.

Here they entered the main sea, and after an agreeable voyage of sixteen miles, performed in the space of two hours, and at the expence of only sixpence, they arrived at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, a considerable harbour and place of trade, situated at the mouth of Newport River, and guarded by a castle and garrison.

After breakfast, they proceeded to Newport, which stands almost in the centre of the island. The road is a gradual ascent, and affords a constantly-improving view of this charming spot and its watery barrier.

The Isle of Wight is the Vecta of the Romans, the Guith of the Britons, and the Wite of the Saxons. Vespasian subjected it to the Roman empire, in the reign of Claudius. Cerdicus, the founder of the West Saxons, brought it under their dominion, with whom it continued till about 650, after which it underwent new revolutions. About the year 1070, William Fitz Osborne, then marshal of England, conquered this island; and after his death, it became vested in the crown, till Henry I. conferred it on Richard



de Rivers, earl of Devon, in whose posterity it remained for several generations. The male issue failing, it was sold to King Edward I. about 1261, and for two hundred years more was annexed to the crown.

At last Henry VI. erected it into a kingdom, which he conferred on Henry Beauchamp, duke of Warwick. In a short space, however, it again reverted to the throne of England, and has only undergone one short alienation since. It is well known that Charles I. took refuge here, and that, after some confinement in Carisbrook Castle, he was carried from thence to the trial and the block.

The Isle of Wight is of an oval figure, measuring, from east to west, twenty-three miles, and from north to south, thirteen. It contains about a hundred thousand acres of very fertile arable land and pasturage, and supports a population of about twenty thousand souls. The air is esteemed highly salubrious, and, on the south side, is peculiarly soft and agreeable. The river Medina runs from north to south, and divides it into two hundreds, including thirty parishes.

Newport, the principal town, is a handsome, well-built place, governed by a mayor and corporation, and sends two members to parliament. From hence they walked, to inspect the noble ruins of Carisbrook Castle. The sun shone delightfully for the season, and the climate was sensibly different from what they had felt in the morning; the surrounding scenery was agreeable, but there was a manifest deficiency of wood, to set it off in all the pride of picturesque effect.

The castle is situated on an eminence, about a mile south of the town of Newport; and it is said that it occupies the site of an ancient fort, built  
by



by the Britons, and afterwards repaired by the Romans. In short, it seems to have been a place of defence from the earliest ages. It was rebuilt by Wightgar, the Saxon, about 519, and again by Richard de Rivers, earl of Devon, in the reign of Henry I. Camden says, it was once more magnificently re-edified by the governor of the island. Some considerable repairs were done here by Queen Elizabeth. On a shield, over the outer gate, is the date 159 —, beneath which are the initials E. R. and under the figures 40. This gate, indeed, has a more modern appearance than the rest of the edifice. The walls of the ancient part of the castle inclose an area of about an acre and a half; its shape, that of a right angled parallelogram, with the angles rounded off: the greatest length is from east to west. The old castle is included in a more modern fortification, probably built by Elizabeth. It is an irregular pentagon, faced with stone, and defended by five bastions, on the outside of which runs a deep ditch. Several guns are mounted on this work, which is nearly a mile and a half in circumference.

Returning to Newport, they now made an excursion to the east side of the island. About two miles from the town, they had a charming view down the meandering river, and the face of the country began to grow more sylvan and rich.

On Ashdown, is a pyramid of stone, erected as a mark for ships coming into St. Helen's or Spithead. Beyond this they passed through a beautiful grove of oaks and trees of various sorts, called Freestone Coppice, which abounds with game.

After this they arrived at Ride Quay, without much farther observation, having rather taken a transient



transient glance, than an attentive survey of this sweet spot.

The wind being unfavourable for a direct passage to Portsmouth, they made for Stokes Bay, and walked from thence to Gosport, observing with pleasure the vast buildings on their right, for the support and accommodation of sick or wounded seamen and marines. This noble hospital, which was begun in 1746, and finished in 1762, stands near the west entrance into the harbour, on a dry, gravelly soil, about four hundred yards from the water, and is surrounded with an airing ground, near a mile in circumference, inclosed with a wall twelve feet high.

On a pediment in the front of the hospital, are various emblematical sculptures. The hall is very spacious, and the wards are all uniformly sixty feet long and twenty broad.

On entering Gosport, a busy and considerable place, the fortifications and king's brewery are the most striking objects. Proceeding to the water, cross the passage to the Point, which leads to a drawbridge and gate into Portsmouth town.

Portsmouth, the principal royal dock in the kingdom, is situated in the Island of Portsea, east of that noble harbour, which extends to Portchester, whose ancient castle still remains. This place, for the extent, strength, and magnificence of the land fortifications, as well as for those nobler bulwarks, the navy, and its necessary accompaniments, is almost unrivalled. The improvements of the town have kept pace with the increase of the royal navy, and its suburbs now extend a considerable way. The Common, as it is called, is large, populous, and handsome, and bids fair to excel the town itself.

The



The weather being fair and pleasant, they walked to the Common, and inspected the Gun Yard, a place of great curiosity and extent. The different-sized guns, shot, and other implements of war, are here piled up in the most exact and regular manner.

From hence they proceeded along this new part of the town to the Dock Yard, where, by complying with the requisite forms, they were admitted, and civilly conducted round this immense and important place, which, within its walls, contains innumerable store-houses, large rows of dwellings for the principal officers, a noble marine academy, and a neat, modern chapel. The next attractive objects, however, to a stranger, are the rope-house and the anchor-forge. The former consists of three rooms, over each other, eight hundred and seventy feet long, in which the different processes are carried on. The perspective, from one end to the other, of this immense gallery, is very striking.

They next observed the several large ships lying under repair in the docks, and the number that rode in the harbour which, altogether, formed a glorious sight.

Having satisfied their curiosity here, they walked round the fortifications. The vast additions that have been made within these few years, under the direction of the Duke of Richmond, are very strong and beautiful; but whether they will answer the enormous expence of government, is a question which, we trust, there will never be occasion to decide by a trial of their importance.

After dinner they went on board the *Barfleur*, then lying in the harbour, a ship of ninety guns, and one of the most complete then in commission.

“ The



"The fight," says our tourist, "was novel and pleasing, particularly in the lower decks, amidst a crowd of three or four hundred men, women, and children, enlivening the scene with their various culinary, and other occupations and amusements. The cleaning out the large soup-coppers was very entertaining. For this purpose, two men stood naked in the inside, scrubbing away, with all their might, in a situation necessarily very hot, from the adjacent fire. The cock-pit, underneath, belongs to the midshipmen; and a terrible birth it is, entirely below the surface of the water, and secluded from every ray of light, or breath of air, save what the faint candles and a small, low door will permit. This surely, in hot climates, must be intolerable, and one would wonder how even second nature can reconcile persons to it. The admiral's cabin is in the middle deck, and is in every respect handsome and agreeable, besides being less liable to noise and motion. In the upper deck are the mess-rooms and births for the lieutenants, and a shew-room, in which is displayed a neat armory, in miniature. The view from the quarter-deck was enchanting; surrounded with innumerable objects of a similar kind—fifty sail of the line, besides every possible variety of inferior sizes; such a collection as no one place in the known world besides can exhibit; while, to the south, Spithead displayed other vast ships to our delighted eye, near which we could plainly distinguish the three masts of the unfortunate Royal George, rising several feet above the surface of the water."

The evening being calm and clear, with a bright moonshine, they strolled upon the beach, while numerous pennants hung glimmering in the air,  
and



and the martial music from the ships, swelled on their enraptured ear. The hour of eight was signalled by the great gun of the ship then in command, and echoed by other reports, far and near. This is regularly practised six months in the year, particularly at this hour, and the other six at nine o'clock. The rising of the sun is likewise welcomed in the same manner.

Leaving Portsmouth on the 12th of October, they passed the barracks, and over Port Bridge, leaving Portchester Castle on their left. From Portsdown Hill, they had a glorious retrospective view of Dartmouth, the Isle of Wight, and their environs. As they descended from this eminence, the aspect of the country was very striking, from open, chalky hills, to thick inclosures of woods and pastures.

On their left, recognised Southwick, where Henry VI. was married to Margaret of Anjou. This was the seat of the Nortons, the last of whom, by will, left an immense property "to the poor, the hungry, thirsty, naked and strangers, sick and wounded, and prisoners, to the end of the world." He appointed parliament his executors, and in case of its refusal, the bishops. This bequest carried such marks of insanity, that it was soon after set aside, and the domains reverted to the nearest heir.

After passing the village of Purbeck, they soon entered on the forest of Bear, an extensive woodland track. Beyond the village of Hamden, the country again changes to extensive downs, the road winding through a deep vale, surrounded by noble, verdant hills, of varied aspect.

On their left, pass Mapledurham, an ancient house



house and manor, belonging to Mr. Gibbon, the historian, and soon after reach Petersfield.

This is a borough town, but chiefly remarkable for its genial situation, in a rich amphitheatre of hills.

Here they abandoned the London road, and turning to the left, ascended the hill of Stonor, a chalky, sylvan scene, of great magnitude and steepness. The summit commands a sublime view.

Left Selborn on their right, the residence of the ingenious Gilbert White, who has immortalized the place; and in a short time reach Alton.

This is a small market-town, on the river Wey, and has a manufacture of stuffs. The environs are laid out in hop grounds, whose crops were just now gathered in.

In the evening they proceeded on the Farnham road, amidst a profusion of cultivation, between some remarkably fine quickset hedges, interspersed with several capital seats.

"In this country," says Mr. Shaw, "we continued some weeks, amongst friends, whose social sympathy and liberal accommodations, enlivened the scenes we visited, and otherwise forwarded our pursuits."

One of their first excursions was to Farnham, a small market-town, on the edge of Surry, consisting of one broad street. It was once famous for its corn-market, but is now deservedly celebrated for the finest hops in England, whose qualities are much improved, by the care and art used in drying and bagging them.

Here Alfred defeated the Danes; and afterwards, when King Stephen had granted permission



sion to build castles. Henry of Blois, his brother, and bishop of Winchester, erected a strong castle on the side of the hill, near the town, which Henry III. demolished. It was, however, rebuilt by the bishop of the diocese, and still continues to be an episcopal residence, belonging to this see. The entrance is very magnificent, and in the inside is a display of many excellent apartments. The hall is spacious and handsome, and surrounded with large galleries. The drawing room is forty-eight by thirty feet, and is furnished in the most elegant style. The chapel is rather neat and appropriate, than splendid. From the library, the prospect, over the town and environs, is extremely delightful. On the top of Jay's Town, an ancient part of the building, is a complete garden, rich in itself, but more so in the views it commands. "As botany," says Mr. Shaw, "is the principal delight of the family, we were amused with several curious and extensive collections of plants; and the neat little flower-garden of Mrs. North, the present bishop's lady, exceeds any thing of the kind I had ever seen."

From hence, visited More Park, formerly the seat of Sir William Temple. It stands in a pleasant valley, about two miles south-east from Farnham, and was once esteemed very beautiful. In a corner of the old park, under a cliff, by the river side, is a curious natural grotto, called Mother Ludoe's Hole. The entrance of this cavern is spacious and lofty, and gradually decreases to a narrow passage, terminated by a clear rill, which issues forth, and falls into the opposite stream. Formerly parties of pleasure used to visit this sequestered retreat, and to par-



take of the collations they brought for the purpose of refreshment.

In this vicinity are the small ruins of Waverly Abbey, built by William Gifford, bishop of Winchester, for Cistercian Monks. This order came over in 1128, and had their first house here; but before the dissolution, it increased so much, as to have eighty-five different establishments. On the site of Waverly Abbey, stands a large modern mansion, built by the late Sir Robert Rich, and now inhabited, says Mr. Shaw, "by Dr. Bostock, a fortunate divine, who married his only daughter."

On the right of Farnham, inspected the large remains of an encampment, situated on the north side of Lan-day Hill. It is of a circular form; yet tradition says, Julius Cæsar had a station here. A double foss guards it towards the south, and it is strongly fortified by an abrupt precipice towards the north. The view is very extensive from this spot, and well adapted to command the motions of an army.

Their next excursion was in a contrary direction, towards the small town of Odiham. In their way visited Dogmersfield Park, the residence of Sir Henry St. John, bart. The house is a heavy pile, little interesting; but the park contains many beauties, and is well stocked with deer. The rides and sylvan scenes are truly charming.

Odiham, though now a poor-looking place, was formerly a free borough of the bishop of Winchester, and noted for its royal palace, the traces of whose walls are still visible. About a mile to the northward of the town, and near the river, are situated the remains of the old castle, memorable for many singular events, particularly  
for



for being the place of confinement of David king of Scotland, who was taken prisoner in a battle fought at Nevil's Cross, near Durham, in 1346. After remaining here eleven years, he was released, on giving hostages for the payment of 100,000 marks. Nothing is left but the keep, which is an octagonal building; nor are there sufficient traces to shew its former extent. It is now the property of Sir Henry St. John.

"Let it be remembered too," remarks our author, "that Odiham was the birth place of Mr William Lilly, the famous grammarian, and master of St. Paul's School.

The seat of Mr. Clark, at Aldershot, was the next object of their observation. This retired spot is about three miles north-east of Farnham, and the grounds, though not very extensive, are highly improved.

At a small distance from this, they visited the ruins of Aldershot Place, little of which now remains, except one end, which is converted into a farm-house; but a moat, walled round, and the traces of a draw-bridge are still very perfect. In the church at Aldershot, are the monuments of Lady Mary Tichborne, and thirteen children. She died in 1620. Here also is a mural, marble monument, to the memory of that industrious compiler of the law, Mr. Charles Viner, who had a press erected for him here by the London booksellers, in order that his very elaborate work, consisting of twenty-four volumes folio, might be printed under his own inspection.

Their next excursion was into the adjoining county of Surry, to see Guildford, and the principal objects in its vicinity. From Farnham to this place, the road runs along the ridge of a



high, chalky hill, called the Hog's Back, which commands almost boundless landscapes.

On their left caught a view of Pile House, the residence of the Marquis of Lothian, an agreeable, but low, situation; and not far from this is another pleasant vale; to the right, stands Puttenham, the seat of Captain Cornish.

Farther to the right, stands Godalmin, a small market-town. Before the conquest, it is said to have been an episcopal see; but no history remains to authenticate particulars. Lofely, about two miles from Guildford, is reported to have been the bishop's residence. It stands in a retired vale, and still makes a majestic appearance. The approach to this remarkable pile, is through a fine old avenue, in the middle of the park. The entrance is through a screen into a large ancient hall, resembling that of a college. Much of this spacious building is lost in passages that lead to nothing. The drawing-room and gallery, however, are worth notice: the latter is one hundred and twenty-four feet by twenty-five, light and beautiful. Queen Elizabeth is said frequently to have visited this place; and a bedroom still bears her name. This seat now belongs to two ladies of the name of Moleyneux.

Guildford, the capital of the county, is a well-built, old town, delightfully situated on the side of a chalky hill, at the foot of which winds the river Wey, which from hence is navigable. In the Saxon times, it was a royal vill; and here, in 1037, a horrid massacre was committed, by Godwin, earl of Kent, on 600 Normans. The keep of the old castle still makes a conspicuous figure; but of the palace, said to have been here, not a trace remains.

In



In the chalky cliff adjacent to the castle, and near New Street, is an extensive and curious suit of caverns, the entrance of which is now closed up by chalk. A gentleman of this place, however, shewed Mr. Shaw a drawing of them, in which appeared a small passage into a cave, about forty-five feet by twenty, and ten high. To the north and south are two other caverns, the former, about seventy feet long, and from two to twelve wide; the latter, nearly one hundred and forty long, but narrow. From this passage run, eastward, five other cavities, near one hundred feet long, very narrow at the entrance, but increasing to a considerable breadth.

On the origin and intention of these subterraneous recesses, there are various opinions. However, a number of buildings were formerly wrought in chalk at this place, and in the High Street, is still to be seen, a very beautiful vault, the Gothic pillars and arches of which are entirely formed of chalk.

Here are three churches, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, St. Mary, and St. Nicholas. A large building, called the Friary, situated near the Wey, is now the property of Lord Onslow, whose usual residence is at Clandon, in this vicinity. Opposite Trinity Church, stands a fine quadrangular hospital, founded by George Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury; who endowed it with lands to the value of 300*l.* a year, for the maintenance of a certain number of men and women, under a master.

About a mile from Guildford, in the Portsmouth road, they noticed the remains of a small chapel, dedicated to St. Catharine, the materials of which are nearly as hard as iron, and appear



to be almost indestructable. Tradition says, that this, and another similar one, dedicated to St. Martha, about two miles distant, were built by two sisters of the same name as the saints they adopted.

They next visited the more northern parts of Hampshire. At Ash, the residence of the Reverend George Lefroy, they inspected a very curious cabinet of coins, and other antiquities, collected by his father, Anthony Lefroy, esq. whose name is well known among numismatic writers, by his *Museum Lefrojanum*.

This gentleman's principal collection afterwards fell into the hands of Mr. Anson, of Shugborough, in Staffordshire; but the son still retains many curious specimens of antiquity; among the rest a pair of Etruscan ear-rings, in gold, so well preserved, that they might have been mistaken for a modern production.

Ash Park, in this vicinity, contains several beauties: the white house, embosomed among trees, is a very picturesque object.

Not far distant lies Overton, a small town, on the western road. The situation is low, and the buildings are not very striking. However, there is a silk mill, and paper mill, at no great distance, which employ a considerable number of hands, and give a small degree of celebrity to the place.

They now made an excursion to the venerable city of Winchester. The first object that struck them, on their approach, was the unfinished palace of Charles II.

This city was the metropolis of the British Belgæ; and was called Venta Belgarum, by the Romans, and Caer Gwent, or the White City, by the Britons. Its antiquity is unquestionably great.



great, but there seems little authentic reason for carrying up its foundation, as some do, about nine centuries before the Christian era.

During the Saxon heptarchy, it was the residence of the West Saxon kings, who adorned it with magnificent churches, and made it an episcopal see. It was fortified at an early period, and part of the walls still remain entire.

Passing over the misfortunes of this place, from war and conflagration, during the first ages of its history, we shall only observe that, during the reign of Henry I. it seems to have attained its highest degree of splendor and extent, by the favour of that monarch, who took his wife, Maud, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scots, out of a nunnery here. After the death of Henry, the effects of a siege for seven weeks were severely felt; and soon after a dreadful fire broke out, which consumed twenty parish churches, the king's palace, and a vast number of houses. This catastrophe it never recovered; and though, in subsequent reigns, it was occasionally honoured by the presence of royalty, it never more enjoyed the full sunshine of kingly favour. Charles II. indeed, seems to have determined to distinguish it more than any of his predecessors had done; but his death put a stop to the completion of the noble palace he had begun here, and his successors have shewn little inclination to resume his broken labours.

In 1668, Winchester was visited by a most fatal pestilence, which raged for almost twelve months. Cart loads of the dead were daily carried out, and buried on the neighbouring downs. To stop the progress of the contagion, the markets were removed to a proper distance from the city,



city, and an obelisk is erected on the spot where they were held, to record that unfortunate era.

We shall now take a general survey of some of the principal buildings in this august city. Near the west gate, on a large eminence, are the ruins of a strong castle, said to have been built by King Arthur, in 523. This was a place of defence as late as the reign of King Stephen. The chapel, which was detached, is still entire, and is a fine building, consisting of three aisles, one hundred and ten feet long, and fifty-five wide, in which the assizes are now held. At one end of it is King Arthur's round table, as it is called, about eighteen feet diameter, thus described by Warton, in one of his beautiful sonnets :

Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears  
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fofs,  
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,  
On yonder steep, in naked state appears,  
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,  
Old Arthur's board, on the capacious round  
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,  
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.  
Though join'd with magic skill, with many a rhyme,  
The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey  
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,  
And fade the British characters away ;  
Yet Spencer's page, that chants, in verse sublime,  
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

Respecting the antiquity of this table, there are very various opinions. Our author seems inclined to believe that it may be older than is generally supposed. Paulus Jovius, who wrote about two hundred years ago, relates that it was exhibited to the emperor Charles V. and that many marks of its antiquity were then destroyed, the names of the knights



knights written afresh, and the whole new repaired.

Mr. Warton, in his description of Winchester, observes, that tournaments being often held before the court and parliament, this table might probably have been used on those occasions, for entertaining the combatants, which, on that account, was properly inscribed with the names of Arthur's knights, either in commemoration of that prince, who was the reputed founder and patron of tilts and tournaments; or because he was supposed to have established these martial sports at Winchester.

On the site of the old castle, are the unfinished remains of the palace already mentioned, begun by Charles II. The plan was a noble one, and the shell still evinces the magnificence of the design. The length of the whole is three hundred and twenty-eight feet, and a cupola was intended in the centre, which would have been seen at sea.

A street was to have gone from this to the west end of the cathedral, and a park, ten miles in circumference, was projected, as a proper accompaniment to this splendid design, which, during war, is now generally converted into a prison for French prisoners. "We saw," says Mr. Shaw, "an apartment which they appropriated for their chapel; and various relics of their devotions, paintings, and inscriptions, still remain."

The college is situated eastward of the cathedral, just without the city wall. It consists of numerous buildings and offices, and owes its origin to that liberal lover of learning, William of Wykeham, bishop of this diocese, who caused the first stone to be laid, March 26, 1387, near the spot where he had been educated himself,  
when



when a boy. The building was completed in six years, and opened for a warden, ten fellows, a master, an usher, three chaplains, seventy scholars, three clerks, and sixteen choristers.

The hall is a noble Gothic room, about sixty-three by thirty-three, in which the scholars dine and sup. The chapel, in point of magnitude and appropriate decoration, is equal to most. Its dimensions are one hundred and two by thirty-three feet. The screens, stalls, and altar-piece, are richly carved. Over the altar is a salutation, by Le Moine.

Turning towards the left, enter the cloisters, which constitute a square of one hundred and thirty-two feet. In the centre of the area stands the library, an elegant Gothic building, erected in the time of Henry VI. To the west of the cloisters is the school, a finely-proportioned and elegantly-finished room.

From the school area, pass into the college-meadow, from whence is a charming prospect of Catharine's Hill, from which again there is a most picturesque view of the city and its venerable structures, intersected with trees and gardens. To this hill the scholars are allowed to wander on holidays; and on future visits to the place of their education, it is probable the scene recalls the beautiful exclamation of Gray, on another, though similar, occasion:

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,  
Ah! fields below'd in vain:  
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,

As



As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
And redolent of joy and youth,  
My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
And breathe a second spring !

The cathedral was originally begun by Knygelise, the first Christian king of the West Saxons, in 611, and finished by his successor, Kenwalch. About 1079, Bishop Wakelyne began the present edifice. The external appearance is flat and heavy, but the inside is magnificent and attractive. The length, from east to west, is five hundred and forty-five feet, and the transept one hundred and eighty-six. The height of the tower is one hundred and thirty-eight. At the entrance of the choir is a stone screen, of the composite order, executed by the famous Inigo Jones, which, however, beautiful in itself, but ill accords with the Gothic architecture of the other parts. On the right hand stands a brass statue of James I. and on the left that of Charles I.

In the area, leading to the high altar, is a plain raised tomb, of grey stone, in which William Rufus lies buried. The rebels, in the civil wars, plundered it of a gold cloth, and a ring set with rubies, of considerable value. The altar-piece is very rich and handsome, and has lately been decorated with a fine piece of painting, by West. The subject is Christ raising Lazarus from the dead.

On the top of each wall that surrounds the presbytery, are placed chests, which contain the bones of the West-Saxon kings, and others, who had been buried in this church. In the aisles are several curious and superb monuments. The  
north



north and south transept exhibit some striking specimens of Saxon architecture.

Bidding adieu to this ancient and respectable city, they passed through Stoke-Charity, a small village, remarkable for numerous, surrounding yew trees. Just beyond is an encampment, called Nursbury, consisting of a single foss and rampart; and about two miles west, is another similar work, called Tetbury.

Reached Popham Beacons, which, no doubt, were exploratory posts of the Romans, from which the landscape is extensive and delightful, particularly to the west, terminated by Lord Portchester's, at High Clear.

Proceeding towards the metropolis, after having bid adieu to their friends, and passing along the great road from Andover to Basingstoke, about six miles from the latter, lay the picturesque village of Dean; and a little farther, on the right, Hall Place, the seat of Mr. Bramston. On a hill to the north of the town, the ruins of the Holy-Ghost Chapel are very conspicuous.

Basing Castle, the ancient residence of the Bolton family, lies on the left of the great road; but of this little remains, save a small portion of the outward wall. It was besieged and taken during the civil wars, and property, to the amount of 200,000*l.* was said to repay the victors. The loyal motto, which the Marquis of Winchester, its noble owner, had caused to be cut with a diamond in every window, (*Aimez Loyauté*), so provoked the rebels, that they burnt the castle to the ground.

Hackwood, which has almost ever since been the principal residence of the family, lies about  
a mile



a mile and a half from this place. At first it was no more than a hawking-box, appendant to the castle of Basing; but is now a fine building, and stands in a very pleasant park. The hall, though not very large, is a noble apartment, containing some carved work, by the inimitable Gibbons, and several family portraits. The other rooms are proportionably magnificent, and decorated with some paintings by the first masters.

The park is nearly a circle of six miles, comprising a great variety of ground, most judiciously ornamented with woods and plantations; and on the south-east side is a charming ferme ornée, from a design of Earl Bathurst, whose own ornamental grounds and plantations they had lately admired at Cirencester.

The great road to London soon brought them to Hertford Bridge, and from hence they deviated about a mile and a half, to see the remains of Elvetham, once the splendid residence of the Earl of Hertford. The building is now in a dilapidated state, and nothing remains but bare walls and mouldering wainscotting. The park, though small, is very beautiful, and the woods are fine and flourishing.

"We were now," says our tourist, "about to be lost for the remaining months of the winter in the crowds and bustle of the capital, which, whatever pleasure and whatever society it may afford, does not leave that impression on the imagination, which all feeling minds experience, after those more pensive enjoyments, that have passed among the more picturesque scenery of the country."